Key West: The New Winter Hamptons

Bringing Up Baby: Where to Find The Perfect Nursemaid

The Great Asphalt Bungle, By Nicholas Pileggi

NE DOLLAR

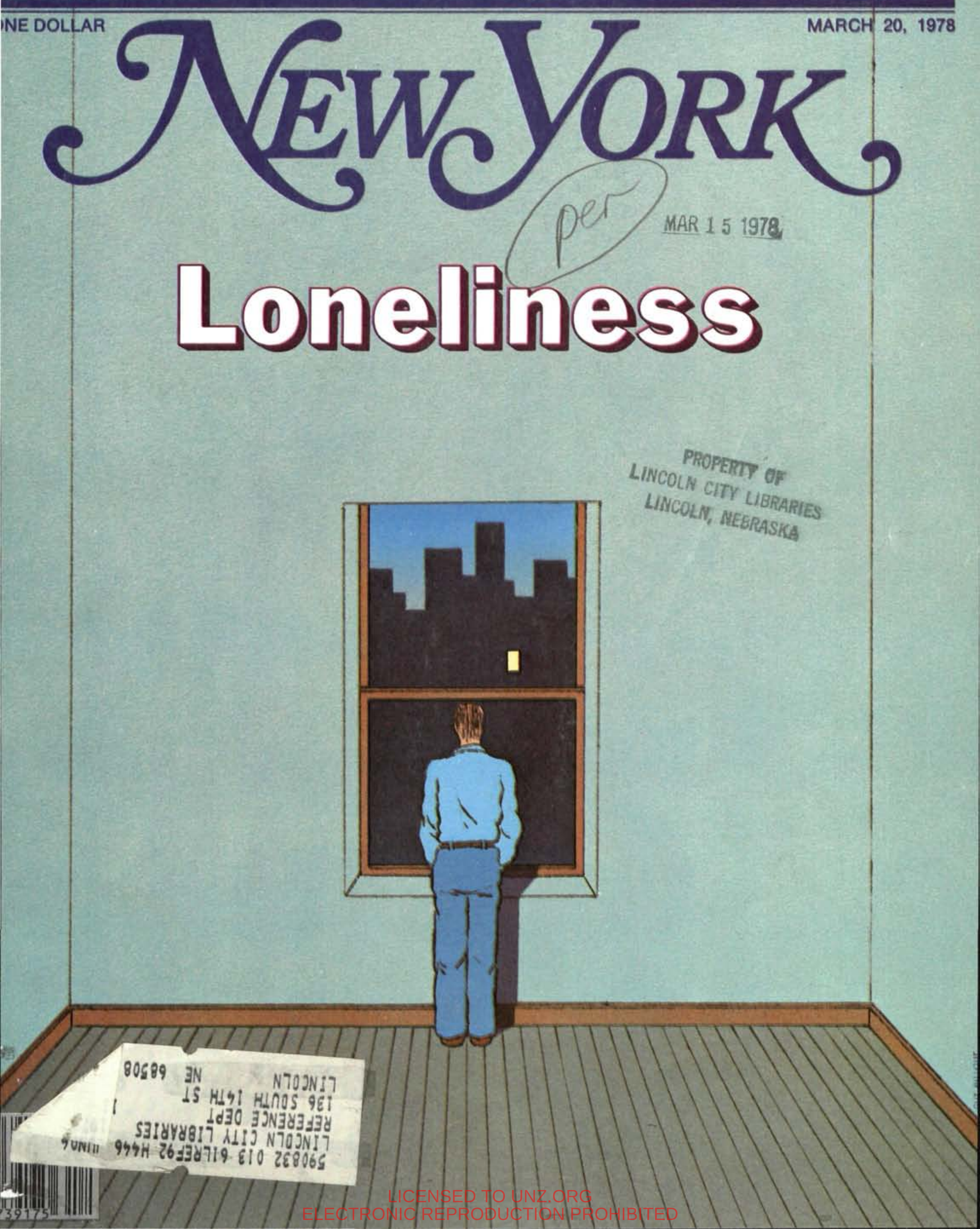
NEW YORK

MARCH 20, 1978

per

MAR 15 1978

Loneliness



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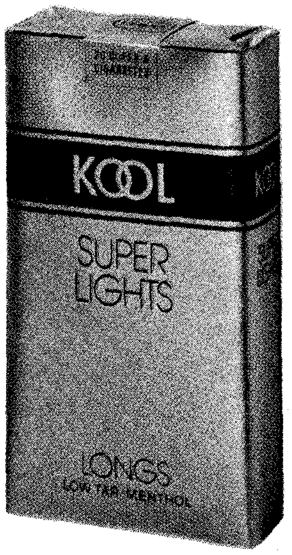

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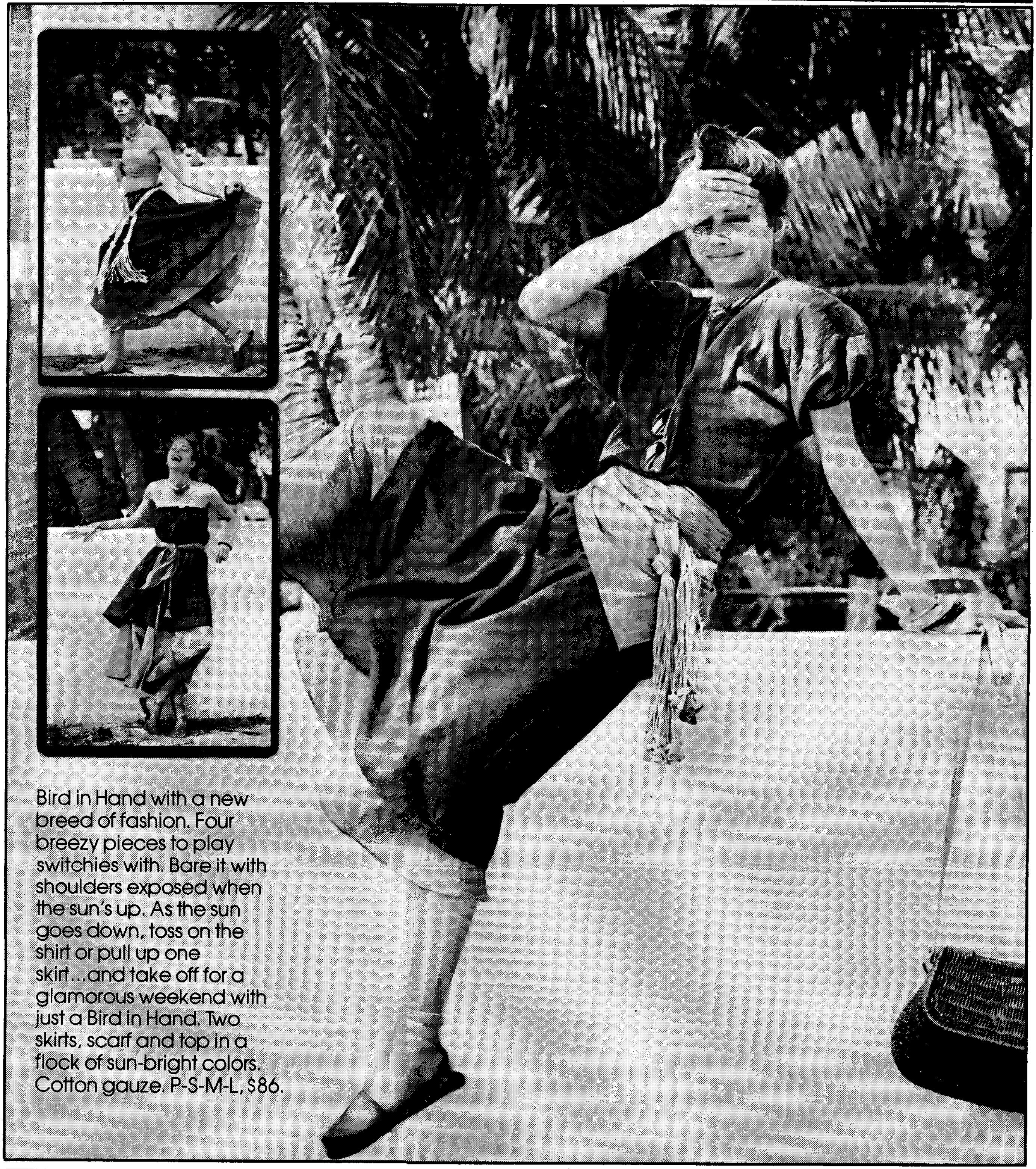

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VOL. 11 NO. 12

MARCH 20, 1978

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Edited by Delia Ephron

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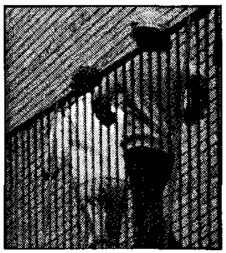
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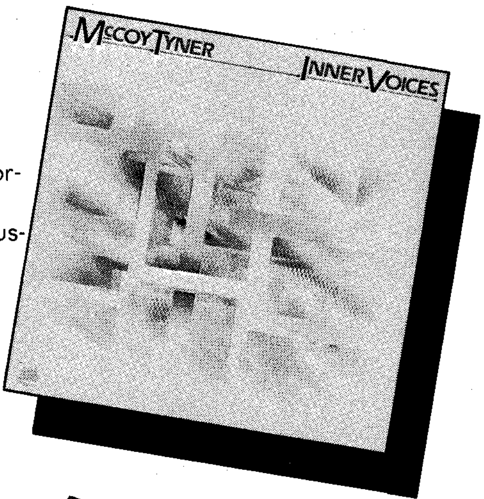

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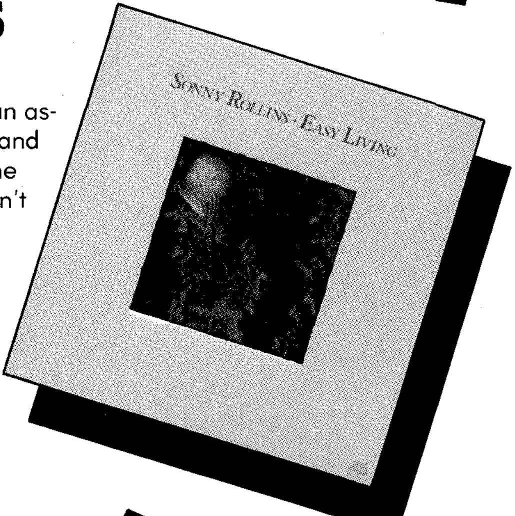

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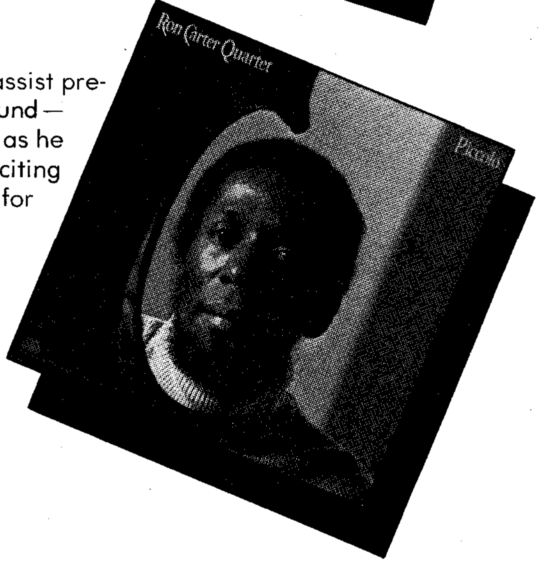

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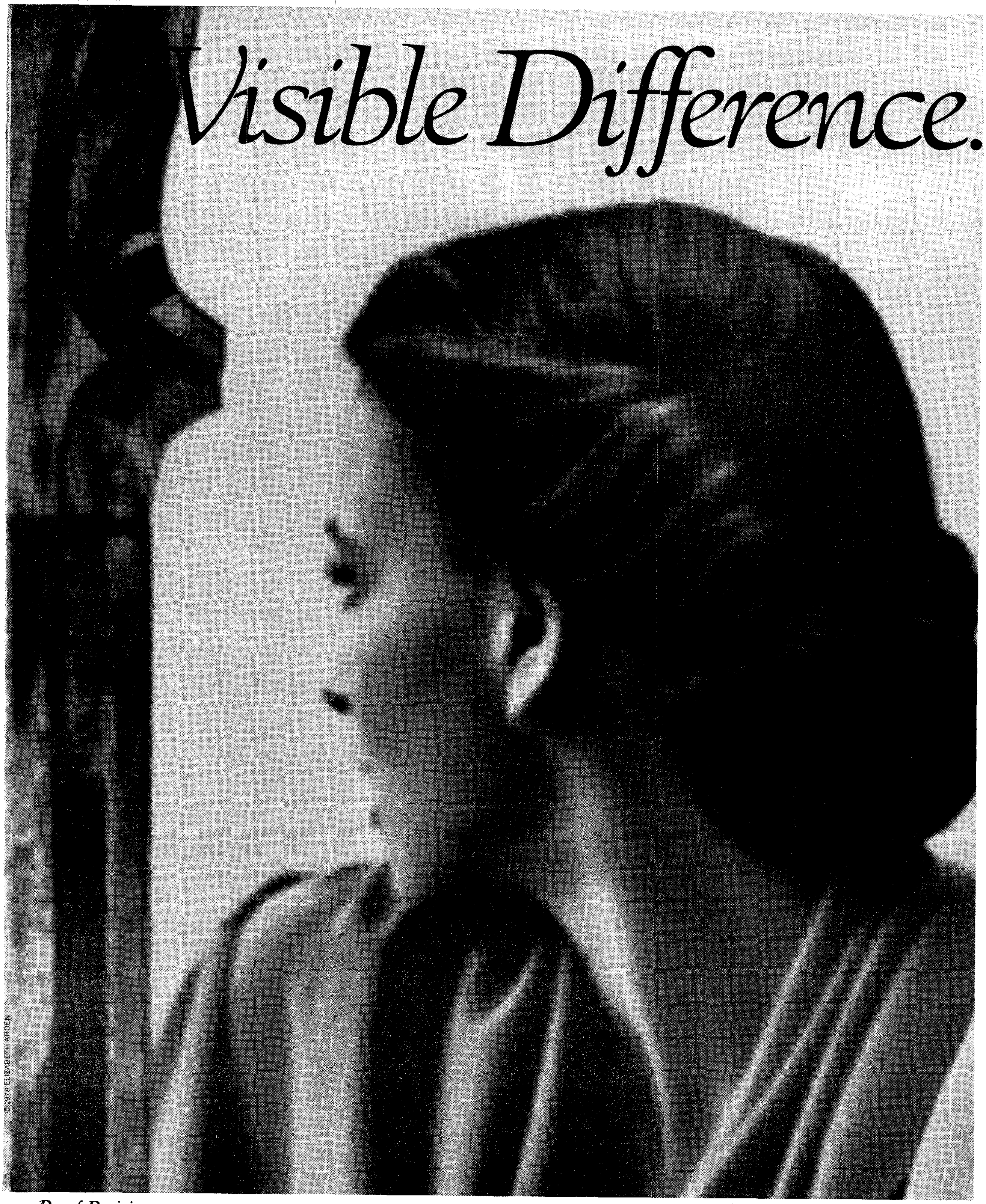

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LETTERS

Citicorp Defended

I wish to counter Blair Sabol's bleak description of the new Citicorp Center ["New York Journal: Cruising Citicorp," March 6]. Where else can a true shopping-center addict browse in complete safety, warmth, and comfort without dodging taxis, street peddlers, and bag ladies in this sometimes risky urbanopolis?

The cruisability concept is undeniably important, but as one weaned on horizontal suburban sprawl (Roosevelt Field, Green Acres, etc.), I can attest to plenty of rush-hour crushes and near anxiety attacks from misplaced cars in parking lots seven times the size of the Super Dome.

I think Citicorp is a happy medium, and trending toward cities-within-cities may be one key to continued revitalization of Manhattan store patronage. Let's give Citicorp a chance to iron out its bugs (the thing isn't even finished). Supposedly inconvenient stairs may just lead to a precious new find. And if Ms. Sabol dreads sweat-staining her parka, she should follow Enclosed Mall Rule Number 1: Carry it on your arm.

Suzan D. Prince
Long Beach, N.Y.

Ms. Sabol makes sense when she points out the Citicorp Center's shortcomings as a shopping mall, but not when she trains her guns on the restaurants, none of which she has sampled.

She says all the restaurants look like fast-food operations. In fact, there are only two—Healthworks and the Oyster Bar. At Hungaria, the Auberge Swiss, Avgerinos, and Richoux, you can sit and enjoy a leisurely meal—particularly at night, when shoppers are few and people come mainly to eat and stroll.

Those people who "seemed to be eating sandwiches made of ketchup and paper plates" probably brought lunch from home, or bought something at a local coffee shop. Sandwiches are sold to take out only at the Oyster Bar and Small Pleasures. And, by the way, the fact that you can brown-bag it, sit at a table, and listen to music for nothing is one of the major attractions of the market.

I'm puzzled about the odor of burned Styrofoam which Ms. Sabol noticed at Au Bon Pain; it certainly doesn't happen every day. The comment which I found most unacceptable was that "for decent ethnic food, we can go to our corner pizzeria or souvlaki stand." Since when do you get a decent meal at a pizza counter? And what souvlaki stand offers taramosalata, melitsanosalata, stuffed grape leaves, moussaka, lamb in casserole, baklava, and Greek wines, to name a few specialties?

Ms. Sabol apparently isn't very interested in food and should stay away from restaurant criticism. Her purpose in attacking the restaurants was undoubtedly to give uniformity to her article—completely negative.

Linda P. Avgerinos
Manhattan

A Doctor in the House

Although the article about emergency rooms by Melinda Blau and George Simpson in the February 20 issue ["Emergency!"] was generally informative, there was a statement concerning residents that perpetuates the misconception that most people have concerning residents and interns. The incorrect implication was that residents are not full-fledged M.D.'s.

When one graduates from medical school he is given the degree of M.D. The next year must be spent in an approved internship program emphasizing general medicine, general surgery, and, in some incidents, a medical subspecialty. At the end of that year, and after passing the last part of the National Board Exams, he or she is eligible to be legally licensed. Most doctors at that time choose to continue with more specialized training, but they are honest-to-goodness full-fledged M.D.'s.

Richard D. Factor, M.D.
Manhattan

The $5 Misunderstanding

I enjoyed your article on the investigation of prospective tenants ["The Urban Strategist: Your Home Is Not Your Castle," March 13]; however, your readers could have obtained the wrong impression from the fact that we charge the prospective tenants $25 for a credit check while paying the credit agency only $20. The extra $5 is not retained by us as managing agent. It is paid to the Mitchell-Lama housing company involved and helps defray the additional costs of gathering the information sent to the credit agency and the work of evaluating and monitoring their reports, which is a very serious, and time-consuming, responsibility.

It should also be pointed out that if our major

(Continued on page 10)

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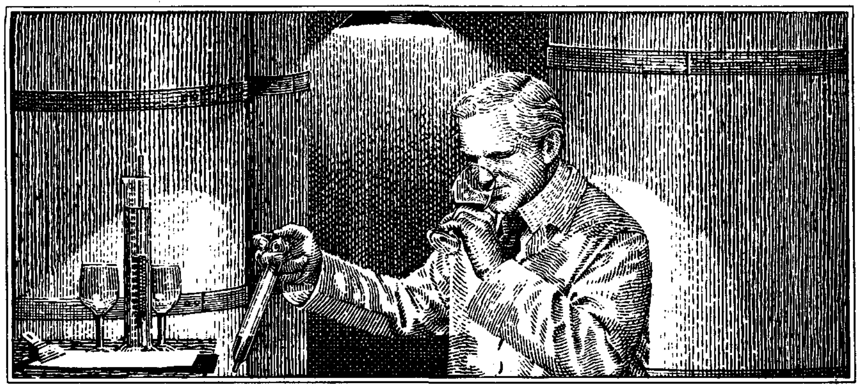
Fermentation: The birth of a fine red wine.



Despite the wealth of sophisticated equipment available today, there is no substitute for the judgment and care of a dedicated winemaker.

At no time is this more apparent than during the critical days of fermentation, for it is at this stage, the birth of the wine, that taste, character, aroma, body and color are in large part determined.

Our Winemaker's Role

Consider just a few of our winemaker's responsibilities during the vinting of a fine red wine, such as our Zinfandel.

When the grapes arrive at our crusher, a State Agricultural Inspector measures sugar content and physical condition. But, in addition, our winemaker checks and tastes for grape quality.

If our winemaker feels a particular lot of grapes does not measure up to our requirements, he will reject them.

Those grapes which he approves move directly to our "crusher-stemmer" which removes the stems and then gently "crushes" the fruit.

The Right Yeast

Since fermentation results from the natural interaction of yeast with the sugars and acids in the juice, the selection of the right yeast from the many available to our winemaker is crucial.

Not only is it up to the winemaker to determine the proper yeast strain to begin the process of fermentation, but he must also select the precise quantity. Too little, and the juice will ferment too slowly and the wild yeasts naturally present on the skins may again become active. Too much, and the juice will ferment too rapidly and develop a "yeasty taste." The winemaker must select exactly the right yeast, in exactly the proper quantity, to yield a wine whose flavor is true to the grape, with all the desirable taste characteristics in balance.

The Constant Vigil

Now begins a vigil that will remain unbroken for 72 to 96 hours.

Because fermentation creates heat, temperature must be carefully controlled—otherwise the delicacy of the wine may be irrevocably destroyed. Through years of experience we have determined that 70 to 75 degrees F. is the ideal for a red wine of true excellence, and this is the maximum Gallo winemakers permit.

As the liquid ferments in the presence of the skins, each passing hour brings changes in flavor, in color, in aroma, and in body which the winemaker monitors constantly, partially with sophisticated instruments, but primarily through his own highly developed sense of taste and smell. At each tasting, our winemaker must be able to call to mind all the various vintages of his past and how they tasted at each particular stage. He must mentally compare them and predict precisely how *this* Zinfandel will taste when fully mature. This talent we have found to be more than an acquired skill; it is, rather, a rare gift.

Flavor: Skin Deep and More

As the juice ferments, skins and pulp float to the top, forming a "cap" vital to the wine's development. This is because the skins are the repository of the cells which eventually determine the character of the finished wine.

If the wine is to achieve its true peak of flavor, color, body and aroma, the cap must not be permitted to dry out and harden. Therefore, we designed a system that circulates the fermenting wine over the entire surface of the cap. The winemaker must determine exactly how often and for what duration the fermenting wine will be circulated over the cap. These are critical decisions—too much circulation will draw less desirable flavors from the skins, too little will cause the wine to be lacking in body and color.

When his tasting tells him the wine is fermented to the precise degree that augurs a superb Zinfandel, he halts the process by lowering the temperature. He then has the wine carefully drawn off and removed to the cooperage for aging.

Now, finally, the wine can rest. And so, for the moment, can our winemaker.

Our Goal

The same meticulous attention to detail so evident during the fermentation process is given at every step of our winemaking process. Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

Write for "The Art of Creating Fine Wines"
E & J Gallo Winery, Dept. 31, Modesto, Ca. 95353

(Continued from page 9) concern was merely collecting rent, a simple credit investigation would suffice. However, the reason for home visits and interviews with neighbors, etc., is because we are equally concerned with protecting the civil rights and rights of quiet enjoyment of our 10,000 resident families against antisocial behavior. If you would care to poll our residents, you would find that they strongly support our efforts in this area.

Robert C. Rosenberg
Vice-President
Grenadier Realty Corporation
Brooklyn

A Clockwork Apple

Terry Clifford's "Real-Estate Esoterica" ["Page of Lists," March 13] is incorrect in stating there's only one clock inside a sidewalk in America.

There's a clock inside a sidewalk in downtown Philadelphia, on the corner of 17th and Chestnut, which, incidentally, is also still working.

Richard Nigosian
Manhattan

Park Slope Sweat

Denis Hamill's article "Park Slope: The Myth of Neighborhood" [February 13] does a grave injustice to the Park Slope community and the headway its residents have made toward community advancements. Rather than lauding the individual efforts of private landowners in the northeast section of Park Slope to rebuild a shattered community, Mr. Hamill feels impelled to denigrate these same individuals.

While it is true that fifteen years ago a brownstone located in the northeast section of Park Slope might have been sold for $20,000 and now commands a much greater price, it is because of improvements made by residents—by their own initiative and with their own funds.

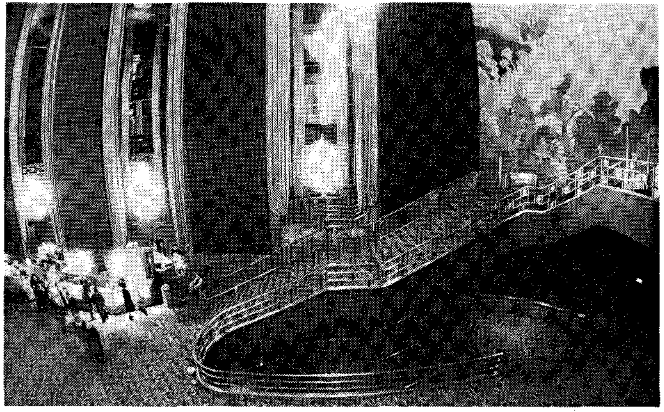
With neighborhoods all across the state fighting for survival, we have in the northeast section of Park Slope a model from which to build. These residents have been pioneers in meeting their problems head-on and making constructive changes. I am outraged and dismayed, therefore, when Mr. Hamill attacks their determination. Unfortunately, Mr. Hamill forgets that this country itself is based on individual and cooperative acts. He forgets that time and time again both governments and organizations have not met with success in attempting to create a sense of civic pride. These citizens have that sense of civic pride, and it has been a positive community force.

Melvin H. Miller
Member of Assembly, 44th A.D.
Albany, N.Y. ■

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Wreckers' Ball Threatens Hall

FRED W. MC DARRAH



Radio City Music Hall: Will Rockettes dodge demo men?

The Rockefeller brothers like to be known as patrons of the arts, but right now they're bent on destroying New York's most splendid monument to Art Deco. On March 14, the Landmarks Preservation Commission will meet to decide whether Radio City Music Hall should be given official landmark status. Those concerned about preserving the music hall believe that Rockefeller Center, Inc., will have the wreckers' ball ready to swing as soon as the last Rockette hangs up her tap shoes in mid-April. As one of the people leading the fight to save the hall says, "No one wants to be quoted, but it seems that the Rockefeller brothers can't wait to tear it down so they can put up another high-rise." The Rockefellers have brought an enormous amount of pressure to bear against a landmark designation, brandishing their own economic study which, they claim, shows the hall cannot operate at a profit. Preservationists counter that the Rockefellers won't let their report be examined, and that they will not consider alternative plans for keeping the hall going. If the hearings go against the Rockefellers, they can appeal the designation; if not, get ready for another black glass egg box on Sixth Avenue.

The Secret Swingers

She is a corporate executive and he is a Wall Street lawyer—or he may be an advertising man or a prominent stockbroker. They are the characters in *Nine and a Half Weeks,* a pseudonymous author's nonfiction chronicle of a sadomasochistic affair. Even before its scheduled publication later this month, the book is in a second printing and the paperback rights have been sold for over $200,000. The big question is the identities of the two New Yorkers portrayed in this kinky liaison. The beatings and bondage scenes become almost routine amid the description of the armed robbery the woman is forced to commit and the Algonquin dinner where she is dressed as a man, all the way from false eyebrows to dark gray three-piece suit and wing-tip shoes. Who are they? The editors at Dutton will not say.

The $225,000 Blue Pencil

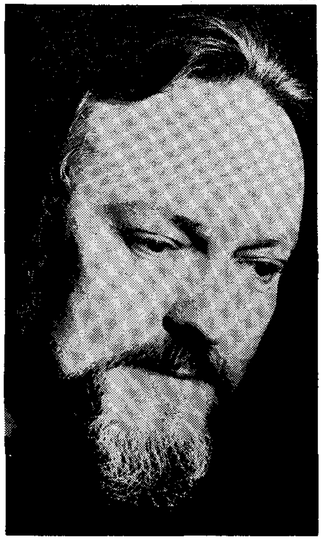
When Dennis Stanfill, the board chairman of Twentieth Century–Fox, saw an advance copy of a recent New York *Times* article, he was upset enough to offer to pay for some very expensive editing. The piece, in the February 12 Sunday Arts and Leisure section, asserted that Stanfill's production chief, Alan Ladd Jr., had greatly underestimated the box-office potential of *Star Wars.* Stanfill was so eager to expunge this thought that he proposed having the entire section reprinted, minus the offending statement, and footing the bill of $225,000. The *Times* declined his offer. **—Jeanie Kasindorf**

UPI

Stanfill: Expensively annoyed.

Wherefore Art Thou, Iago?

UPI



MacNeil: Out of commission.

Everybody knows about crazy operatic tenors and sopranos, but at the Metropolitan Opera House, February 24 will long be remembered as the Night of the Baritones. The opera was *Otello,* and the baritone scheduled as the Iago was Cornell MacNeil. As usual, the Met had another singer covering MacNeil that night—somebody who's supposed to be either in the house or no more than twenty minutes away, until the opera is halfway over (at which point the Met no longer has to refund ticket prices). MacNeil's cover on February 24 was Anselmo Colzani.

MacNeil showed up at the Met that night in what backstage personnel describe as "not the best shape." Came the end of Act One, one quarter of the way through the opera, and MacNeil departed the house in high dudgeon, muttering operatic imprecations about there being too much smoke onstage (something he had apparently not noticed at his four previous appearances). Colzani was hastily sent for but was nowhere to be found. (It turned out later that he had been dining at a Manhattan restaurant and had left immediately afterward for Miami, where he was due to begin rehearsals the next morning.) In desperation the Met phoned Sherrill Milnes, who was in bed with a cold after having sung three times that week. Milnes struggled out of bed and into costume, and the opera resumed after a 90-minute intermission. Milnes is, at least, an old Iago hand —although not as old as the New York *Post* had it the next day, when it said Milnes had sung his first Iago in 1927—at the age of minus-eight.

Was Colzani in breach of contract? Or, for that matter, MacNeil? "No comment," says the Met, obviously better rehearsed at handling sopranos and tenors.

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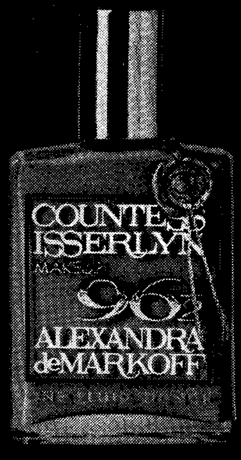


Politics / Steven Marcus

GETTING TOUGH WITH THE UNIONS

N.Y. TIMES

Transit-union chief Matthew Guinan: *Will he give up some of his union's benefits?*

The Productivity Game

With the municipal-union contract negotiations moving into high gear, we're beginning to witness the first rounds of the Productivity Game. As a concept, productivity seems tailor-made for insomniacs. Few people can define it—"I can't," says labor leader Victor Gotbaum, "and I taught a course on the subject." And still fewer people understand its importance in the fiscal deterioration of the city.

Popularized late in the second Lindsay administration by Deputy Mayor Ed Hamilton, productivity—the notion that you can get more work out of fewer employees and save money—has become a tradeoff in bargaining between the city and its union employees. It works like this: A union asks for increased wages, and the city agrees—provided the union agrees, in turn, to specified work-rule changes designed to get extra performance for the buck.

Generally, Hamilton's program didn't work. Many of the productivity agreements negotiated during the past two years were shams. One, for example, had union members agreeing to tolerate dirty windows in their office buildings in order to reduce the window-washing bill by $60,000. Another called for fining Model Cities Administration workers who were absent without authorization; the proceeds were to be used to pay for salary increases. Presumably then, there would be no money for the pay hikes if everyone showed up for work as scheduled.

Now, with the deadline for a transit strike just two weeks away, productivity is again being bandied about as a justification for the almost certain pay raises the MTA will grant its workers. Yet, historically, transit productivity has gotten virtually nowhere. Two years ago, when the transit workers' current contract was hammered out, the Emergency Financial Control Board stipulated that the pay raises were to be financed entirely through savings gen-

The Koch Watch

THE ANTI ANTI-POVERTY WAR

The War on Poverty was lost years ago, but fighting continues on all fronts. It was Ed Koch's turn to throw a few grenades last week, as he launched his own personal war against the management of the city's almost $100-million-a-year anti-poverty empire.

He couldn't have started sooner. Successive audits of the anti-poverty programs have revealed a pattern of gross mismanagement, including widespread misappropriation of funds, overstaffing, and sloppy bookkeeping. Investigators still recall the classic case of a South Bronx beauty school which was awarded a $200,000 anti-poverty grant to teach beauty skills to unemployed women. When they showed up months later to have a look at the operation, they couldn't even find a bobby pin. The place was empty.

The mayor wants to change all this. So, he has moved to take direct control of the city's $34-million-a-year Model Cities program and has also ordered the suspension of a $330,000-a-year grant to a South Bronx day-care center. Koch gets high marks for moving decisively, but in so doing he's moving onto dangerous political turf. Many believe that Koch is on a collision course with the city's black and Puerto Rican communities, whose leaders are already up in arms about the lack of minority appointments within the Koch administration.

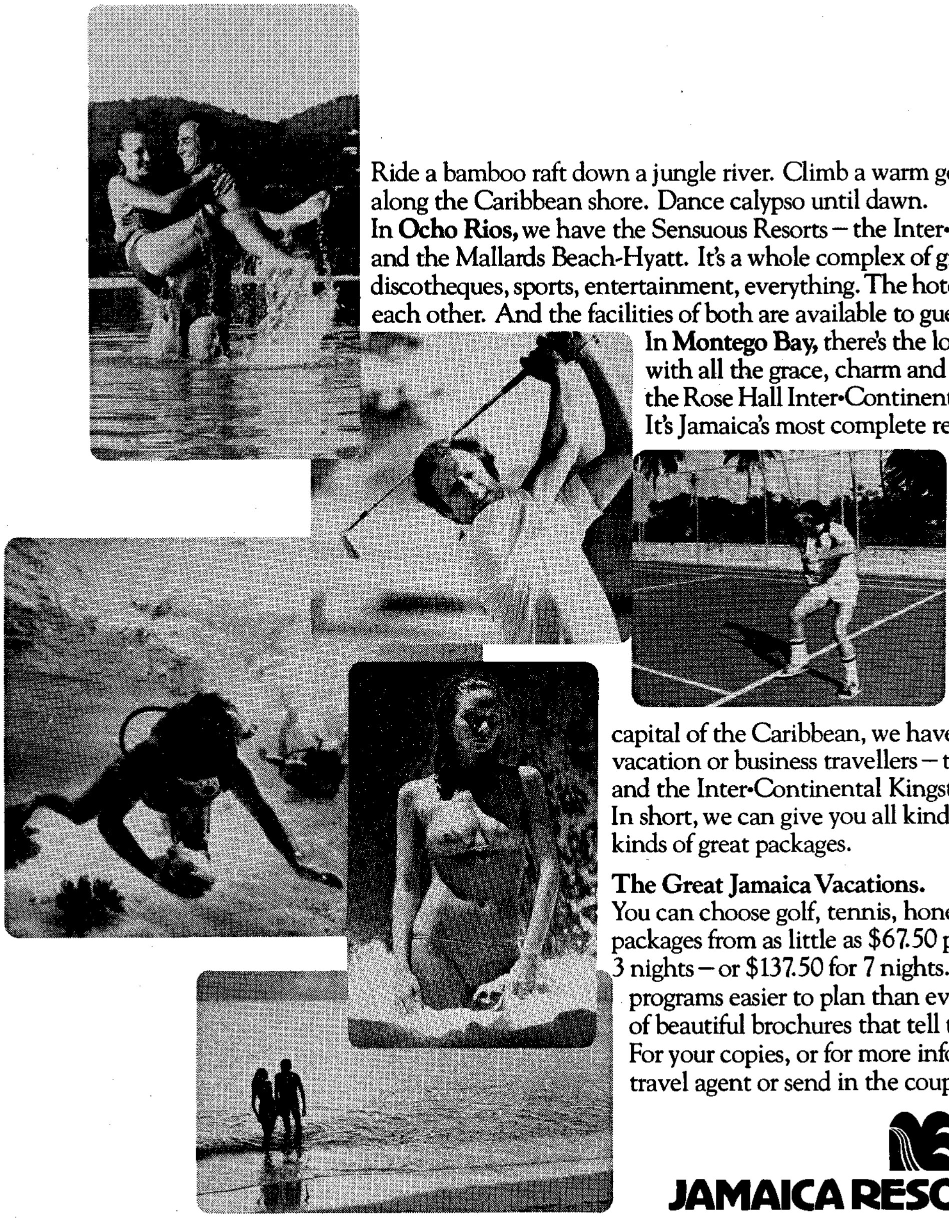
"These people," says one city official, "are not going to disappear without a battle. They're already floating their strategy—that Koch's palace guard of white, mostly Jewish Manhattan intellectuals know what's best for poor blacks and Puerto Ricans. That's very dangerous stuff. Under Lindsay, the Civilian Complain Review Board issue polarized the city into black and white camps. I hope we can avoid a replay."

To avoid even the appearance of a "white" takeover of the anti-poverty machinery, Koch had Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo by his side when he announced his takeover of Model Cities. The implication was that Badillo would be in charge. Not true, says mayoral counsel Phil Trimble: "Herman is playing an important role, but the mayor is in control of the program."

No matter who's in charge, the sparks will fly when Koch seeks to disband the 26 separate community action programs, each of which now operates as an independent fiefdom. Koch will shortly circulate his plan calling for the replacement of the community corporations with five borough-wide boards which will oversee all community spending.

He's going to need mirrors to pull that one off. **—Jack Deacy**

ALL KINDS OF JAMAICA.



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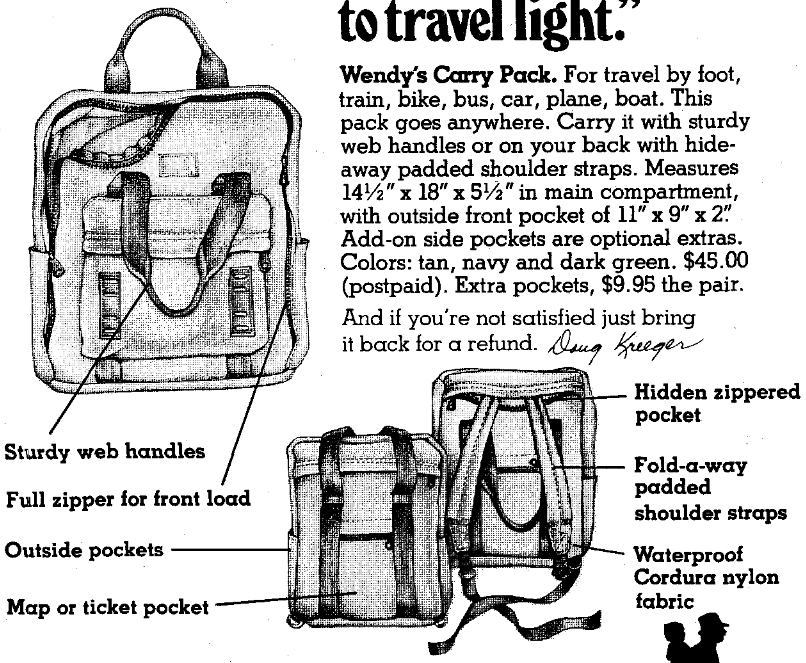
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erated through productivity increases. Savings due to cuts in service could *not* be used for this purpose.

But the Transit Authority found it impossible to obtain enough money for the pay increases under these restrictions, and the board reluctantly agreed to modify the agreement for both the transit workers and the city's municipal unions. Pay raises, the board said, could be financed half through productivity and half through what is defined, somewhat mysteriously, as "other savings and other revenues."

That, concedes Stephen Berger, the board's executive director at the time, "was the first great loophole."

What that loophole did was to ease the pressure on all the unions to make substantive increases in productivity. And today, the situation is much as it has been for decades.

Some of the existing rules are simply outrageous, and many of the most outrageous apply to the transit workers. For example, a decades-old policy prohibits layoffs of transit employees even if programs are developed so that fewer workers are needed to perform the same tasks.

Not only is the transit payroll bloated with excess personnel, but other rules ensure that those employees are among the highest-paid municipal workers anywhere. Thanks largely to regulations that permit built-in overtime, State Special Deputy Comptroller Sidney Schwartz reports, more than 1,000 of the nearly 9,000 city bus drivers earned 40 percent more than their base salary of $14,800 in 1976, and some of these drivers earned more than $30,000.

It's not as though these bus drivers were breaking their backs for the city. Schwartz cites the case of the driver of a Staten-Island-to-Manhattan express bus, who leaves the Staten Island depot at 7 A.M. and completes his run at 8:30 A.M. He then has nothing to do until 5:30 P.M., when he makes the return run that ends at 7 P.M. For these three hours of work, worth $20, the driver receives $70, due to time calculations that pay him for ten and a half hours.

Worse still, other regulations permit bus drivers to select their routes on the basis of seniority. This means that a driver close to retirement can opt for a route like the one between Staten Island and Manhattan and substantially increase his lifetime pension, which is computed at 50 percent of his final year's salary—no matter how inflated by overtime. Finally, the state legislature has passed a law requiring that pension benefits be based on the average salary a worker earns during his last *three* years on the job. But, because *(Continued on page 19)*

(Continued from page 16) a retroactive provision is constitutionally impossible, these new restrictions apply only to workers who won't be ready to retire until after the end of the twentieth century.

These are the kinds of rules that must be changed if productivity is to have any real validity. Don't hold your breath. Every responsible official is saying that these are exactly the kinds of reforms *least* likely to be enacted. Says one Transit Authority official: "The men are used to overtime. Their life-styles, their mortgages—everything is based on their getting that money."

So unless the Transit Authority and the governor and the mayor get tough, we're just in for more of the same when the transit workers get their new contract, and, if a snag develops, a strike may be the least of our worries.

The Transit Authority is facing a budget deficit estimated by State Comptroller Arthur Levitt at between $48 million and $65 million in the new fiscal year which begins on July 1. If the same old productivity game is played again, and we somehow fall for the nonsense that the transit deficit will be closed via productivity savings, we'll not only fail to close the deficit, but we'll also be damned close to forcing still another jump in the 50-cent fare, which everyone agrees would be an economic disaster for the city.

Then, there's the problem of linkage. Even though the city does not negotiate directly with the transit workers—the MTA does that—whatever settlement is reached will set the pattern for the city's negotiations with the other unions. All of the unions are pressing for pay increases and seem virtually certain to get them since even Big MAC Chairman Felix Rohatyn says that a realistic labor pact will invariably include "modest increases." How "modest" will depend, in large measure, on the pattern set by the transit workers' pact.

The final wrinkle, as Ed Koch rattles his sabers and vows to out-tough Abe Beame in dealing with the unions, concerns the simple fact that the city, in order to avoid bankruptcy, is counting on those unions to buy about $2-billion in city bonds over the next few years. The unions have become the city's bankers and, try as he might to separate the contract negotiations from the willingness of the unions to buy city paper, Ed Koch must realize that the unions have a fair bit of bargaining power at their disposal. Or, as union consultant Jack Bigel is fond of saying as his mouth smiles around his omnipresent pipe: "Everything is related to everything else." ▬

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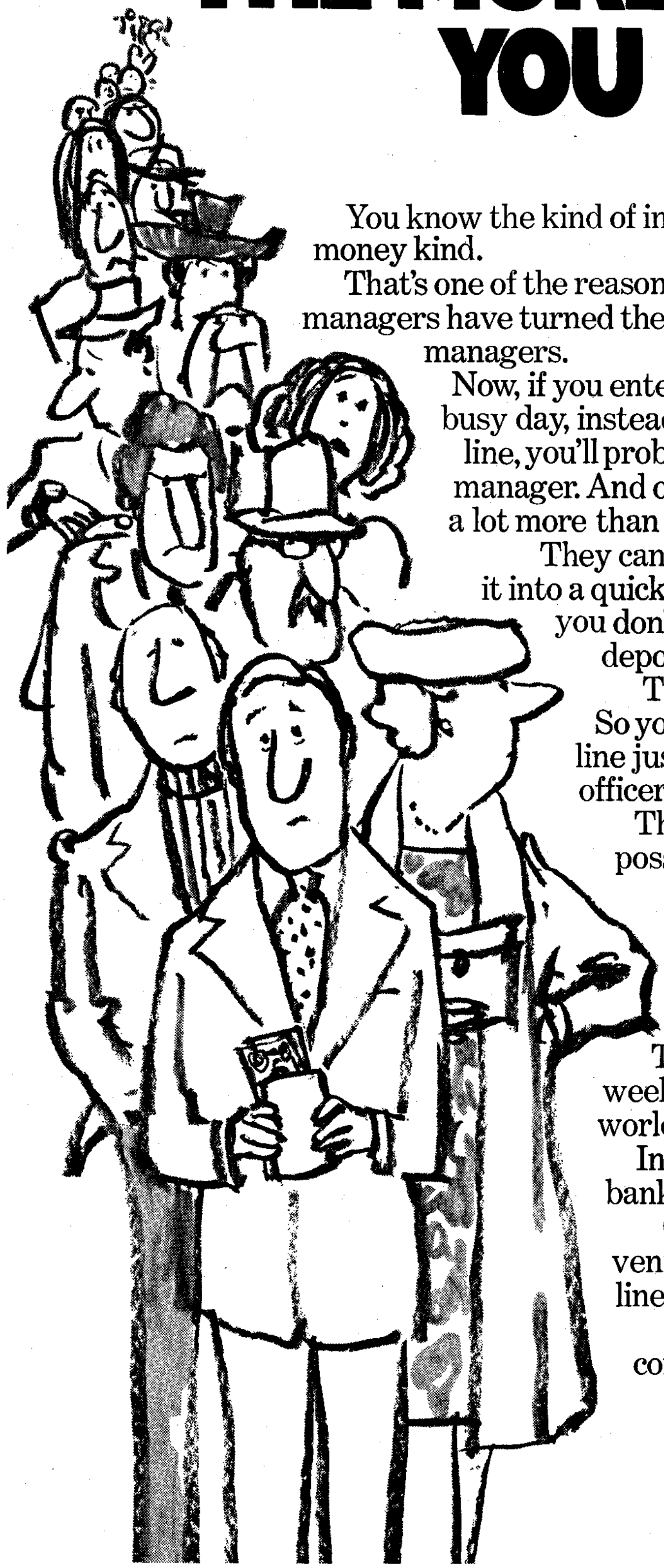

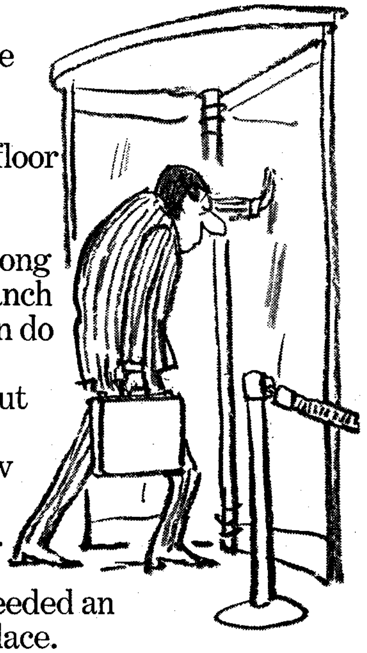

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Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 3/16, *Homage to Chagall: The Colors of Love.* From 3/17, *Casey's Shadow.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0161). Thru 3/14, *Coma.* From 3/15, *The Big Sleep.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 3/14, *Rashamon; Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan.* 3/15, *W-R, Mysteries of the Organism; Man Is Not a Bird.* 3/16, *The Servant; The Birthday Party.* 3/17, 18, *La Strada; 8½.* 3/19, *The 39 Steps; Foreign Correspondent.* 3/20, *Major Barbara; Pygmalion.* 3/21, *Red Beard; Downtown.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 3/14, *Weekend; The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.* 3/15, *The Asphalt Jungle; The Treasure of the Sierra Madre.* 3/16, *The Seven Samurai.* 3/17, *The Last Tycoon; The Day of the Locust.* 3/18, *The 39 Steps; North by Northwest.* 3/19, *The Bolshoi Ballet; Plisetskaya Dances.* 3/20, *The Rules of the Game; Days and Nights in the Forest.* 3/21, *Hour Zero; You Can't Eat Without a Knife and Fork.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Coming Home.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Fingers.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Summer Paradise.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Furtivos.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 3/14, *Lenny;* Lenny Bruce performance. 3/15, 16, *Bobby Deerfield; The Panic in Needle Park.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Little Night Music.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-2720). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 3/16, *The Serpent's Egg.* From 3/17, *Straight Time.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). Thru 3/14, *Coma.* From 3/15, *The Big Sleep.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *The Goodbye Girl.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Gray Lady Down.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Annie Hall.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Julia.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Duellists.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). Thru 3/14, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 3/15, *Coma.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Operation Thunderbolt.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 3/14, *The One and Only.* From 3/15, *The Fury.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 3/16, *The Boys in Company C.* From 3/17, *American Hot Wax.*

Loews State I, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). Thru 3/16, *The One and Only.* From 3/17, *American Hot Wax.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). Thru 3/16, *The Boys in Company C.* From 3/17, *Casey's Shadow.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). 3/14, theater closed. From 3/15, *House Calls.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 3/14, *Julia.* From 3/15, *Coma.* II. Thru 3/14, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 3/15, *Julia.* III. *Saturday Night Fever.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 3/14, noon, short films; 2:30, Expressionists (not recommended for children); 6 p.m. *How Yukong Moved the Mountains; The Fishing Village.* 3/16, 2:30, *Torajiro Aiaigasa;* 6 p.m. *Otoko Wa Tsurai Yo;* 8:30, *Torajiro Junjyo Shishu.* 3/17, 2:30, Formalists; 6 p.m. *Mayerling.* 3/18, noon, Pioneers; 2:30, Formalists; 5 p.m. Expressionists. 3/19, noon, Pioneers; 2:30, *On the Avenue;* 5 p.m. *J'Accuse.* 3/20, noon, *Le Corbusier Designs for Harvard; Bass on Titles; Sonambients: The Sound Structure of Harry Bertoia;* 2:30, *Mayerling;* 6 p.m. *America's Sweetheart: The Mary Pickford Story.* 3/21, noon, same as 3/20 at noon; 2:30, *The Private Life of Don Juan;* 6 p.m. *How Yukong Moved the Mountains: Professor Tsien; Peking shorts.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 3/14, *A Special Day.* From 3/15, *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 3/14, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 3/15, *Semi-Tough; Demon Seed.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 3/14, *A Special Day.* From 3/15, *Semi-Tough.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 3/14, *Coma.* From 3/15, *Madame Rosa.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Julia.* II. *The Turning Point.* III. *The Children of Theatre Street.* IV. *Sebastiane.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). Thru 4/12, *Crossed Swords.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 3/14, 15, *The Window; The Spiral Staircase.* 3/16-18, *Citizen Kane; The Magnificent Ambersons.* 3/19, 20, *Gunga Din; Sinbad the Sailor.* 3/21, 22, *The Cat People; The Curse of the Cat People.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 3/14, *Oklahoma.* 3/15-21, *West Side Story.* II. *Gray Lady Down.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Gray Lady Down.* II. Thru 3/14, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 3/15, *The Big Sleep.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 3/14, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 3/15, *Semi-Tough.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Blue Country.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 3/14, *Equus; Short Eyes.* From 3/15, *Semi-Tough; The Last Detail.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 3/14, *A Doll's House.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 3/14, *You'll Never Get Rich; You Were Never Lovelier.* 3/15, *This Thing Called Love; She Wouldn't Say Yes.* 3/16, *Sanders of the River; Song of Freedom.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 3/16, *The One and Only.* From 3/17, *American Hot Wax.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 3/14, *Blue Collar.* From 3/15, *The Big Sleep.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). Thru 3/14, *Julia.* From 3/15, *Coma.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Betsy.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *The Betsy.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). Thru 3/15, *Residual Regions* (Francesc Torres).

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

OPENINGS

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, March 15

The Big Sleep–A film based on a novel by Raymond Chandler, directed by Michael Winner, starring Robert Mitchum, Sarah Miles, Richard Boone, Candy Clark, Joan Collins, Edward Fox, John Mills, and James Stewart. Criterion; RKO 86th II; Bay Cinema.

The Fury–Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Charles Durning, and Amy Irving star in Brian DePalma's new film about a man who is trying to rescue his son, possessed of psychic powers, from a supersecret U.S. government agency which is using him. Loews Cine; Trans-Lux East.

House Calls–Glenda Jackson, Art Carney, Richard Benjamin, and Charlie Matthau in a film directed by Howard Zieff, about medical shenanigans in and out of a hospital. Loews Tower East.

Friday, March 17

BLUE JEANS & BOBBY SOX

Laraine Newman reads about the latest record hits in **American Hot Wax,** a film that re-creates the exciting early days of the music that defined the '50s generation. Tim McIntire stars, so do John Lehne and Jay Leon, with Chuck Berry, and Jerry Lee Lewis. Floyd Mutrux, director. Loews State I; Loews Orpheum; 34th St East.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Walter Matthau stars in **Casey's Shadow** as a struggling Cajun quarter horse trainer with three motherless sons whose lifelong ambition is to win racing's richest purse, the million-dollar All American Futurity. Directed by Martin Ritt. Loews State; Baronet.

VIEILLE FILLE DE JOIE

Simone Signoret stars in the title role of **Madame Rosa** as a Jewish concentration camp survivor and former prostitute who, in her later years, raises the children of young prostitutes. Based on Emile Ajar's novel, film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi. Plaza.

THE MOVIES

The Betsy–Who says they don't make movies like they used to? Daniel Petrie's film is as deliriously and extravagantly bad as anything turned out by Ross Hunter in the late 50s and 60s. Adapted from the Harold Robbins best-seller, it is a saga of wealth and corruption that takes us through four generations of one family. Laurence Olivier, aristocrat of the theater, creates an image of defilement that is exquisitely lurid in its own right. This is the best junk movie in years. U.A. East; Waverly.

Blue Collar–An engrossing if oddly lethargic drama of three Detroit automobile workers and their disasterous attempt to rip off their criminally corrupt union. Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, and Yaphet Kotto star in Paul Schrader's film, which has none of the hopped-up violence or faddish obsession that one has come to expect from screenplays. Kotto steals the picture for the significant reason that only he is simple and direct, richly transparent in every move. Thru 3/14, Trans-Lux East.

Blue Country–Brigette Fossey, Jacques Serres, Ginette Garcin in Jean-Charles Tacchella's film about an urban career woman who goes to the country to find simplicity and freedom. 68th St Playhouse.

The Children of Theatre Street–Behind-the-scenes action in Russia's Kirov ballet school, in the form of a documentary about three youngsters. Directed by Robert Dornhelm and Earle Mack. Quad.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Coma–Michael Crichton directed this story of hospital life. If the doctor characters—Genevieve Bujold as the woman whose suspicions are aroused when her best friend, after a routine abortion, sinks into a fatal coma; Michael Douglas, her ambitious lover; Richard Widmark as head of the hospital—are strictly no-frills functional, the plot is something else again. If you can suspend your disbelief, there is no reason why you shouldn't thoroughly enjoy *Coma* as hospital gothic. Thru 3/14, Criterion, Bay Cinema, Plaza; from 3/15, Greenwich, Trans-Lux 85th.

Coming Home–Jane Fonda and Jon Voight are wonderfully sexy in this love story between a paraplegic veteran and a woman whose husband is off in Vietnam, and there are moments between them that take your breath away. But when they trade each other in for halos and open their arms to returning vets, Hal Ashby's film turns into a soft-headed encounter session on Vietman that is true to neither individual nor political realities. Cinema I.

Crossed Swords–What little levity manages to survive in this plodding adaptation of Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* is provided (with a little help from George C. Scott) by the English veterans: Rex Harrison, Oliver Reed, Harry Andrews, and David Hemmings. But our own Richard Fleischer paints a heavy canvas. Thru 4/12, Radio City Music Hall.

Demon Seed–Donald Cammell's film takes place in the proximate future when a giant computer with a hypertrophic brain outwits the human beings running it, and turns Julie Christie into a captive in her own house. The computer half rapes and half seduces her, and after much terror, murder, and kinky bondage sex, she bears what appears to be his child. The direction contributes some fairly slick scare effects and a great deal of overarching unwholesomeness. From 3/15, Olympia.

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie–This late Bunuel film is, like all of late Bunuel, tired, self-indulgent stuff, epigonous surrealism at its worst. Shapeless and incomprehensible plot, dialogue vainly striving to be clever, tiresome performances by competent actors. Got enthusiastic critical reception—truly the Emperor's new clothes. 3/14, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Paris.

A Doll's House–Jane Fonda stars in Joseph Losey's 1973 adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's drama, with Trevor Howard, David Warner, Delphine Seyrig, and Edward Fox. Thru 3/14. Thalia.

The Duellists–A little known Joseph Conrad story is the basis for British director Dudley Scott's film of two officers locked in an unending series of duels. Keith Carradine, with his indolent "I'm easy" charm, and Harvey Keitel, all ragged urban nerves, are the contenders, but placed in a highly ritualized European milieu, they are like somnambulists who have wandered into somebody else's dream. Fine Arts.

Fingers–A drama of music, sex, and violent crime set in New York City. It tells the story of a driven man who dreams of being a concert pianist but who becomes increasingly involved in gangland activities. Directed by James Toback, film stars Harvey Keitel, Tisa Farrow, Jim Brown, and Michael Gazzo. Cinema II.

Furtivos–Jose Luis Borau's allegoric condemnation of the Franco regime which heralded the birth of a new era in Spanish cinema. Shot on location in the forests of Segovia, film dramatizes the eternal battle between a mother, her son, and the girl he loves. Cinema Studio.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Thru 3/14, RKO 86th St II; D.W. Griffith.

Gray Lady Down–A homeward-bound nuclear submarine is rammed by a radarless Norwegian freighter off the coast of New London. David Green directs, and the cast includes Charlton Heston, David Carradine, Stacy Keach, Ned Beatty, Stephen McHattie, and Ronny Cox. RKO Cinerama II; Eastside; RKO 86th St I.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton.

Homage to Chagall: The Colors of Love–A film inspired by the life and works of one of the world's greatest living painters, written, produced and directed by Harry Rasky, narrated by James Mason, with Joseph Wiseman as the voice of Chagall. Thru 3/16, Baronet.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento*, Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Quad; Festival; thru 3/14, Trans-Lux 85th.

A Little Night Music–Harold Prince's play, features the music and lyrics of Stephen Sondheim, and stars Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, Lesley-Anne Down, and Hermione Gingold. Columbia I.

The One and Only–The young man in Carl Reiner's latest film is played by Henry Winkler as a cross of Sammy Glick and Holden Caulfield. His self-promotion begins as an undergraduate in a midwestern college set in the fifties. Here is the germ of what might have been an affectionate and witty send-up of the early days of television, but the film remains a blunt and unerringly vulgar assault on the funny bone. Thru 3/16, Loews State I & 34th St E; thru 3/14, Loews Cine.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. Guild.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Thru 3/14, Olympia; Art; Gramercy.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. From 3/15, Playboy; 72nd St E; St Marks Cinema.

Sebastiane–Derek Jarman's daring interpretation of the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Legend has it that he was captain of the Praetorian guard in the palace of the Emperor Diocletian, and he is most commonly depicted in art as bound and shot with arrows. This is the first feature film ever to be made in Latin (with English subtitles, of course). Quad.

The Serpent's Egg–Ingmar Bergman's first film as an exile (made in Munich, where he now lives), and set in 1923 Berlin, attempts to capture the social and political currents that would produce fascism. But it is a major disappointment. Bergman has no special feeling for the interplay of politics and human destiny, or for a period and place that lesser artists have painted more vividly. A cabaret chanteuse, played by Liv Ullmann, looks about as decadent as a Meissen doll. David Carradine, who plays her brother-in-law, proceeds to turn into one of the most unpleasant characters in Bergman, and soon repels us. Coronet.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Thru 3/14, Playboy.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

Summer Paradise–The first film by one-time Bergman actress Gunnel Lindblom is a portrait of a Swedish family on vacation that is rich in novelistic details of the tensions between generations, men and women, women and women and the different classes in this "classless" society. Beneath the sensual radiance of their privileged setting, this family, like so many families, is coming apart from causes which Lindblom and a fine cast convey in all their baffling variety. Cinema III.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin*. Columbia II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Little Carnegie; Quad.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time. Beekman; Paramount; Murray Hill.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, March 14

A History of the American Film–A comedy by Christopher Durang, with music by Mel Marvin, about five archetypal movie characters as they ricochet through movie history as baffled orphans of the film. Directed by David Chambers; choreography by Graciela Daniele. Previews start tonight prior to a 3/30 opening. ANTA, 245 W 49th (246-6270).

Wednesday, March 15

Double Bill–A revival of David Mamet's *The Water Engine*, together with his new play *Mr. Happiness*. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sat mat at 2 p.m. Sun at 2 & 5:30 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Thursday, March 16

Dancin'–Bob Fosse's new musical entertainment, a song-and-dance show, features Ann Reinking, Wayne Cilento, Vicki Frederick, Edward Love, and Sandahl Bergman, and marks the Broadway debut of Charles Ward, an American Ballet Theatre principal now on leave from ABT. Music by composers ranging from Cat Stevens, Louis Prima, and Melissa Manchester to Bach, Satie, and Varese. Previews begin tonight prior to a 3/27 opening. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (246-6699).

Thirteen Rue de L'Amour–Louis Jourdan, Patricia Elliott, Bernard Fox, and Kathleen Freeman in a comedy by Feydeau, adapted by Mawby Green and Ed Fielbert. Directed by Basil Langdon. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Sunday, March 19

Stages–Jack Warden is a dying actor playing five different roles which are metaphors for his state of mind in the absurdist comedy by Stuart Ostrow. With him are Philip Bosco, Lois Smith, Gretel Cummings; Diana Davila, and William Duell. Directed by Richard Foreman. Belasco, 111 W 44th (354-4490).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds–A revival of the Paul Zindel play, which stars Shelley Winters, Carol Kane, with Lorie Shelle, Marie Earle, and Lolly Boroff. Directed by A. J. Antoon. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5; Sun at 2 p.m. Booth, 222 W 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hello, Dolly!–A show of questionable value has been revived with all the reverence of a museum piece. The excellent plot survives in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness. Some performances quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing still croons so penetratingly that the electronic amplification is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals a scene; of all our *monstres sacrés*, she may be the best behaved. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Paul Robeson–Phillip Hayes Dean's portrait of a great man has been composed with shrewdness and wit, and is played by James Earl Jones in a manner that is big in body, heart, and mind. Jones invests his part with all anyone could ask for. Every virtue is here, yet never cloying, sanctimonious, humorless. There is always a sense of fierce dignity behind the occasional ironies—of something, above all, tart, down-to-earth, saltily human. Thurs at 8; Sat at 2 & 8; Sun at 5 p.m. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Mon thru Wed;

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Fri & Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Side by Side by Sondheim–Nancy Dussault, Jack Blackton, and Carol Swarbrick offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Kukla and Ollie, with the aid of Burr Tillstrom, narrate the action. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45 (246-6230).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet*, which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Melba Moore would be charming if she were not over directed; Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Mon thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Water Engine–A play by David Mamet, the current critics' darling among young American playwrights. This offering is a radio play, and a rather insignificant one at that. You cannot run a stage play on the thin, watery inspiration that may just barely sustain a piece of radio drama. Directed by Steven Schacter. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Academy Arts Repertory–Lanford Wilson's *Ludlow Fair* and *Be Who You Are*, Fri & Sat at 9:30; Sun & Mon at 7:30. 3/17-4/9. $3 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Animal Kingdom–David MacEnulty and Linda Howes in a revival of the Philip Barry play, directed by Thomas Luce Summa. 3/16-19, at 8 p.m. 3/19 at 3 p.m. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (228-0900).

Anna Kleiber–Alfonso Sastre's drama about an actress attracted to evil and life; directed by Don Marlette. In English. Thurs and Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 2:30 p.m. $3. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

The Annual Seduction of Emerson Fitzgerald McWadd–A comedy by Jeannine O'Reilly, directed by G.W. Reilly. Sun thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Thru 3/16. No Smoking Playhouse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Arthur–Ferenc Molnar's play, translated by P. G. Wodehouse; about a master swindler, and his greatest swindle. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Mon at 7:30 p.m. thru 3/20. $3. Counterpoint, 150 W 66th (799-6954).

A Bistro Car on the CNB–A new musical with music by Patrick Rose; lyrics by Merv Campone/Richard Ozunian; directed and choreographed by Russell Treyz. Playhouse, 359 W 48th (541-9820).

The Chalk Garden–Enid Bagnold's story of a troubled young girl, directed by Bruce Cornwell. Wed thru Sat, thru 3/18 at 8 p.m. $3. 1 W 88th (874-7995).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. All the roles are played by women. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

CSC Repertory–Jean Genet's *The Maids;* Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Karen Sunde's *The Running of the Deer*, and Giradoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Conjuring an Event–Richard Nelson's contemporary play about a reporter who attempts to go beyond natural observation. Michael Christofer has the title role. Tues, Wed, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. mats Wed and Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thurs eve at 6:30. Thru 4/2. $8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

HI, FELLA

Paul Rudd and **Brian Murray** exchange pleasantries in a scene from **Da,** Hugh Leonard's play, directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Wednesday through Sunday evenings at 8 p.m. Matinees at 3 p.m. Sundays (3/12, 19, 4/2) and Saturday, 3/25. $4. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th Street (760-9847).

Contributions–A play by Ted Shine, directed by Edmund Cambridge. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 3/26. Theater Genesis, 10th St & 2nd Ave (533-4650).

The Curse of the Starving Class–Sam Shepherd's play set in the rural poverty-stricken farm areas of the southwestern states. Directed by Robert Woo-

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druff. Thru 4/9. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Double Bill–Lanford Wilson's *Brontosaurus,* and John Bishop's *Cabin 12;* Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3. Circle Repertory Theater, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

Double Bill–Paul Sambol's *The Straight Man,* and Steven Otfinoski's *At Crazy Jayne's,* both directed by Michael Lange. 3/17-4/2. Stagelights, 218 W 48th (245-6757).

Don Juan in Hell–By George Bernard Shaw. Thurs thru Sat at 8:30, 3/16-4/8. Medicine Show Theater, 45 E 20th (982-2986).

Ethan Frome–Edith Wharton's chiller, adapted by Owen Davis and Donald Davis, directed by Alan Coleridge. 3/14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. Evenings at 8 p.m. Sun matinees at 3 p.m. $2.50. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

Exiles–James Joyce's work which reflects the portrait of the artist as a mature man, directed by Vincent Dowling. 3/17-19 at 8 p.m. and Sun mat 3/19 at 3 p.m. York Players, 2 E 90th (289-3402).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Father's Day–Oliver Hailey's black comedy about divorce. 3/15-19. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. Sun mats at 3 p.m. The Changing Space, 120 W 28th (877-9172).

Gay Divorce–Revival of the Cole Porter musical, directed by Robert Britton. Although there are similarities, this is *not* the movie version. Also it will *feature at least two hitherto unpublished Porter* numbers. Thru 3/26. Tues thru Sun at 8 p.m. mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. Equity Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

The Gingerbread Lady–A revival of Neil Simon's play, directed by Marvin Kahan. Wed thru Sun, thru 3/19. $3. Off Center Theater, 436 W 18th (581-2900).

A Gown for His Mistress–Georges Feydeau's first full-length play, a vaudeville of the upper-class French of 1900. Fri thru Sun, 3/17-4/2, at 7:30. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (925-5481).

The Healers–Ava Jacobs's play telling of fundamentalist religion in the Mojave Desert. 3/16-20, 23-25, evenings at 8; Sun at 2 p.m. Theater of the Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Dr (864-2929).

Innocent Pleasures–Arthur Giron's comedy about a couple in the bedrooms and board rooms of New York's business world. Harold Stone directs. Thurs thru Sun, thru 4/2, at 7:30 p.m. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

In the Beginning–A play by Aharon Megged draws on the tale of Adam and Eve in their original state through near-modern domesticity. Fri at 7:30, Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 7 p.m. 3/17-4/2. $2.50. Henry Street Settlement, 265 Henry St (766-9200).

The International Stud–Love story presented in scenes, monologues and torchsongs. Fri, Sat, and Sun, from 3/17th. La Mama ETC, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore–John Ford's classic tragedy, directed by Allen Schoer. Wed thru Sat, 4/5-22, at 8 p.m. $3. Walden Theater, 1 W 88th (874-7995).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore–John Ford's classic tragedy, directed by David Willinger. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4:30 p.m. thru 3/26. $3. NYT Ensemble, 62 E Fourth St (477-4120).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Cocktail Party;* Sartre's *No Exit.* Ben Jonson's comedy, *Volpone.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Journey to Eldorado–A dramatized portrait of Edgar Allan Poe by and with Robert Minford. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 & 7. Thru 3/19. Actors Playhouse, 100 7th Ave So (924-9785).

Juba–Musical by Laurence Holder and Braden, Elliott, Ephron, and Weinstock, directed by John Vaccaro. Thurs thru Sun at 10 p.m. 3/16-19. Free. LaMama ETC, 74A E 4th St (254-6468)

The Knack–Ann Jellicoe's comedy involving four characters who explore different attitudes toward sex. Directed by Toni Napoli. 3/14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, at 8 p.m. $3. Ward-Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St (638-0834).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Lunch Time–A strange melodrama by the great Leonard Melfi, directed by Bob McAndrew. Mon thru Fri at 1:15 p.m. thru 3/17. $1.50. (Senior citizens and students free). Bring your lunch. Quaigh Theater, mezzanine, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Man With a Load of Mischief–Comedy by Ashley Dukes, directed by Frank Santarelli. Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 3/26. $2.50. The Pretenders, 106 E 14th (586-0641).

The Millionairess–George Bernard Shaw's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 4/23. $3. West Side Repertory Theater, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

The Misanthrope–Moliere's play, directed by Gerry Giacobbe. Thurs thru Sat, thru 4/2. $3. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (242-9768).

Miss Julie–August Strindberg's play, directed by Anthony Solter. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. thru March. $3.50. The Gathering Place, 150 W 26th (924-6988).

Mixed Doubles–Two one-acters by David Libman, directed by June Rovenger. Thurs thru Sat 3/16-18, 3/23-25 at 7:30; Sun, 3/19 & 26 at 4 p.m. $3. Sutton East Theater, 330 E 56th (929-2869).

Moliere in Spite of Himself–Adapted and directed by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Moliere's tragic/comic theatrics in the court of Louis XIV as seen through the eyes of the Soviet playwright. Tues thru Sat at 7:30. $6, $5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

Museum–Tina Howe's civilized little play accomplishes a good deal in a casual manner, with an irreverence whose surface is so glossy that it almost blinds us to the deeper, satirical intent—which may be a failing, but a venial one, surely. We are given a museum gallery where an avant-garde show is in its last day. The play is recommended to theater lovers, contemporary art haters, and all other decent folk. Thru 4/2. Public/LuEster Hall, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Night Life–A revival of Sidney Kingsley's drama, directed by Robert Petito, set in a bottle club crowded with troubled or noxious people in New York City. Thurs thru Sun, thru 3/19. $3.50. American Ensemble Co, 28 E 35th (571-7594).

Oil!–Three generations of a Texas family are described in Neil Tucker's play, directed by Seth Allen. 3/16-19, 23-26. $2.50. Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Onury–Shauneille Perry's play about a 12-year-old who copes with the first crisis of her young life. 3/18, 19, 25, 26, at 3 p.m. $.25 for children; $1 for adults. Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Othello–Earle Hyman stars in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Ovens of Anita Orangejuice–A history of modern Florida by Ronald Tavel. Thurs thru Sun, 3/16-26, at 8 p.m. Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Nailed

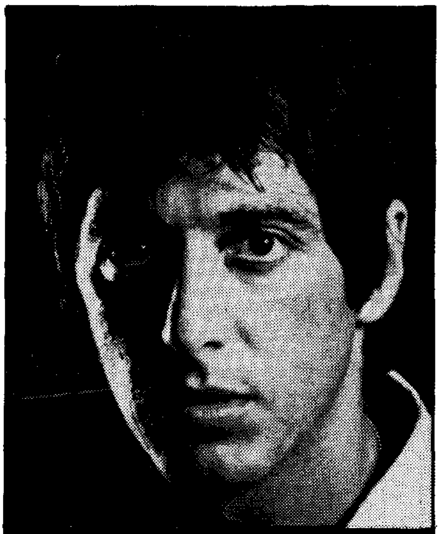
DECEMBER, 1974:
VOICE's Jack Newfield writes first expose on nursing home owner Bernard Bergman

MARCH, 1976:
Bergman pleads guilty to state and federal crimes.

Revealed

FEBRUARY, 1977:
Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway write the first article exposing Bert Lance's questionable banking practices.

AUGUST, 1977:
Bert Lance resigns as member of Carter cabinet.



Introduced

MAY, 1968:
Al Pacino wins Village Voice OBIE: "Best Actor" in "The Indian Wants The Bronx".

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Al Pacino wins TONY: "Best Actor" in "The Basic Training Of Pavlo Hummel".

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Pageant in Exile–A dramatic musical on Byron & Shelley by Randy Wilson, directed by Larry Carpenter. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. $2. Westside Airlines Terminal (corner of 10th Ave & 42nd) (947-4224).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

The Phantom of the Opera–Back again, this time haunting a concert hall, attempting to win the love of a young dancer. Adapted by Albert Reyes, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 4 & 8 p.m. 3/17-4/9. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Patio/Porch–Jack Heifner's two plays for two women, starring Fannie Flagg and Ronnie Claire Edwards, set in a small Texas town on the hottest day of the year. From 4/4. Century, 235 W 46th (575-9680).

The Play's the Thing–Ferenc Molnar's play, as adapted by P.G. Wodehouse, directed by Frank Dunlap, with Carole Shelley, Kurt Kasznar, George Rose, Rene Auberjonois, Austin Pendleton, Stephen Collins, Rex Robbins. Thru 3/19. Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4123).

A Prayer for my Daughter–A pair of sordid policemen question and torture a couple of homosexuals guilty of a pitifully sleazy murder. The play, by Thomas Babe, moves along at a good clip and is constructed with considerable know-how. Laurence Luckinbill gives a performance that is somewhat overcalculated, a trifle actorish. Jeffrey DeMunn and Alan Rosenberg are frighteningly and pitiably convincing. George Dzundza is supremely right to the last detail of shading. Robert Ackerman has directed appropriately. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–A rewrite of James Kirkwood's play about a series of disasters that befall a New York actor, directed by Robert Nigro. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

The Promise–A play by Aleksei Arbuzov about two friends caught in a modern Russian love triangle with the woman they love. 3/13, 14, 15-18, 22-25, 3/30-4/2, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (PL 3-2310).

The Promise–Marilyn McIntyre, Christopher Paul Goutman, and Davis Hall, in a play by Aleksei Arbuzov, directed by Michael Fried. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. thru 4/9. Roundabout/Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Red Fox/Second Hanging–Story of the legendary Doc Taylor, a tale of native Appalachia, directed by Michael Posnick. Wed thru Sun at 8; Sat and Sun mats at 2:30. Thru 3/26. $3. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (288-2500).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida*; Robert Michael Morris's *Bees 'n' Birds.* $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Runaways–A new entertainment written, composed, and directed by Liz Swados, about today's teenagers. Martinson Hall/Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Spanish Theater Repertory–*Bodas de Sangre* by Lorca; *Te Juro Juana Que Tengo Ganas* and *El Censo* by Carballido; *Cien Veces No Debo* and *Los Japoneses No Esperan* by Talesnik, directed by Rene Buch, Delfor Peralta, and Braulio Villar. All plays in Spanish in rotating repertory. Thru March. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 127th. For dates and time call 889-2850.

The Taming of the Shrew–A jazz age staging of this classic, directed by J. P. Duffy, set in a New York speakeasy circa 1920. Fri thru Sun, thru 3/26, at 8 p.m. $2.50. RML Theater, 648 Bdway (254-7139).

This House–A play by Barbara de la Cuesta, directed by Ellis Santone. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru 4/2. BMT Theater, 137 W 22nd (691-7950).

This Italy of Yours–Maxim Gorky in Italy, conceived by and starring Michael A. Del Medico. 3/23 at 7:30 p.m. Casa Italiana, Columbia University, 1161 Amsterdam Ave (280-2306).

Three by Chekhov, Strindberg & Pirandello–*The Boor, The Stronger,* and *The Man With the Flower in His Mouth.* Fri & Sat at 8; Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 3/26. $5.50, $3.50. Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th (755-5120).

Triple Bill–Tennessee William's *At Liberty;* Frederich Durrenmatt's *Episode on an Autumn Evening;* Ivan Klima's *The Sweetshoppe Myriam.* thru 3/19, Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Quaigh Theater Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Toy Room–Bob Angelica's play, directed by Kevin Marshall. Mon thru Wed at 7:30; Sun at 8:30. Thru 3/15. $2.50. Studio 13, 50 W 13th (924-9785).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Walden Pond–Joe Renard's comedy about contemporary America, directed by Norman Thomas Marshall. Fri & Mon at 8; Sat, 7 & 10; Sun at 3. Thru 3/20. $3.50. No Smoking Playhouse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

The Winner Goes Home–Comedy-drama about three sons' efforts to come to grips with an unconventional father. By Lyla Hay Owen. Fri thru Sat at 8; Sun at 4:30, Mon at 8. 3/31-4/15. $3. The Townhouse, 124 W 60th (243-2226).

The Winslow Boy–Terence Rattigan's drama, directed by Nell Robinson. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 2:30. 3/16-4/2. $2.50. Skylight Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Zinnia–Emily Frankel's work, directed by John Cullum. Sun at 3 & 7:30. $5.50. Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (673-2222).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 1-6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Curtis Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Carnegie Hall Cabaret–165 W 56th. Thru 3/25, jazz pianist Carol Britto, with bassist Jack Lesberg. From 8 p.m. nightly (PL 7-9522).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Ceal's Place–39th & 9th Ave. A homey place specializing in soup & bread; Laine Cooke, with David Lahm at the keyboard, sings Saturdays. Other entertainers other nights, Eric Oxendine and friends, and jazz pianist Patti Brown (947-7779).

La Chansonnette–890 Second Ave. 3/13, 20, 27, Trude Richards Moreau. 3/21-23, 28-30, the Dardanelle Trio. Rita Dimitri every Tues thru Sat at 10 (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. The musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3884).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Dancing to the music of the Irving Fields Trio Tues thru Sat, 8 to 4 a.m. (PL 5-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. New cabaret-supper club reminiscent of the 30s. Cotton Club Revue and Orchestra (Pazant Bros). Shows at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. 3/17-25, Lionel Hampton with Sir Roland Hanna and the New York Jazz Quartet (Grady Tate, Frank Wess, and George Mraz), at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. nightly (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Giovanni's Oasis–42 W 58th. Restaurant club, with Angelo on accordion and Pasquale on electric guitar playing Italian folk and other music Wed thru Sat, 8 to midnight, thru 3/18 (PL 2-7085).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Hurrah–36 W 62nd. Gerri Griffin, singer of soul, gospel, rock, Tues thru Thurs at 10 p.m. (586-2636).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room: Dancing 7:30 to midnight Fri. & Sat. Victorian Room: Dancing Wed & Thurs (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. Lainie's Room: Lainie Kazan sings here (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Tremendous view, and thru 3/18, Jeanne Napoli with ballads, contemporary tunes, and Bdway show favorites; plus a group of four dancers. 3/20-4/1, comedian Jackie Mason, with singer-dancer Pia Zadora (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra arrive 3/14 to play for dancing (except on Mondays). (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Warren Covington and his orchestra alternate for dancing with the Ramon Argueso band. Don Glasser Orchestra. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, thru 3/25, Gary Edwards and Sage, with a mixture of pop hits, ballads, and show tunes (421-0900).

Sibi–Ahmad Jamal brings his hot quartet here and cooks in hour-long sets at 10 p.m. midnight, and 2 a.m. nightly (except Sun) through 3/18 (753-3429).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight. **Bridges:** Singer-pianist Amy Lynn Yago, 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 3/25, pianist George Shearing. **Bemelmans Bar:** Teddy Wilson, the patron saint of swing piano and one of the most stylish of improvisors, is alone at the keyboard on weekday nights.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio play quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, thru 4/1, Head Over Heels. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Harley, pianist, 5:30-9 p.m. Mark Shane with the Peter Duchin Quartet, 9 p.m. -2 a.m. alternating with The St. Regis Latin Combo.

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

JAZZLINE 421-3592.
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when and where They're playing.

Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Thru 3/18, tenor saxophonist David Murray is at the helm of a fine quartet, including the amazing flutist James Newton, a late addition to the Apple's jazz community—a noteworthy gig. On Mondays the 14-piece orchestra of trumpeter Ted Daniels holds forth (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. *By Strouse*— an evening of music by Charles ('Annie') Strouse; with a cast of four. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Sun, 8:30 & 10:30 (673-9121).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 3/15-18, Steve Kuhn Quintet. 3/22-25, Nina Sheldon and George Coleman Quartet (675-4720).

Blue Hawaii–135 3rd Avenue. The month of March is given to pianists, a different one every night of the week, two on some evenings. The schedule includes Walter Davis, Jill McManus, and on Sunday evenings, the brilliant keyboard entertainer Jaki Byard (260-7690).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. 3/13, 14, Keith Carradine 3/15, 16, Ian Gilligan. 3/19, 20, Roger McGuinn & Gene Clark. 3/21, 22, Long John Baldry (228-6300).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here indefinitely, thank God! Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat at 12:15 also. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 to 1 a.m. with Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Jorge Rios plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jazzmania–14 E 23rd. The city's sole floating jam session, with guests sitting in with the regulars Fri & Sat, 9 thru 2 a.m., and an All-Star Invitational Jazz Session, which is something less than all-star, but usually lively on Sun, from 5 p.m. (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fri 5:30 to 8, Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, the young repository of classical jazz piano pieces, stride orthodoxies, and arcane as well as pop Ellington, works with Ellingtonian bassist Aaron Bell, whose tone and time is flawless, and drummer Shelton Gary Thursdays thru Saturdays; on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, drummer Sonny Greer, who introduced Ellington to Harlem and vice versa (744-2540).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and a Lithuanian pianist, Lev Schneider, who runs the gamut from the classics to jazz and rock, from 7 p.m. to midnight (582-3193).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. Singer-pianist Diana Finn entertains Tues thru Sat from 7 to midnight (628-3333).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Singer Francine Caroll from 9:15 p.m. in a tribute to Sophie Tucker. Thru 4/8. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Pianist Norm Kubrin sings with a jazz feeling in a cozy woody ambience. Customers can sing along. Mon thru Sat (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. Stephen Marks and Natalie Gilbert, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. 3/13-18, The Johnston Brothers, a Pennsylvania group. (Special St. Patrick's Day celebration 3/17, of course) (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays for entertainment. Pianist-singer Larry Paine from 7 p.m. in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Wed, the Original Traditional Jazz Band. Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 3/14-19, Bob Dorough Trio. 3/20, John Scofield Quartet. 3/21-25, Stan Getz Quartet (242-1785).

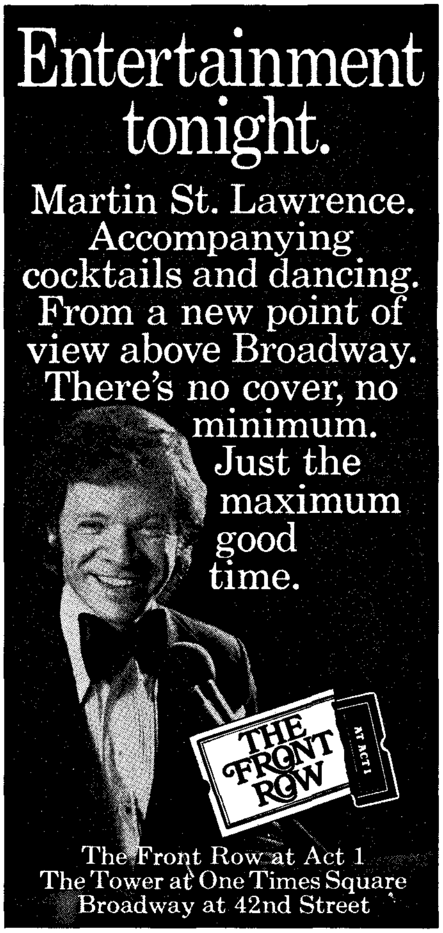
Hopper's–452 6th Ave. From 3/20, ballad singer David Allyn, and a jazz group. 9:30 & 11 p.m. Mon thru Sat, with an extra 1 a.m. show Fri & Sat (260-0250).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Judy Stevens. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 3/15-18, 22-25, singer Pat Benatar, at 8:30 & 10:30. Showcase Tuesday nights (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker & Thompson. Stanley Turrentine, a gifted saxophonist who almost always plays beneath himself and attracts a huge audience for it, heads a quartet 3/17, 18 (475-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 Seventh Ave So. 3/14-19, Max Roach, perhaps the greatest living drummer, and almost certainly the most influential percussionist since WWII, brings in his quartet. 3/21-26, Red Garland Trio with Al Foster & Sam Jones. All Mondays in March—Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band (AL 5-4037).



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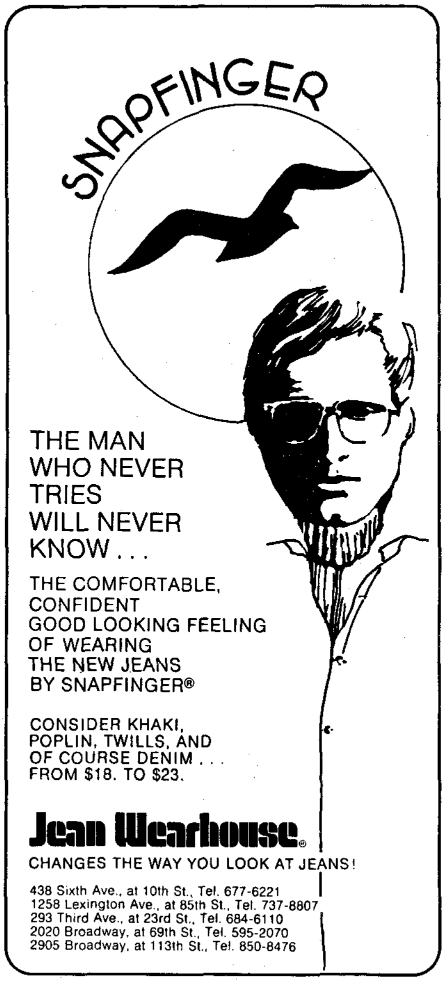

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SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Tom Jones, Westbury Music Fair (516-333-0533), 3/14-16 at 8:30, 3/17 at 8 & 11:30, 3/18 at 7 & 10:30, 3/19 at 7:30.

Jazz: Directions With Jack DeJohnette, Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350), 3/15-16 at 11, 3/17-18 at 10 & 12.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878). Wed at 2 & 7, Thurs-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Elvis: The Legend Lives, Palace Theater, Bdwy at 47th St. (757-2626). Tues-Thurs at 7:30, Fri & Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-3500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, March 14

Ramsey Lewis, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Michel Block, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Olivier Gardon, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Yoshi Wada, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Michael Collier, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:45.
Music for Strings Concert, Grace Church, 245 Hicks St., Bklyn (875-4748), at 8.

Wednesday, March 15

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Phyllis Newman, Town Hall, at 5:45.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Hillcrest Sr. Center, 148-55 Hillside Ave., Queens (682-6567), at 1:30.
Yoshi Wada, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Olivier Gardon, American Museum of Natural History, at 7.
Sook-Chung Kim, St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (989-3591), at noon.
David Eyges, Whitney Museum Downtown, 55 Water St. (483-0011), at 12:30.
Pat Tortorici, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 9 & 11.
Juilliard String Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Fritz Jahoda, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Mark Zeltser, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Louis Lowenstein, St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (989-3591), at 1.

Thursday, March 16

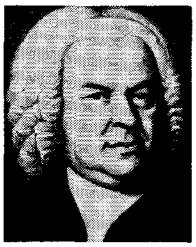
The Clancy Brothers, Town Hall, at 8:30.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Tatiana Troyanos, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Cello Ensemble, St. Paul's Chapel, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0800), at 12:10.
Olivier Gardon, Hostos Community College, 475 Grand Concourse (360-8209), at 1.
Max Yount, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Jean-Philippe Collard, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Billy Mitchell, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 9 & 11.

Friday, March 17

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.
Kenneth Gartner, Town Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Jean-Pierre Rampal, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Ron Bridgewater, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.
Gregory Haimovsky, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Dickey Betts & Great Southern, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.
Misha Dichter, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Concert Social, Hotel Biltmore Bowman Room, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
League-ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Avery Fisher Hall, 8.
Oscar Brand, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.

Saturday, March 18

PASSIONATE BACH



A new English translation of Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passion According to St. John* will be performed by a chamber choir and orchestra conducted by JoAnn Rice. The time: Saturday, March 18 at 2. The place: Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, at 155 East 22nd Street (674-0739).

New York Pro Art Chorale, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.
Aston Magna, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Ron Bridgewater, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 9.
Vladimir Ashkenazy & Itzhak Perlman, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Juilliard String Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.
Tommy Makem & Liam Clancy, Town Hall, at 8.
Canby Singers, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Municipal Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Paulina Ruvinska, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:30.
Styx, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.
Village Singers, Greenwich House Auditorium, 27 Barrow St. (254-9703), at 8.
Alexis Weissenberg, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Jean-Pierre Rampal, BAM Opera House, at 8:30.

Sunday, March 19

Vladimir Horowitz, Carnegie Hall, at 4.
Brandenburg Ensemble, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.
Meryl Sacks, Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (264-4451), at 2.
Juni Booth Duo, Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077), at 2.
Mark Herman, Le Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St. (677-1100), at 3.
New Amsterdam Singers & Bloomingdale Chamber Orchestra, Broadway Presbyterian Church, at 114th St. (663-6021), at 5.
The Yesudas Show, Town Hall, at 3 & 7.
Chamber Music Society, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
All-Star Invitational Jam Session, Jazzmania, at 5.
Ella Fitzgerald/Tommy Flanagan Trio/Roy Eldridge, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Composition Contest Winners' Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Physicians' Brass Ensemble, Sea Gate Chapel, 3700 Surf Ave., Bklyn (638-2370), at 2.
Phillips-Blumenthal, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
University of Cincinnati Chamber Choir & Chamber Orchestra, *Alice Tully Hall, at 8.*
Liz Gorrill, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:45.
An Die Musik, St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St. (831-8331), at 4.

Monday, March 20

Continuum, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Carol Buck, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, March 21

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Jennie Koch & Skip Kennon, Deutsches Haus, 42 Washington Mews (598-2217), at 5:30.
Ani Kavafian, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Daisetta Kim, *Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.*
The String Revival, Columbia University McMillin Theater, Bdwy at 116th St. (260-0453), at 8.

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 3/14 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** with Diffen, Caballé, Cossotto, Carreras. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Merrill; designer: Cristini, after sketches by Paravicini. Wed, 3/15 at 8: **La Favorita** with Verrett, Smith, Pavarotti, Milnes. Conductor: López-Cobos; director: Tavernia; designers: Lee & Greenwood. Thurs, 3/16 at 8: **Don Giovanni** with Sutherland, Varady, Tourangeau, Morris. Conductor: Bonynge; director: Graf; designer: Berman. Fri, 3/17 at 8: **Adriana Lecouvreur** (Same cast as 3/14. Scotto for Caballé). Sat, 3/18 at 2: **L'Elisir d'Amore** with Blegen, Di Franco, Pavarotti, Sereni. Conductor: Caldwell; director: Merrill; designer: O'Hearn. Sat, 3/18 at 8: **Don Giovanni** (Same cast as 3/16). Mon, 3/20 at 8: **La Favorita** (Same cast as 3/15). Tues, 3/21 at 8: **Don Giovanni** (Same cast as 3/16).

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 3/14 at 8: **Mefistofele** with Ehrlich, Walker, Ramey, Collins. Conductor: Mauceri; director: Capobianco; designers: Mitchell & George. Wed, 3/15 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Freni, Hill, Shaulis. **Pagliacci** with Thomson, Mauro, Fredricks. Conductor: Kellogg; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Thurs, 3/16 at 8: **La Traviata** with Robinson, Mercer-White, Shaulis, Lima. Conductor: Pallo; director: Corsaro; designers: Fletcher & Campbell. Fri, 3/17 at 8: **The Turn of the Screw** with Schauler, Faull, Thigpen, Randazzo. Conductor: Keene; director: Mann; designers: Venza & Colt. Sat, 3/18 at 2: **Carmen** with Howard, Robinson, Spacagna, Walker. Conductor: Pallo; director: Auerbach; designer: Varona. Sat 3/18 at 8: **Tosca** with Galvany, Mauro, Justus, Long. Conductor: Kellogg; director: Capobianco; designer: Oenslager. Sun, 3/19 at 1: **La Fanciulla del West** with Saunders, Tomanec, Trussel, Burchinal. Conductor: Keene; director: Corsaro; designers: O'Hearn & Mess. Sun, 3/19 at 7: **Madama Butterfly** with Craig, Walker, Murphy, Di Giuseppe. Conductor: Somogi; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans.

DUCHESS TREAT

Diane Armistead sings the title role in the Light Opera of Manhattan's production of *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein.* The opera can be seen at the company's Eastside Playhouse (334 E 74th Street): 3/15 at 2 & 8:30, 3/16-17 at 8:30, 3/18 at 4 & 8:30, 3/19 at 4. William Mount-Burke conducted and staged the work (535-6310).

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio,* 3/18 at 7:30, 3/19 at 2:30.

New York Lyric Opera, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (874-1993). *Barber of Bagdad,* 3/16 at 7:30, 3/17-18 at 8, 3/19 at 3.

Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. (674-5243). *Rigoletto,* 3/19 at 2:30.

Dance

Merce Cunningham & Dance Co., Roundabout Theater, 333 W 23rd St. (924-7160), 3/14-17 at 8, 3/18 at 2 & 8, 3/19 at 2, 3/21 at 8.

Dance Umbrella, Entermedia Theater, Second Ave. at 12th St. (691-3500): Dan Wagoner & Dancers, 3/14, 16 & 17 at 8, 3/19 at 2 & 8; Solomons Company, 3/15 & 18 at 8

G.A.J.R. Family Ballet, Carnegie Recital Hall (247-7459), 3/18 at 2:15.

Kenneth King & Dancers, BAM Lepercq Space (636-4100), 3/16 at 7:30, 3/17-18 at 8, 3/19 at 2.

Virginia Pier & Jessica Fogel, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (254-4535), 3/17-18 at 8.

Riverside Dance Festival, Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr. (864-2929): Pepsi Bethel Authentic Jazz Dance Theater, 3/15 & 17 at 8, 3/18 at 2; Jerry Ames Tap Dance Co., 3/16 & 18 at 8, 3/19 at 2.

Rush Dance Co., American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 3/16-19 at 8.

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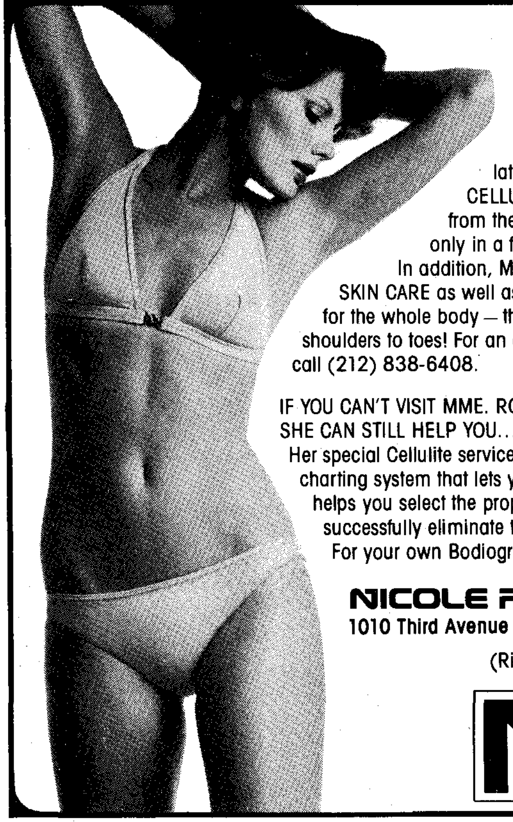

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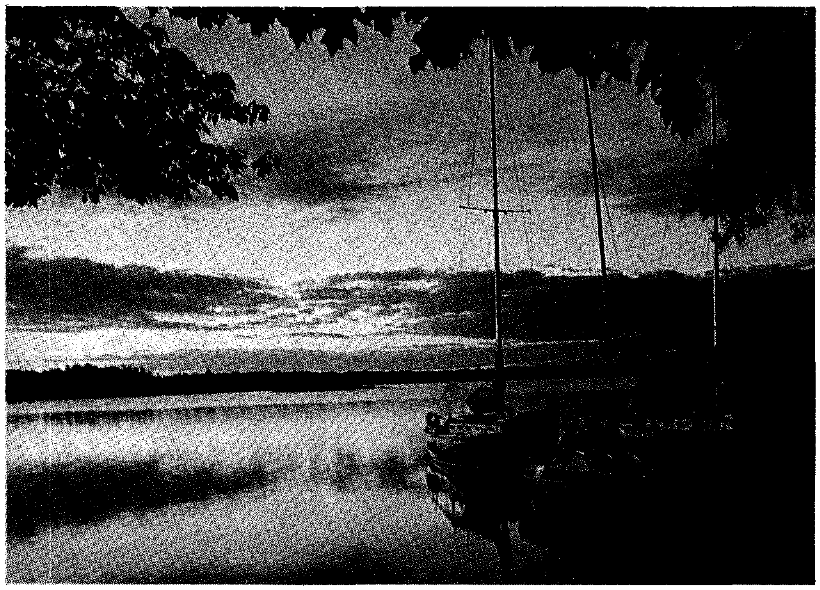

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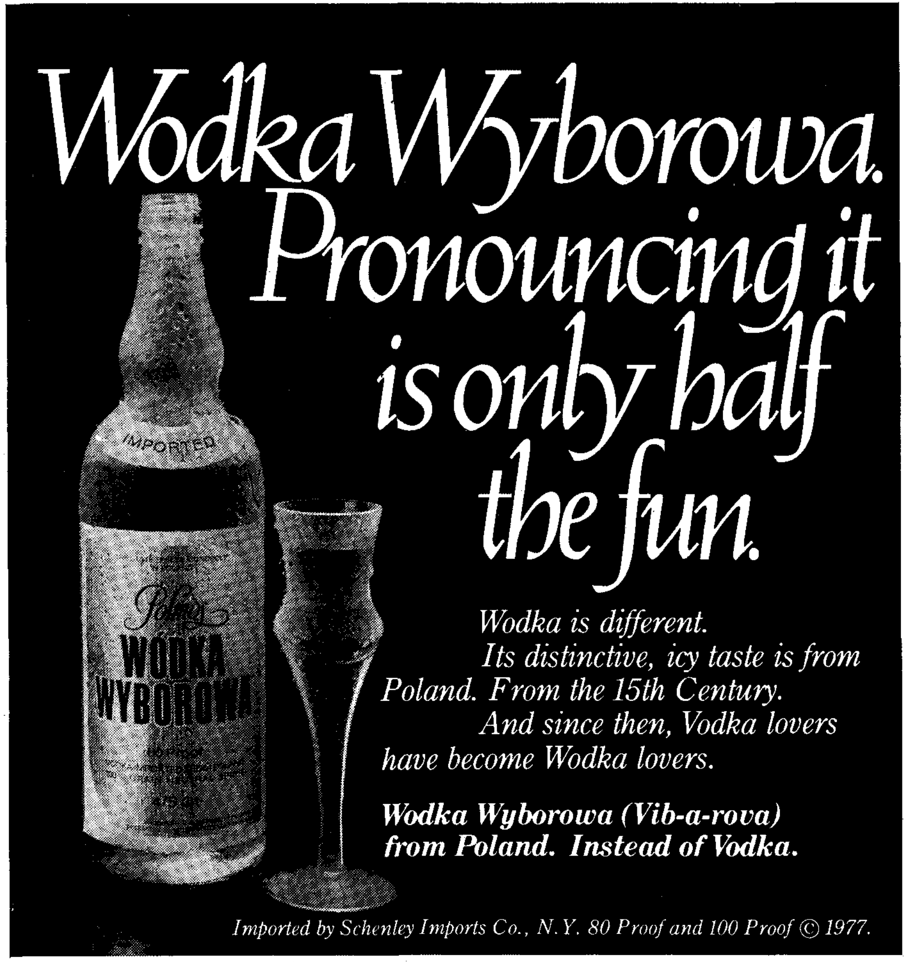

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NEW YORK PREMIERE

Murray Louis and his dance company will present the New York premiere of *Schubert* during their engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (30 Lafayette Avenue). In addition to *Schubert,* the company will also perform *Déjà Vu, Glances, Porcelain Dialogues, Geometrics,* and *Hoopla.* March 16-17 at 8, March 18 at 6, March 19 at 2:30 (636-4100).

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

David Braun–Etching of dark, brooding landscapes and ships of old, thru 4/1. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Sydney Butchkes–Stained architectonic abstractions, thru 3/30. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Tom Chibbaro/Richard Marx–Female motorcyclist, others in paint, thru 3/19/Figurative bronzes, thru 3/25. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Richard Chiriani**–Subtle landscapes in acrylic on linen paper, thru 3/30. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Rackstraw Downes–NYC and Maine landscapes, thru 3/17. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

***Bisson Frères/James Hagan**–Mont Blanc in photos from the 1850s/Wood sculpture, thru 3/25. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Allan Hacklin–Fragile appendages, thru 3/18. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Darryl Hughto–Paintings, thru 3/30. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).

Patricia Johanson–An installation, plus bacterial formation drawings for outdoor projects, thru 4/8. Essman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

***Alex Katz**–Recent paintings, thru 3/25. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).

Elena Kepalas–Counterpoised geometric forms in sculpture and drawings, thru 3/16. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

***Jacob Lawrence**–Paintings and new lithos, thru 3/24. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Winifred Lutz**–Monumental portals, platforms, and passages, thru 3/15. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

Jay Milder–Expressionist works, thru 3/15. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630).

***Lowell Nesbitt**–Organic fruit forms painted on geometric rug patterns, thru 3/25. Crispo, 41 E 57th (758-9190).

Rodney Ripps–Swirls of thick impasto color, thru 3/18. Alexander, 20 W 57th (757-3721).

Larry Rivers/Terry Southern–Lithos and text from *The Donkey and the Darling,* thru 4/1. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

Juan Antonio Roda–Etchings, thru 4/1. Noble/Polans, 40 W 57th (541-9510).

G.H. Rothe–Realist oils, 3/20-4/8. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

***Lucas Samaras**–Many fabrics pieced and sewn together, thru 3/18. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Tommy Simpson–Satiric wood sculpture, thru 3/25. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

Joan Snyder–Expressionistic landscape, thru 3/25. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Bill Taggart–Paintings, drawings, collage, Xeroxes, and lithos, thru 3/18. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Yannis Amoryanos–Primitive flora and fauna, thru 3/19. Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372). Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-5.

***Benny Andrews**–"Women I've Known," thru 3/30. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Naftali Bezem–Paintings and works on paper, thru 3/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

***Julius Bissier**–Small intimate shape and textural explorations in oil tempera, watercolor, and brush drawing, thru 3/18. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

Bogarin–Pure color and shape in serigraphs, thru 3/31. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Ilya Bolotowsky**–Paintings and columns, thru 3/24. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Bruno Civitico–Recent paintings, 3/18-4/8. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Joshua Eliraz–Heavy fabric banners, thru 3/25. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

Bill Freeland–Constructions, boxes, and drawings, thru 3/30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Don Freeman**(1908-1978)–NYC street scenes and Broadway, thru 3/31. Feiden, 51 E 10th (OR7-5330). Mon-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 12:30-4:30.

Jean Fusaro–Nudes, seascapes, and landscapes in paint on paper, pastels, and drawings, thru 4/1. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

***Ilse Getz**–Paintings and constructions, thru 4/15. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

***George Inness**–Italy and New York State in watercolors and drawings, thru 3/25. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

William Kienbusch–Intense abstractions on paper taken from barns, gardens, thru 3/25. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

Alexander Martin–Landscapes of New Paltz, thru 3/25. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Mark Peiser–Opalescent glass vessels, thru 4/3. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

***Katherine Porter**–New paintings, thru 4/1. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Dina Recanati/Ulfert Wilke–Small bronzes of gates, walls, columns/Letter and number patterns on canvas and paper, thru 3/25. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (RE4-7302). Thurs-Sat 1-5.

Fritz Scholder–Indians and dogs in oil, thru 4/8. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Marilyn Sica–Sculptured prints using intaglio reliefs on paper, thru 3/25. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Joan Steiner/Joellen Trilling–Wearable interiors/Soft sculpture, thru 3/18. Julie, 687 Mad Ave (688-2345).

Jim Sullivan–Black and white illustrative paintings, thru 3/16. Willard, 29 W 72nd (744-2925).

Robert Walker–Acrylic sculpture in free and contained forms, thru 3/18. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

SoHo

***Carl Andre**–New sculpture, thru 3/28. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

Alice Aycock–Wood constructions and drawings, thru 3/28. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

Rosemarie Castoro/Paolo Icaro–An installation of branches/Works and spatial equivalents, thru 3/25. Bromm, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196).

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NEW JERSEY:
Eatontown: at the Monmouth Mall, Rt. 35
Paramus: Fashion Center
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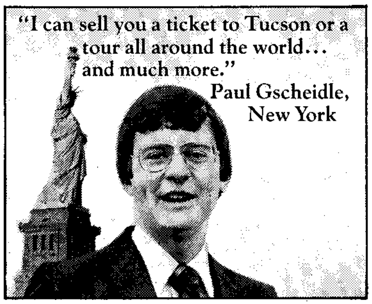

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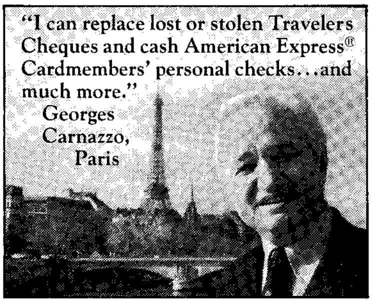

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Henry Chalfant–Conceptual limestone carvings, thru 4/1. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

***Maureen Conner**–Assemblages made from articles of clothing, thru 3/29. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Donna Dennis/Joe Zucker–Sculpture/Abstractions in acrylic and cotton, thru 3/18. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

***Richard Fishman**–Copper foil curled against thin steel rods, thru 3/25. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Peter Forakis/Lyman Kipp**–Modular sculpture/Minimalist aluminum and steel sculpture, thru 3/18. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Jane Greengold–Paintings, drawings, photos, collages, thru 3/16. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

***Myron Heise**–The city at night, thru 3/29. Bowery, 135 Greene (477-9879).

Niki Logis–Copper and brass right-angle structures, thru 4/1. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

***Salvatore Meo/Daphne Mumford**–Found object constructions and collages/Drawings of roots entwining grotesqueries, thru 3/16. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Margaret Miller–Log sculptures and drawings reconstituting the constellations, 3/18-4/5. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Patsy Norvell–New sculpture, thru 4/5. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Jane Rosen–Sculpture, thru 4/1. Thorp, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Fred Sandback–Construction III, thru 3/25. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

***Ben Schonzeit**–Views of a period piece music room, thru 4/6. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Nora Speyer**–Adam and Eve, the expulsion, and trees by a pond, 3/18-4/7. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Don Stern–Interiors in paint, thru 3/30. Educational Alliance, 197 E Bdwy (475-6200). Sun-Thurs 10-10, Fri 10-5.

***Selina Trieff**–Figurative inner worlds, thru 3/29. Prince St, 106 Prince (242-1561). Tues-Sun 12-5.

Donald and Edward Waisnis–Paintings and drawings by both, thru 3/17. Double U, 60 Thomas (349-7628). Tues-Sat 1-5.

***John Walker**–Three 10 X 8 abstractions, thru 3/15. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

OTHER

Elizabeth Egbert–Laminated plywood sculpture, thru 3/21. Interart, 549 W 52nd (246-6569). Mon-Fri 2-8.

Thomas Goldenberg/Ron Janowich–Paintings/Drawings, thru 3/31. Rentschler, 450 W 24th (929-0192). Wed-Sat 12-6.

Moy Go-Yan–Chinese erotic line paintings, thru 3/18. Keen, 206 E 38th (986-5789). Mon-Fri 10-7.

***Nancy Graves**–A 5,000 pound bronze fossil sculpture, thru 4/30. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (661-0033).

Maggie Kotuk/Nicholas Nappi–Large figurative Paintings/Works on paper, thru 3/29. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).

***Marion Lerner Levine**–Still lifes, including Italian tomato can series and apothecary chest drawers, thru 3/17. NYU, Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl (598-2027). Mon-Sat 9-9.

***Ron Martin/Henry Saxe**–Large quantities black paint on canvas/Steel-plate sculpture, thru 3/26. Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave (249-8950).

Irene Peslikis–Photographic blow-ups of collages, thru 4/2. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6.

Daniel Serra-Badué–Architectural lithos from 1963 to 1977, thru 3/17. Kromex, 1 Rockefeller Pl (489-8445). Mon-Fri 10-6.

Pat Steir–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 3/25. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Frumkin**–50 W 57th (757-6655). Works on paper, including the thick acrylic collage-drawings of Hudson and the ruins at Cuzco by Pearlstein, thru 3/30.

***Goodman**–38 E 57th (755-3520). Objects by Agnetti, Johns, Marisol, Porter, Rauschenberg, others, thru 4/1.

***Hammer**–51 E 57th (644-4400). 19th and 20th century French paintings, including Bonnard, Fantin-Latour, Luce, Valtat, others; thru 3/18.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Hockey in works by Arman, Feigen, others, thru 4/1.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5. Dubuffet, Herbin, Matta, Miró, others, thru 3/24.

African Tribal Arts II–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Masks and helmets used in puberty rites of Sierra Leone and Liberia, thru 3/30.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli, Sarsony, others, thru 4/1.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Raku wall plaques and sculpture by the Kemenyffys, glass by Reed, and woven neckpieces by Elston, thru 4/8.

Ericson–963 Mad Ave (737-6155). Four contemporary Californians, thru 4/8.

***Forum**–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Four American Sculptors: Gross, Lachaise, Nadelman, and Robus, thru 3/29.

***Fourcade**–36 E 75th (535-3980). 20th century paintings and sculpture from Brancusi to Lichtenstein, thru 4/8.

Institute for Architectural and Urban Studies–8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-6. The house in drawings and photos by Fiorenzoli, Goldring, and Webb, thru 3/14.

***L'Isis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Julie–687 Mad Ave (688-2345). "Circus" by gallery artists, 3/20-4/1.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 3/31.

***Stone**–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Paintings by Ducmanh and Hyatt and airplanes by Williams, thru 3/31.

SoHo

Buecker & Harpsichords–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Ten years at this co-op, including works by Admiral, De Niro, Reiner, Wexler, thru 4/29. Wed-Sat 12-5.

Caldwell–383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Works on paper by Hart, large oils by Shedletsky, others, thru 4/1.

***Cuningham Ward**–94 Prince (966-0455). Nine artists from Australia, 3/18-4/15.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). 20th century visionary architecture for a future or a better world including Garnier, Le Corbusier, Fuller, Soleri, thru 5/6.

Eno–101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6. Members, thru 3/16.

***OK Harris**–383 E Bdwy (431-3600). Photo-propaganda by Eckstein, sculpture and wall pieces by Gelfman-Pereira, Norris, Steinhauer, and Thiele, thru 3/25.

Key–130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6. Paper paintings, thru 3/18.

Neill–136 Greene (925-8633). Three painters and a sculptor, thru 3/25.

Soho Center–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Scale and matter in works by Bruns, Natale, Waite, others, thru 3/25.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6. Enamel art, thru 3/30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Tapestries and colored burning wood by Albu, collages by Bloom, paintings and sculpture by Di Falco, and oils by Hoxter, thru 3/30.

OTHER

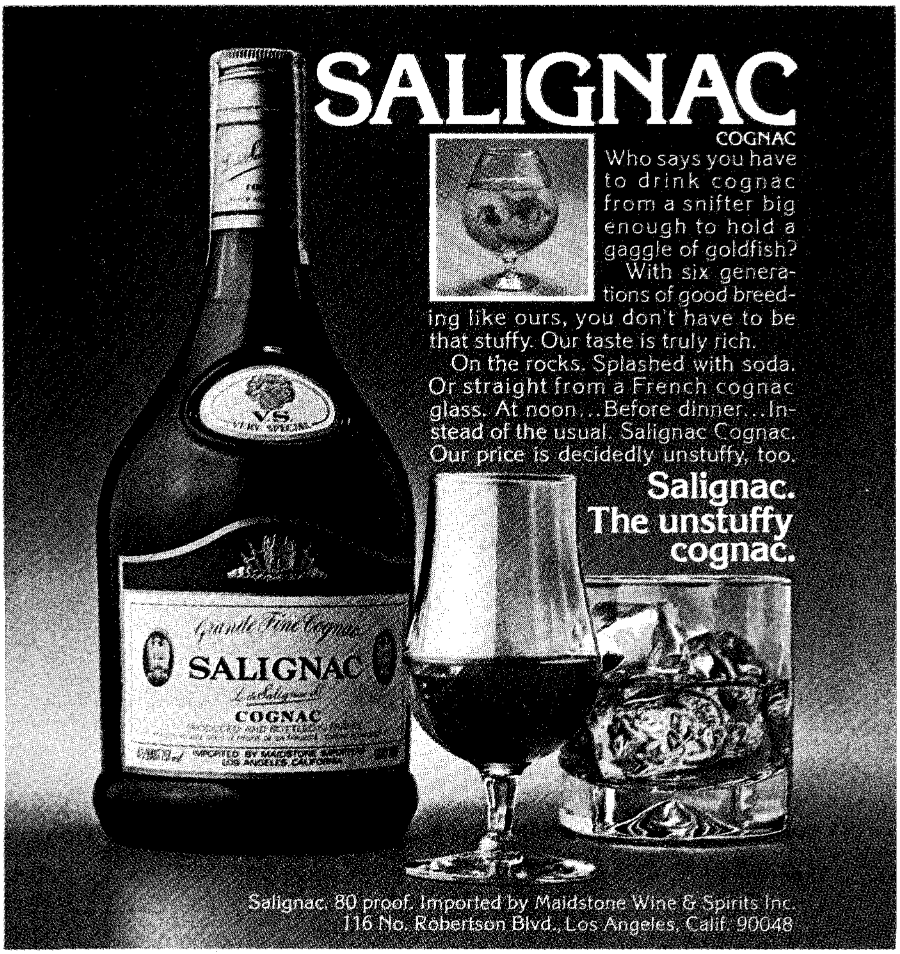
ACIA–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Contemporary Indian artists and traditional arts of Nepal and Tibet, thru 3/25.

American Institute of Graphic Arts–1059 3rd Ave (752-0813). Transportation system maps for 20 world cities, including NY, LA, London, Paris, Milan, Tokyo, thru 3/14.

Arsenal–830 5th (858-1416). Mon-Fri 9-5. Civello's linear portraits and Sheirr's colorist landscapes, thru 3/31.

Exhibitionists–92-20 Union Hall St, Jamaica (658-4926). Tues-Sat 12-5. Barton, Gardner, La Noue, Trager, Tschinkel, others, thru 3/25.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Video, posters, illustration by faculty, thru 4/1.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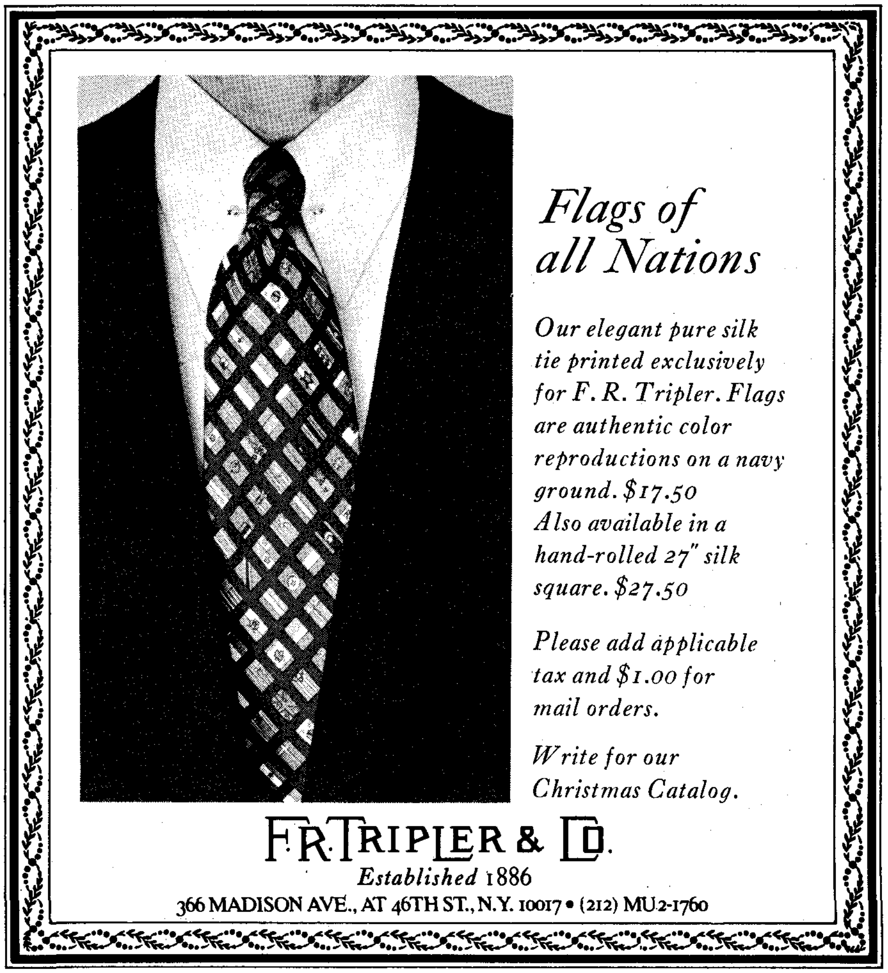
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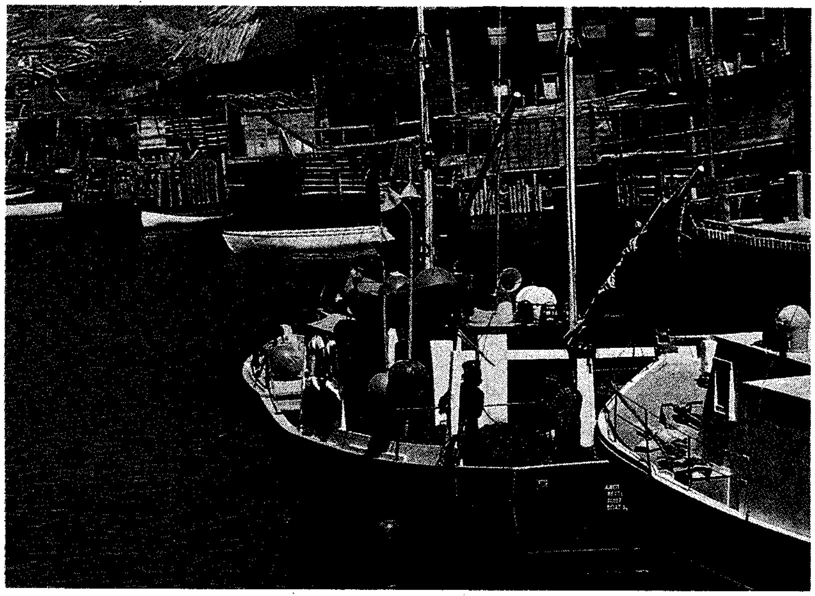

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NY3-20

***Goethe House**–1014 5th Ave (744-8310). Mon-Fri 9-5. German circus and variety posters from 1880 to 1930, thru 3/18.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

Lever House–Park at 53rd (646-0059). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sun 1-5. Members of the Contemporary Artists Guild, thru 3/16.

***Pratt Graphics**–160 Lex at 30th (685-3169). Cast paper pieces using pulp by Boyle, Kelly, Lutz, Nevelson, others, thru 4/1.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Waldman–231 E 58th (838-2140). Mon-Fri 9:30-6:30. Sat til 5. Pictographs from the Warlis, an East Indian tribe, thru 3/31.

Photography

Linda Connor/Anthony Dubovsky–Landscapes, still lifes, portraits/Constructed photo montages, thru 3/25. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Daniel Deitch**–Italy, thru 3/31. Diana, 21 W 46th (246-1770). Mon-Fri 9-6.

***Janis**–6 W 57th (586-0110). Survey of current attitudes towards color, including the fragmented images of Link and the surreal middle-American landscapes of Lopez and Medina, thru 4/1.

***Rokuo Kawakami**–Herons and other winged creatures in the classical Japanese tradition, thru 3/27. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

Tom Marotta–Romanians in black-and-white, thru 4/1. Nikon, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Thomas R. Mitchell–Leaves, a cat, bleachers, thru 3/18. Douglas, 22 E 72nd (879-7392).

***Nickolas Muray**–*Harper's Bazaar* and *Vanity Fair* celebrities of the 20s, thru 4/15. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Neikrug**–224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. 30 Canadians, thru 3/18.

***Aristides Pappidas**–Soho faces, thru 4/1. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173).

Pfeifer–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Work in 19th century processes by contemporaries, thru 3/25.

Richard A. Roaman–Scenes from Rome to Rio, thru 3/29. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (249-2155).

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. NYC night streets by Abrahams, Egypt by Takla, manipulated color polaroids by Fritz Andre Kracht, thru 3/28.

***John Thomson**–19th century China, Cambodia, Cyprus, and England, thru 4/1. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Daily 10-5, Thurs till 8:30, Sun 1-5.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4. *Personal Visions, Places, Spaces:* An exhibition of works by young artists who stress the individual vision rather than formal, structural similarities; 3/21 thru 4/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Stuart Davis—Art and Art Theory:* More than 100 of his works; thru 3/19.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Willem de Kooning in East Hampton:* His first major museum exhibition in a decade; thru 4/23. Collages by Jirí Kolár; thru 3/26.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Warburton Avenue:* The architecture of a neighborhood; thru 3/19.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. *Fifteenth-Century Italian Drawings;* thru 6/18. Irwin Untermyer Collection: 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30. *Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century;* thru 4/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. Exhibition celebrating the 500th anniversary of Oxford University Press; thru 5/7.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 10-4, Sun 12-5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4. A costume history of New York dining and galas; thru 7/9.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *New Stained Glass:* Small-scaled glass panels. Ceramics by David Gilhooly. Jewelry from the permanent collection. Thru 4/2.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Sol LeWitt:* The first comprehensive retrospective of his work to be presented in an American museum; thru 4/4. *Steichen:* The master prints (1895-1914); thru 3/28. *Le Corbusier:* Architectural drawings; thru 3/26. *New Standpoints, 1940-55:* Photos by various artists taken on American streets and characterized by extreme graphic economy; thru 4/30.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books; thru 5/30. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 8/1.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Synchronism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-25;* thru 3/26. *Duane Hanson's Sculptures;* thru 4/16. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

BASKETBALL

National Invitation Tournament, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). Semifinal doubleheader, 3/19 at 6 & 8. Final doubleheader 3/21 at 6 & 8.

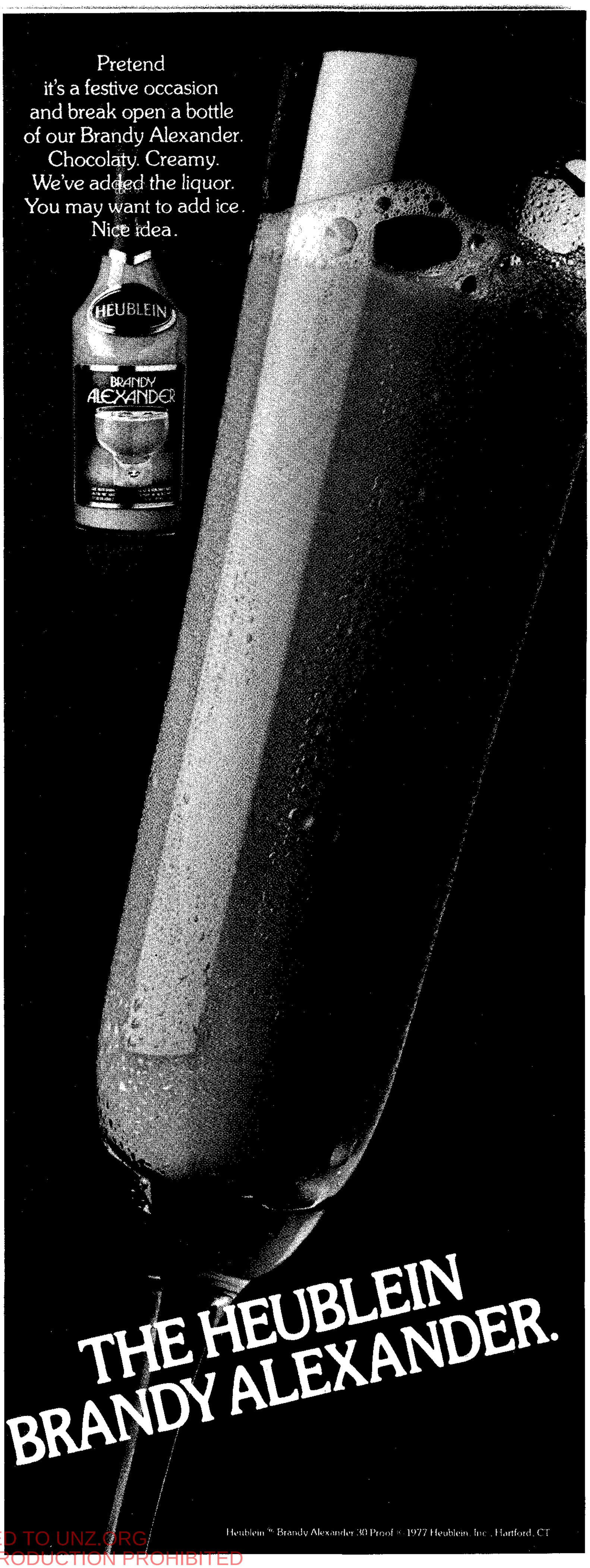
Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Los Angeles Lakers, 3/14 at 7:30; vs. Philadelphia 76ers, 3/18 at 8.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Phoenix Suns, 3/15; vs, Denver Nuggets, 3/17. At 8:05.

HOCKEY

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. St. Louis Blues, 3/14; vs. Cleveland Barons, 3/18. At 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Philadelphia Flyers, 3/15 at 7:35; vs. Boston Bruins, 3/18 at 1:15.



Heublein™ Brandy Alexander 30 Proof © 1977 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT

Loneliness: The New York Condition

...This is the best city in the world to be alone in, the worst to be lonely in. New York caters beautifully to voluntary solitude—when that is what you want...

There are a thousand things to do in New York City and a thousand ways to do them unencumbered by other people. Your closest neighbors know that they are not supposed to talk to you (this is one of our greatest traditions), nor, happily, do they have any wish to do so. People on the street do not exchange greetings; no one, unless specifically invited, will interfere in your life. Garbo, after all, chose to live here.

But New York is a city of such promise—fame, success, the big time, a good time—that feeling lonely and hopeless here carries with it a special aura of inadequacy. The fun that everyone else is having is particularly visible; one walks, is not so often in the protective shell of a car—and too often one walks behind a charming couple holding hands. On the streets on any given evening, one can be entertained by the sounds of music and conversation drifting down from an open apartment window. In the hallways of a building the laughter and arguments of other people's lives can be heard. Even being home is no protection: Apartment walls are thin. And of course there are always the newspaper columns—convenient daily reminders of the gatherings other people were invited to.

Being lonely would be easier to bear if one could just admit it. But instead it is a dirty secret—a sign of weakness; worse, of unpopularity. The cure, some believe, is a poultice of warm flesh applied directly to the skin, since sex is now the antibiotic cure-all for pains of the soul. However, ever since David Riesman called us the lonely crowd, 30 years ago, there's been more and more reason to believe that loneliness is neither in ourselves nor in our stars. For all the pain a New Yorker may feel, his loneliness is a badge of success as tangible as a house in the Hamptons. It represents a trade-off. If the New Yorker has the challenging job he craves, he may find himself at the office until nine, ten, eleven at night. The weekend has a way of creeping up—here it is already, again, and he forgot to make plans. As satisfying as work can be, by contrast his private life may seem all the more empty. And it is precisely because the New Yorker deals so well professionally, and is fiercely committed to his job, that he may find himself at loose ends socially in a city in which it isn't easy to meet people or make friends.

At least the lonely New Yorker is not alone. And before drowning in a sea of self-pity, he should consider these facts:

The Help Line (481-1070) got 49,087 calls last year. There were four main categories: loneliness, 9.5 percent; inner conflict, 12.13 percent; sexual troubles, 11.71 percent; and psychiatric problems, 10.24 percent. There is no record of what these calls accomplished.

There are 6,000 legally free children in the city awaiting adoption, and 305,000 people were unemployed as of December 1977.

Last year 26,031 people were officially listed as "missing." You can be instantly listed as missing if you are under 18 or over 60; if you're between those ages, they figure you might have a good reason for not showing up for a few days and they'll wait awhile before putting you on the list.

Playboy sells 215,000 copies a month in New York City; *Oui*, 55,000. Their readership studies provide no figures on self-stimulation. On an average night, Long John Nebel gets 8,000 to 10,000 calls between 3 A.M. and 5:30 A.M.

Eight percent of New York City households have no telephone; about 30,000 people over 60 years of age live in nursing homes (all of them feel their children don't visit enough); and about 40,000 persons are widowed every year. By the most recent yearly count, the marriages of about 20,000 New Yorkers ended by annulment or divorce.

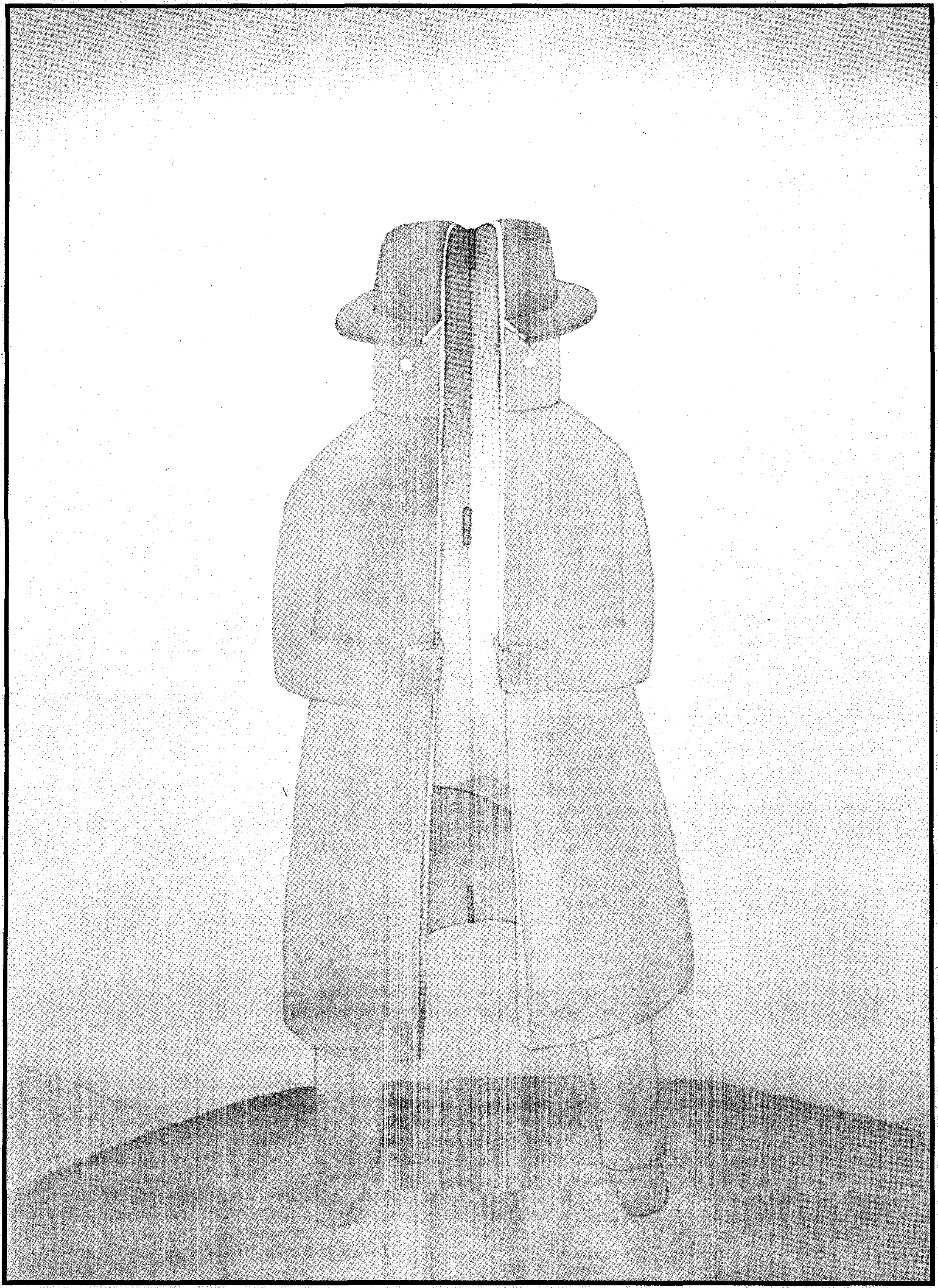
The Salvation Army houses about 5,300 New Yorkers each year. The ASPCA estimates that about 800,000 stray dogs and cats are roaming the five boroughs.

It is rumored that 2,412 first chapters of unfinished novels lie in New York City desk drawers. People who can't finish their novels are lonely; if each of them asks one person to read the chapter, another 2,412 are depressed.

The phrase "I can't go on like this" is uttered 17,945 times a year in psychiatrists' offices, but only about 500 New Yorkers a year commit suicide. Five times that many are hospitalized after failing in the attempt.

Every year, the medical examiner's office ships about 1,500 unclaimed bodies to be buried in Potter's Field.

Try to think of loneliness as a condition like the common cold—uncomfortable, even miserable, but temporary. Take two . . . something. And drink lots of liquids —*good* liquids. And, since you're not going out tonight, read on.



Illustrated by Folon

LONELINESS
MY LONELIEST HOUR

Rex Reed

My first New Year's Eve in New York City: I was unemployed, broke, alone. I walked from my apartment on West 73rd Street through Times Square and down to 14th Street. It started raining, and I decided to blow my last ten bucks on a steak, when, by God, I got mugged! By a bunch of mini-muggers too—not one of them over fourteen years old. For help, I ran to the nearest restaurant—the Old Homestead Restaurant—and it was closed for a private party. I hitchhiked home on a milk truck.

I may have been lonely on subsequent New Year's Eves, but I was never alone.

Roy Cohn

It can be terribly lonely downtown in Foley Square on weekends, when the area is deserted—wandering through corridors of an otherwise empty courthouse, waiting while the jury deliberates the fate of a client. Especially if the client is me.

The only comparable moment I can think of is that two-second silence at Studio 54 when the record is being changed.

Carter Burden

A few years ago, I got a call from Al Lowenstein, saying that he had something urgent to tell me which he couldn't talk about on the phone. Would I meet him that night for dinner? Sensing something portentous and possibly historic in the offing, I told him I'd drop everything and be there.

I arrived at 11:15 P.M. to find the restaurant, the Puffing Billy, totally deserted. Since the kitchen had obviously closed hours before, the waitress showed me to a table and gave me a cup of coffee. By midnight the waitress had retired to a back room, and I found myself all alone in a restaurant shrouded in darkness. Only the thought that I was Bob Woodward waiting in the garage for Deep Throat kept me there; but by 12:30 A.M., I was unable to bear my isolation (and hunger) any longer.

As I got up to leave, however, a pay phone rang somewhere in the dark recesses. My heart pounding, I stumbled to the back.

To this day I remember the exact words of that fateful conversation.

"Carter?"

"Al—where the hell have you been? I've been waiting for an hour and a half."

"Carter, I must talk to you!"

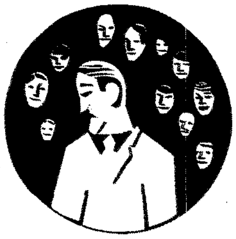
"Well, Al, I've been here this long. I guess I can wait another fifteen minutes if they'll keep the restaurant open." (A distinct groan came from the waitress.)

"I'm not sure I can make it tonight, Carter—I'm in California."

"You're where, Al?"

I'm not sure, but I think it may have been the waitress who quoted Thoreau's comment on loneliness to me as I ran out: "Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way?"

Congressman S. William Green



I was my loneliest the night I lost the primary for Congress, on June 18, 1968. After about 45 minutes, it was evident that we weren't going to make it. Even though my headquarters at the Commodore was packed with supporters, I don't think I have ever felt so alone. There really isn't much anyone can say at a time like that. When it was over, I had almost decided never to get involved in politics again.

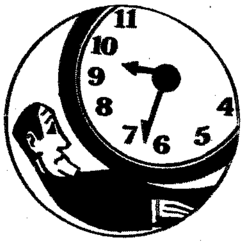
Henny Youngman

I returned to New York from a trip and no one in my family was there to greet me—not my son, not my daughter, not my grandson. Nobody. No one had known I was coming home. I got so lonely that I figured what the hell—I went to Vegas.

Kate Millett

I lived and worked for fifteen years in a building on the Bowery. I grew up in that building. One summer, the building developed a crack in the exterior wall. Even though I assured the Buildings Department inspector that I would have it repaired, he slapped a CONDEMNED notice on the door and gave me 30 days to be out. I have never felt so adrift. I became suicidal. To be an artist and have no studio is to be nowhere.

Jeff Greenfield



An August weekend in 1961; I had been working all summer as a file clerk for an encyclopedia publisher. I had chosen to live in my parents' apartment while they spent the summer in the country. I would, I told myself, be a swinging teenage bachelor. But there were no girls I knew in the city (save one who couldn't have cared less), and virtually no friends. My summer was two trips a day in a microwave-oven

Illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast

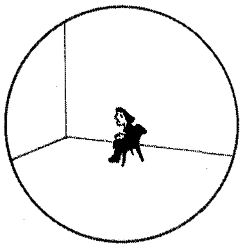
IRT, hero sandwiches for dinner from the deli, and lots of television.

This Saturday, I awakened early, went out for breakfast, bought the papers, and returned home through streets redolent with baked dog droppings. I read the papers through to the shipping news, looked up—and discovered it was 9:30. Nine-thirty on a Saturday morning and nothing to do—no one to call. An apartment sticky with hot, still air. Bowery Boys reruns on TV. Forty-eight hours of paralysis. Time did not hang heavy on my hands that weekend; it sat on my chest like a boulder.

M. Donald Grant

My loneliest hour was when my eldest daughter died.

Laraine Newman



My loneliest time in New York was this past summer when I was recovering from a pretty bad love affair. I just stayed inside and stared at the walls. Then the walls began to stare back at me. My life had been so focused on *Saturday Night* that I hadn't met many people. My only friends were on the show, and they were out of town.

Betty Rollin

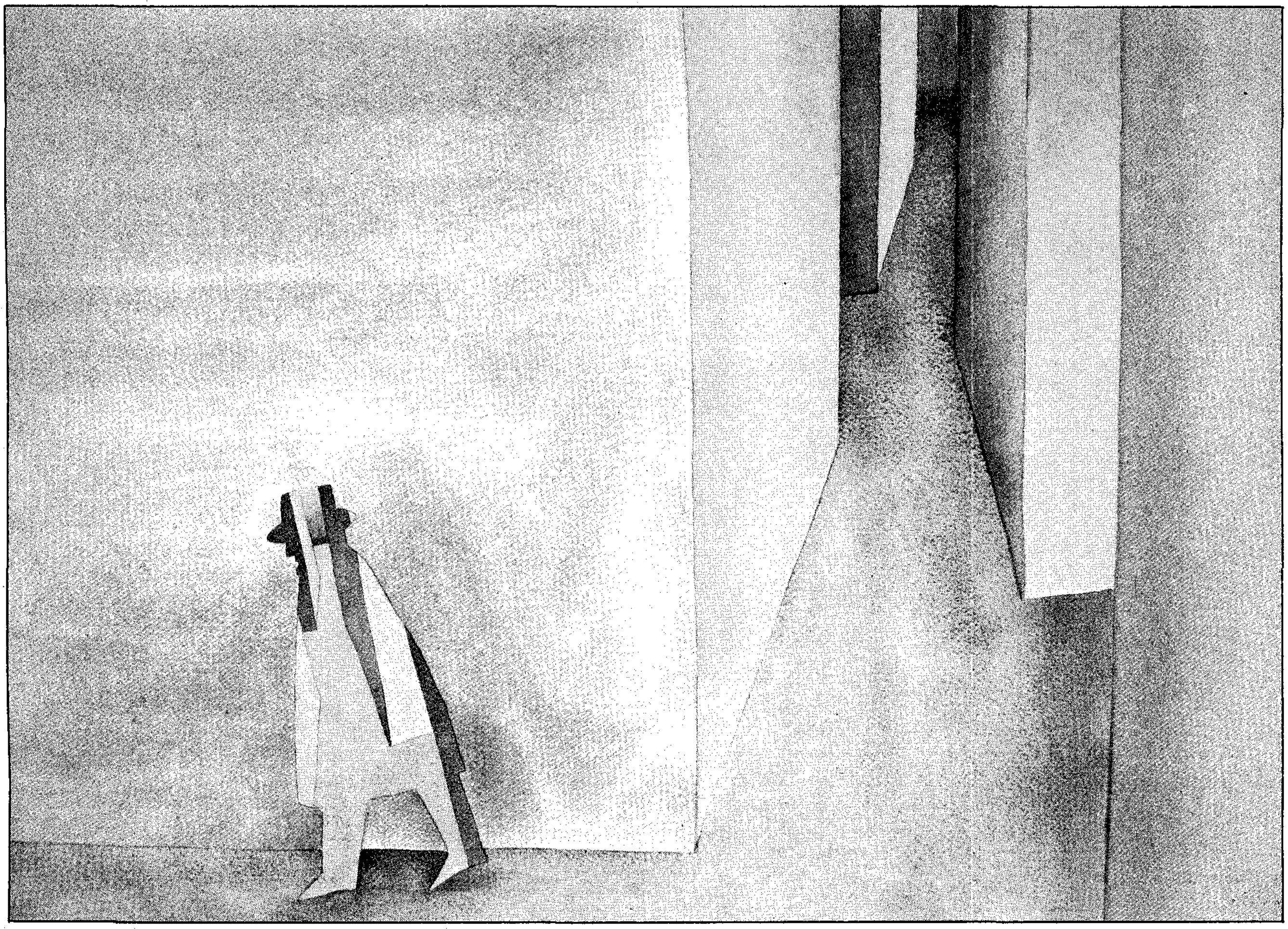
I had been going through some tough times—a bout with cancer, divorce, the death of my father—and I decided to buy myself a new apartment. It overlooked a museum garden and had been decorated to be as light and airy as possible. I remember walking in, sitting down, thinking it was beautiful, and realizing that I was alone. It scared me more than I had anticipated. For me the fear of loneliness was the worst part. Not until later did I learn that being alone does not have to mean that you are lonely.

Francesco Scavullo

I was my loneliest in New York City when my wife walked out on me.

Liz Smith

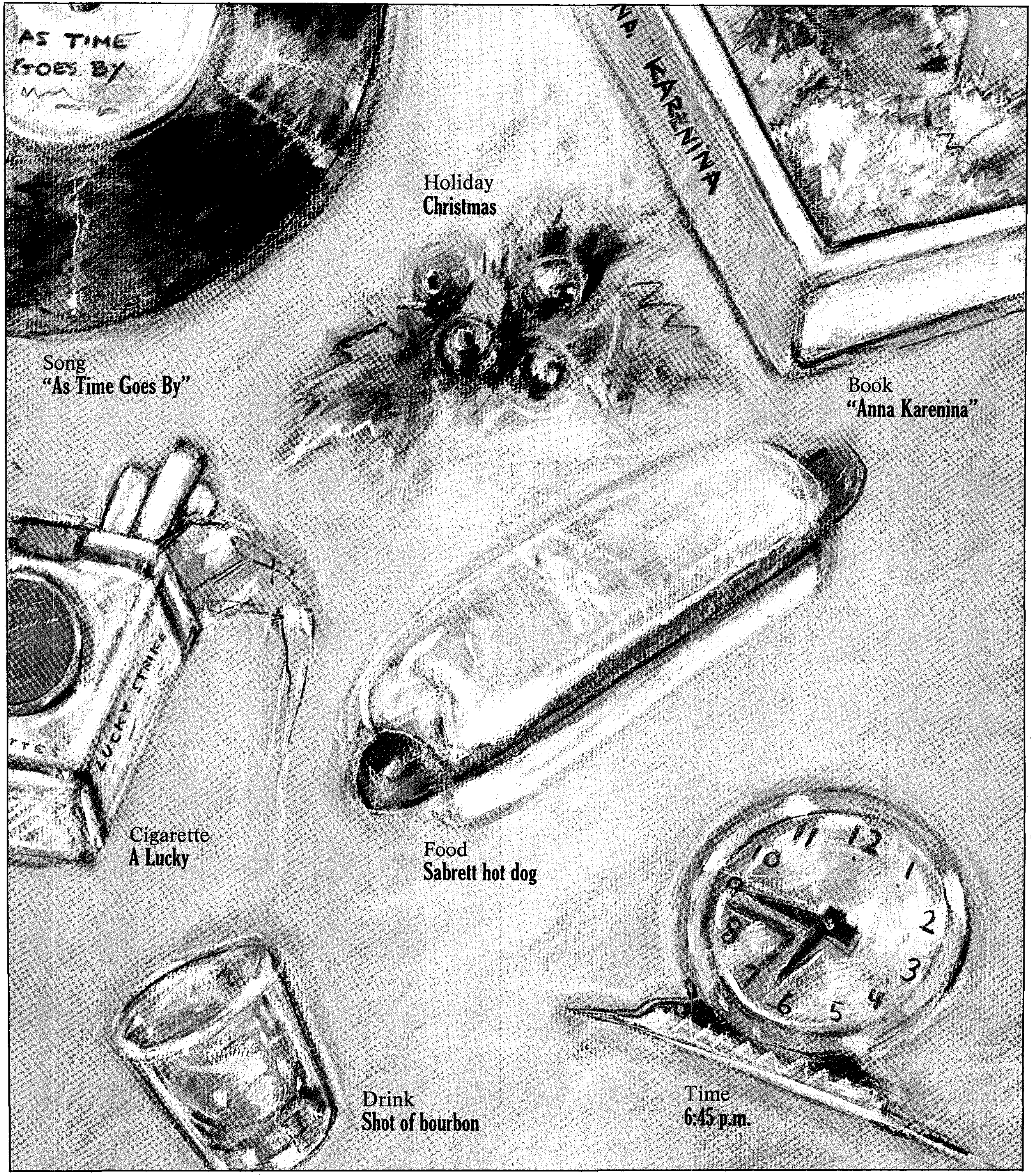
I got off the train from Fort Worth, Texas, with $50 in my pocket and no return ticket. My friends from the University of Texas weren't here to meet me, and a strange man tried to get into the telephone booth with me while I was trying to call them. It was my loneliest hour, but it passed quickly. It's been uphill ever since.



Illustrated by Folon

LONELINESS

THE LONELIEST THINGS IN NEW YORK



Song
"As Time Goes By"

Holiday
Christmas

Book
"Anna Karenina"

Cigarette
A Lucky

Food
Sabrett hot dog

Drink
Shot of bourbon

Time
6:45 p.m.

Plus the loneliest:

Queue
The ten-items-and-under line in the supermarket Saturday at 6 p.m.

Night
New Year's Eve

Day of the week
Sunday

Radio program
Long John Nebel

Park
Union Square

Sound
No dial tone

Magazine
"Cue"

Subway
14th Street BMT—the LL train

Meal
Horn and Hardart Thanksgiving Special

Avenue
Eleventh

Plant
Philodendron

Pleasure
Auto-eroticism

Party
Any social gathering at a local political clubhouse

Film
"La Strada"

Illustrated by Cathy Barancik

LONELINESS

THE LIMITS OF SOLITUDE

By Michael Herr

Loneliness is charged at birth and discharged at death. Watching our daughter now through her first three weeks of life, you can see her capacities for loneliness; my own is deflected for the moment. It won't be gone long.

A few years ago I got stuck on a hard bypath. Neither transmitting nor receiving, I developed strong attachments to the posture of no-delivery. For bad company I had the devil Incompletion, whose form was dirty smoke trapped inside my tent. Incomplete across the board, in love and work and friendship. (The hexagram was Fellowship With Men, "Nine in the fourth place means: He climbs up on his wall; he cannot attack. Good fortune.") It was lonely when I didn't want to see people, lonely when I didn't want them to see me. I'd begun to feel toxic with other people's language, sick with the cathode junk and the faces and voices that arose spontaneously out of the culture; television acting on loneliness the way vodka acts on an ulcer. Trying to work again on what was difficult and loaded with pain for me, every nerve end shivered for stimuli, distraction. A drop in the wind could draw me off for an hour, a phone call might cost an afternoon. I was too distracted to make a living, too distracted to change my shirt, certainly too distracted for love, lost wandering for 35 years in the dry pathological stretch between the inability to be alone and the terror of intimacy, one foot solid in my scene and the other foot nowhere, nowhere at all. Not paying attention, the further out I went grasping for relief, the more intensely alone I felt whenever the thing snapped back. The telephone was essentially a torment (What was there to say? "The organism can only perceive what it itself expresses," Reich's way of saying that you can't tell anybody anything). I couldn't find energy for even the most rudimentary amenities, a social-response reflex that had once seemed so complex and ready was so dim now that I thought it would never see action again. Giving that little, imagine what was coming back. Retreat was indicated. I was deep in loneliness anyway, I made a move to go and have it to myself.

Probably Sartre was standing too close to it, Other People is only one hell. In the cold hells and hot hells and across all the hell worlds, there's no hell like your own hell. I left the people and went to New Hampshire to live privately with a mind that was functionally a broken basket of snakes, they were getting out through the bottom because the top was on too tight.

From the outside, the stone house I lived in looked like a dwarf's cottage sweet and snug between two fields, with a narrow road in front and the woods behind. Inside, the living room was like a cathedral. I went in and out hundreds of times between November and May for a look that would reconcile its outside appearance with the great space inside, as though the ceilings were somehow ten feet higher than the roof. That was just a spatial illusion, one of the easier ones to live with. As it turned out, I needed all the room I could get. Within a few weeks they'd turned up in emanation, practically everyone I'd ever known, and short of really seeing them or speaking to them, we hashed it all out, in affection or aversion or, most often, remorse.

It's amazing what you'll actually say out loud when no one can hear you, sometimes not even yourself. I'd walk around the house and say, "I'm lonely." I'd say it out the window and to pieces of furniture, once I heard it come out so unguarded and maskless that it cut through toothsome self-pity and I had a rare moment of sympathy with myself. On the phone, I'd say it was pretty lonely and hard, but the filter I'd get over it projected an assurance that I seldom had.

At night I'd snowshoe into the woods: If a man in the forest screams that he's fed up and nobody hears him, did he really scream it? The vibration brought snow crashing down from the trees.

Coming back, seeing the lights of the house a quarter mile away, I'd fantasize company, sometimes so strongly that when I found the room empty I crashed. The few times that people actually came to visit, I felt crowded. Nothing remotely personal, I just wanted them out. The vanity of loneliness; if they could only see me now.

I read a lot and drank a lot and used the night sky for diversion, remembering the farmer in a Frost poem who burned down his barn for the insurance money so he could buy a telescope. No TV, magazines, or papers, just me and my radio, I'd often break into tears ostensibly triggered by some old piece of rock and roll; Only the Lonely, Be My Baby, Stuck in Lodi Again. Are You Lonesome Tonight? put me under the table. In a month I'd become "used to it," by February I was loving it, by April it had peaked. Solitude was not the door I was going to open first; neither, apparently, was forgetfulness. At night when I'd miss them most (miss her, I should say), my breath would pour out from New Hampshire to enter in with the long soft sigh of loneliness I remembered so well, the white noise of New York City.

The strategy of the Hanged Man in the Tarot, place yourself deliberately at the end of your rope and then let go. You won't drop forever, you'll hurt but you won't *get* hurt. A great card, auspicious to draw it. Something in the time and solitude chastened me, in a weird way. Oh Lonesome Me, while I was digging it or barely enduring it, I was going through social convalescence and I didn't even know it. The following turn of the wheel set me back down in the city, in the same space and with the same woman, home in fact. At any rate I knew after six months that I was strictly a congenital tourist anyplace apart from her. Just she and me and baby makes three and Ma Bell makes four and, by extension, hundreds; standard nuclear formation with variations. That in itself establishes at least a wedge against the more wasting effects of loneliness; if loneliness weren't a boundless realm, it would almost constitute a border.

Michael Herr is the author of Dispatches, *an account of his year as a Vietnam-war correspondent.*

LONELINESS

LIVING ALONE? DO IT RIGHT!

By Delia Ephron

You wake up with Tom Brokaw, dine with John Chancellor, and go to bed with Tom Snyder. Your most important piece of furniture is the telephone. On the shelf of your refrigerator sits a container of month-old coleslaw from the 24-hour delicatessen, and in the egg tray, souvenirs from the Chinese takeout—soy sauce in little plastic packettes. You own a convertible couch upholstered in velour and a philodendron growing in a green plastic pot. You are, according to the last official count, one of over 700,000 New Yorkers who live alone.

Most who do it agree that living alone has an attractive simplicity. You can do what you want when you want. You don't have a roommate who plays Olivia Newton-John on your stereo. Life could be worse. But it could also be better. So put down that yogurt—you have just eaten your very last meal from a jar.

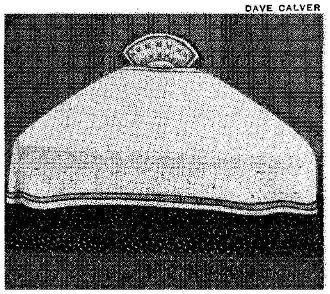
The Power of Negative Thinking

What is your worst enemy? Your tendency to romanticize other people's lives. For instance, you are eating alone in a coffee shop and look up from your book just long enough to notice a couple nuzzling at the next table. Immediately you conclude—true love. You are walking down Fifth Avenue and pass a man and a woman dressed in matching parkas, accompanied by a small child. Aha, you think, the perfect nuclear family.

Learn to think realistically. The family may be en route to the marriage counselor, and each member of the coffee-shop couple may be married to someone else. Other people's relationships are like the grass in Central Park—solid green from a distance, but when you get close . . .

You May Not Be a Couple

DAVE CALVER



But you are still entitled to a queen-size bed, Cuisinart food processor, fresh flowers, season tickets, home-cooked meals that include hors d'oeuvres and dessert, champagne, a maid, 32-ounce bottles of Coke, picture frames, custom-made built-in storage units, ironed sheets, the New York *Times* delivered, and very large bath towels.

How to Leave a Party Alone

You have assessed the situation—there is no one you want to go home with. Thank the host; say good night to people that you enjoyed talking to. In short, take your leave alone just as you would if you were not leaving alone.

On the way home, look on the bright side. You were able to depart exactly when you wanted to. There is no one around to complain that you behaved badly once again—you were too loud or too quiet, drank too much, flirted, or refused to dance. You will not have to listen to a stranger tell you about his or her divorce. You will not have to tell a stranger about *your* divorce.

As soon as you arrive at your apartment, unwind by telephoning a good friend who is living in an earlier time zone.

Michael O'Donoghue's Basic Rule for Women Living Alone

Never buy anything at Azuma.

12 Things to Do When You Are Lonely

1. Eat garlic and scallions.
2. Play country-western music.
3. Change the sheets.
4. Take a bubble bath while you read Harold Robbins.
5. Jog or bicycle across the Brooklyn Bridge, have soup, salad, and espresso at the Leaf 'n Bean, 136 Montague Street, Brooklyn Heights, and return home.
6. Get in bed and eat Gerber's apple sauce.
7. Go to see *Star Wars* again.
8. Call Dial-a-Joke: 999-3838.
9. Light a fire in the fireplace and open a bottle of wine.
10. Have a steak dinner delivered from Dial-a-Steak: 593-3888. The total cost for a sirloin, baked potato, salad, and steak knife is $15.61.
11. Buy tomorrow's New York *Times* at 10 P.M.
12. Be thankful that it's not Christmas or New Year's Eve.

Ten Things Never to Do When You Are Lonely

1. Never telephone your ex-lover.
2. Never watch *The Waltons.*
3. Never go to Maxwell's Plum.
4. Never shop at Bloomingdale's.
5. Never see *Casablanca* or any other film about lost love.
6. Never eat a TV dinner.
7. Never get drunk.
8. Never read books by Saul Bellow.
9. Never recall the fifties by playing Johnny Mathis or the sixties by listening to Bob Dylan.
10. Never consume an entire Sara Lee chocolate cake.

ELWOOD H. SMITH

It Isn't Cozy

Unless your apartment contains a bottle of Hennessy, a rug, a weekly TV listing, magnetic letters stuck to the refrigerator door, indirect incandescent lighting, a large comfortable armchair, a display of snapshots and other evidence that somebody cares, Home Box Office, hanging plants, enough pillows, your very own mug, and expensive jam.

Check Without Mate

Chess Challenger is a chess game for one: Your opponent, the computer, is built-in. The computer plays chess at three levels of expertise—either 1200, 1400, or 1650—loses gracefully and keeps its mouth shut during the match.

Chess Challenger
$275
Bloomingdale's, sixth floor
1000 Third Avenue

The Good-bye Plant

SUSAN WILMARTH

Should love walk in and invite you to St. Martin, the sansevieria will be alive when you return. It lasts ten days without watering.

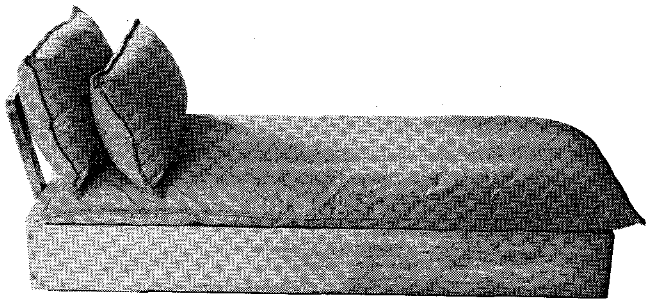
Madderlake
816 Madison Avenue, at 68th Street; 131 Seventh Avenue South, at 10th

How to Eat Sara Lee Cake Alone

Sara Lee cake must be eaten straight out of the box, which must never be removed from the freezer. It's more challenging this way. You carefully pinch up the metal edge of the container and peel back the cardboard lid and the protective paper underneath. Cut yourself a sliver and eat it with your head still inside the freezer so as not to drop crumbs on the floor. Some people prefer to eat a large glob of icing first and then the cake. This is perfectly acceptable. But never eat too much at one time. Pick. This is the only way to preserve the illusion that you aren't really eating at all.

Then replace the cardboard lid and the protective paper underneath. It is not necessary to pinch the metal edge of the container back over the cardboard. It would keep the product fresh longer, but it's not going to be there that long anyway. Be careful not to leave the knife in the container or you will freeze your fingers on the next trip. And be sure to observe the following rule: It's all or nothing. If there's anything left, you'll never be able to start your diet tomorrow. **—Elin Schoen**

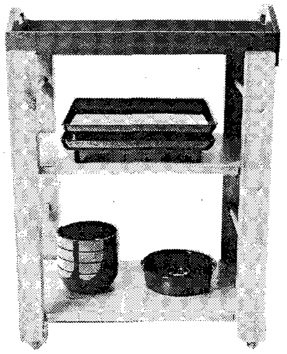
RICHARD PAN



Roommates

The chaise flattens to a guest bed or couch. Wood-and-fabric screens of three or four panels divide rooms, serve as decorative furniture pieces, or can be used to form closets. Cube end tables contain hidden storage shelves, and the top of a bed table or bar table is a removable tray.

All of these multipurpose items are part of a brand-new furniture collection by Giorgio Sant'Angelo. They are moderately priced and elegantly designed in maple and other woods with natural and lacquer finishes. Ideal for an L-shaped room.



The Venture Collection, by Giorgio Sant'Angelo
Macy's, ninth floor
34th Street and Broadway

The Blarney Stone: Meal of Last Resort

Are you all alone tonight? Go to your friendly neighborhood Blarney Stone. Some Stones even have pinball machines. And a few of them are frequented by neighborhood college students who flatter themselves that they are mingling with the working class (never mind that they will never be part of it), and you can warm yourself in their proximity and feel loved.

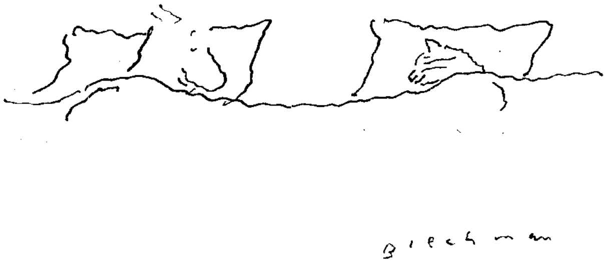
Lunch is served. And the hot food remains available through an early dinner hour in some locations, until after midnight in others. No credit cards.

The food, served on half-inch-thick china and eaten with stamped-steel flatware, is dull but edible, never rank. It varies hardly at all from one Blarney Stone to another. Sandwiches of cured meats and plates of the stuff with potatoes and vegetables are 90 percent of what passes over these counters. The beef is commercial grade, almost devoid of marbling, clumps of fat here and there instead. The pastrami and roast beef are harshly flavored, almost chemicalized, and the bread for sandwiches may well be sold under the trade names RyeFoam or TendaCrust. Mustard helps. Perhaps out of respect for the Irish rock that gives these places their name, the corned beef you can have on sandwiches or as part of corned beef and cabbage is a cut above the other meats—and on a lucky day, when the vegetables have not been in the steam table too long, the cabbage may even have a bit of crunch to it, the huge boiled potato some firmness if not flavor. The coffee in all these places is hot, clear, and strong, if not particularly aromatic. Steins of beer are 50 cents; the beer pipes are cleaned regularly, and the heads on the foamy stand up. Secondary brands of soft drinks are sold in the can, with straws, and they are terrible, inky and syrupy.

Prices in Blarney Stones around town are low. Dozens of signs behind the bar suggest how to make it all tolerable: Blarney Stone Special—Four Roses 75¢. Blarney Stone Super Special—Imperial 60¢. Prices are subject to change without notice. **—Seymour Britchky**

Advice to the Catlorn

R. O. BLECHMAN



Question: I am a single person, living by myself in New York, and am frequently lonely. What pet would you advise for a studio apt. with stall shower and w/b fireplace—a dog, a cat, or a hippopotamus?

Answer: Most dogs require walking at least twice a day, need frequent bathing and lots of attention, and they are constantly sniffing your guests' private parts. That stall shower you mention probably rules out hippos, but cats require no walking, lick themselves clean, evince little interest in human genitalia, and are perfectly capable of amusing themselves with a bit of string or a telecast of *Bowling for Dollars.* Unless you're willing to spring for the expense of a redwood tub, I'd personally choose the cat.

Q: I am an older 'gal, living alone and leery of prowlers. I have heard that a watch-cat, properly trained and prominently displayed, is an effective deterrent to burglars. Is this true?

A: Cats as guard animals are somewhat overrated. True, I have heard of one feline who was trained to tap out 911 with its right paw on a Touch-Tone phone, but unless the intruder happens to be, literally, a cat burglar, it is hard to see how the average tabby could be as effective as a Doberman.

Q: I am a cat, living alone and eager for companionship. What are the advantages of roomin' with a human?

A: I frankly doubt that this is a sincere letter, but for the sake of the column I shall treat it as though it were. Obviously, the advantages are that a human would be more likely than another cat to change your kitty litter and to keep you in Tender Vittles and Meow Mix and to cuddle up with you on a cold and lonely night. To say nothing of the perhaps obvious point that most humans earn higher wages than most cats and would hence be better able to afford the rent on a shared apartment.

Now that I reread your letter, I feel that no self-respecting homo sapiens would use the expression "roomin' with a human," and am consequently willing to believe that you are, in fact, both sincere and a cat. **—Dan Greenburg**

Think About This

When you are unhappy and alone, tomorrow is another day.

When you are unhappily married, tomorrow is the same day.

RICHARD PAN

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Is a Caller More Likely to Leave a Message With a Service or on a Machine?

Your social life depends on it—you must have either a telephone machine or an answering service. Consider:

☐ Is it harder to hang up on a human being than on a tape recording of a human being?

☐ Do people really resent machines or do they just say so?

☐ Would you like to *know* that six people telephoned you and hung up without revealing their identities? A machine supplies this information.

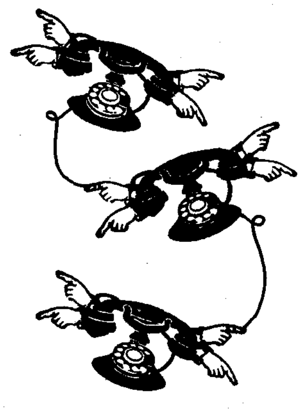
☐ Would you like to *imagine* that six people telephoned you and hung up without revealing their identities? A service permits this fantasy.

☐ Would you be embarrassed for an answering service to know that no one has telephoned you for five days?

☐ Would you rather be a victim of machine error or human error?

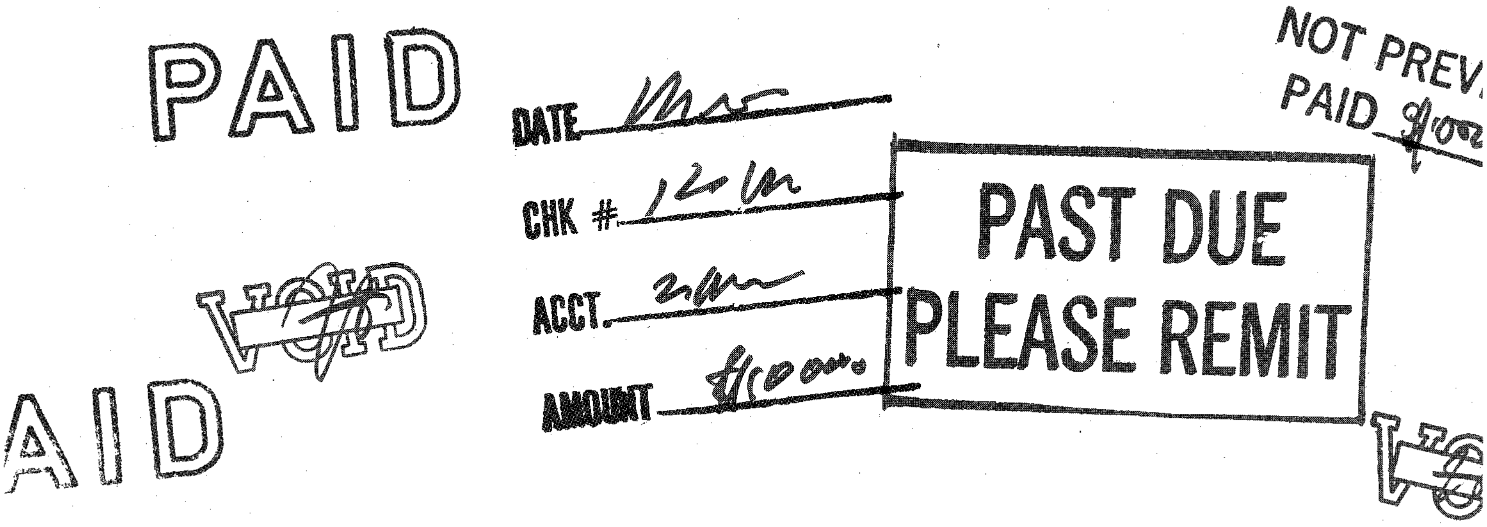
Party Line

LEAVENWORTH JACKSON



It works like this: You telephone a friend, click the receiver button, telephone another friend, and click again. Presto, you've got a three-way conversation. Now each person you telephoned clicks his receiver button, calls another friend and clicks again: You've got a five-way conversation. If each person had a three-way calling attachment on his phone, theoretically that party could expand to, well, even the phone company doesn't know for sure. The only limitation is on the number of phones permitted per exchange.

Ma Bell will install three-way calling for a one-time service charge of $15, plus $3.23 per month. There is one catch: Your phone must be hooked into the company's electronic switching system. Fifty percent of New York City's telephones are connected to ESS at present, and the only way to know if yours is one of them is to ask. A party is only a phone call away. ■



The Great Asphalt Bungle

By Nicholas Pileggi

"... New York City hemorrhages hundreds of millions of dollars every year through a totally inefficient purchasing system ..."

On February 15, the Jet Asphalt Corporation, of 32-02 College Point Boulevard, Flushing, Queens, was sent two checks totaling $7,865 by the comptroller of the city of New York.

The checks attracted very little attention around the Municipal Building, since they were only two of approximately 800 checks mailed out by the city that day and represented only a fraction of the $8.3 million the city paid for asphalt last year.

They didn't even attract much attention across the street at City Hall, where Assemblyman Charles Schumer and General Services Commissioner Peter P. Smith III had been issuing press releases and conducting news conferences in the Blue Room and charging that a small group of asphalt companies, including Jet, may have overcharged the city $5 million over the last three years.

The fact that the Municipal Building's check-writing apparatus could have continued to send money to a company under investigation by both city and state officials is indicative of the fact that there are really two governments in New York. One is the elected officials at City Hall. The other is in the Municipal Building across the street. The government in City Hall spends most of its time in office trying to find out what is going on in the other government across the street. The permanent government in the Municipal Building couldn't care less. Even today, while stringent austerity measures are being publicized at City Hall, across the street in the uncharted cubicles of the Municipal Building, where the checks are written, arcane contracts that cost the city $1.7 billion a year are being drawn between invisible middle-level bureaucrats and publicity-shy businessmen with unlisted telephone numbers.

Most of the 40,000 companies that do business with the city are reasonably honest and provide the city with the necessities of municipal life. There are other companies, however, that are still selling goods and services to the city long after they have been caught padding their bills, providing shoddy merchandise, rigging their prices, and bribing city inspectors. Some of these companies change their corporate names after they are caught, others hide behind trade associations, and a few have even "fired" or retired the rare executive who was caught gypping the city. But the companies themselves continue their collusive ways and the city continues to hemorrhage hundreds of millions of dollars every year through a totally inefficient purchasing system.

Until July 1, 1977, the comptroller's office pre-audited at random a small percentage of the city's purchases to make sure it was getting the quality and quantity of goods and services for which it was about to pay. Since then, however, even that minimal safeguard has been abandoned. As a result of the city's charter reform, which went into effect July 1, 1977, the pre-auditing powers have been taken away from the comptroller's office and turned over to the same agencies that make the purchases. The comptroller's office, therefore, is now essentially in the check-writing business, and, as long as the city's computer indicates that there is money in an agency's budget, any bill the agency submits is paid.

"We still do post audits, some at random," says a spokesman for Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin, "but we do most of them after a complaint that something has gone wrong. Then we send a letter out to the agencies involved requesting that they send us the pertinent vouchers. That usually takes about two weeks. If we find that there has been something wrong, we will either refer the entire matter to the district attorney or just deduct what we feel is owed the city from the agency's budget."

In spite of the fact that 450,000 checks for goods and services are being mailed out by the comptroller's office every year, outsiders rarely get a look at the way contracts are drawn or the way the city makes most of its purchases. On the surface the system looks foolproof. There are elaborate public

"... Schumer saw a drug program that cost $750,000 to treat three patients..."

bidding procedures, and competing companies must often submit hundreds of thousands of dollars in bonds to ensure their good intent. There are contract specifications drawn up in great detail by city officials, there are line-by-line inspections by city engineers and experts at almost every step, and there is overall monitoring by the city agencies' accountants and lawyers.

But beneath the surface, for those contractors familiar with the terrain and who have a pal or two in the bureaucracy, every regulation has a loophole and every ironclad specification has a hairline flaw. Companies experienced in dealing with the city know exactly how the machinery works and are adept at manipulating it. They can assure that bid requirements are tailored so as to exclude competition. They get paid on time. They know which of the "mandatory" city requirements they have to observe, and which they can forget. They join forces with like-minded firms to rig the bidding and then take turns submitting the "low" bid. But, most important, the owners of these companies have become extraordinarily chummy with the supervisors, foremen, and deputy commissioners who are supposed to be safeguarding the interests of the city. They buy seats for their civil-service pals and middle-level bureaucrats at political fund-raising dinners. They remember birthdays and sometimes they even employ the friends and relatives of city employees and local pols. They have managed to prosper under several mayors and any number of austerity programs, because the decisions that affect their profits are not made by City Hall, but rather by the anonymous borough-bound department supervisors, deputy commissioners, and 30-year civil-service veterans who really run New York. The price to the taxpayers of this chumminess between the city's vendors and the bureaucrats who are supposed to be monitoring costs is hundreds of millions of dollars every year.

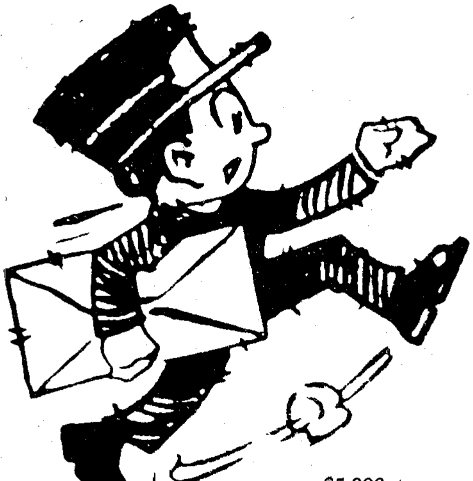
On Monday, February 6, 1978, the City Record shows that $10,381 was paid to the Jamaica Day Nursery . . .

"Our pre-audits did have a useful purpose in keeping agencies in line," says Deputy Comptroller's Paul O'Brien. "The city employees sometimes get very close to the companies they are supposed to be watching. They often socialize. They develop very cooperative relationships. We have found them to be members of the same local political clubs. There is an accommodation that begins to develop between the two parties, and the city usually winds up footing the bill. The old pre-audit system may not have been perfect and it may have caused delays, but we did look at checks before they were mailed out, and our auditors became very skillful at spotting potential trouble."

Now, with the comptroller's office out of the picture, any civil-service clerk worth his pension can easily befuddle a nosy outsider with statistics, studies, engineering reports, shoe boxes filled with vouchers, invoices, and affidavits.

Today, one of the few inquiries being directed at the corridors of the Municipal Building is being made by Charles Schumer, the chairman of the Assembly Subcommittee on City Management and Governance. Schumer is looking into several little-known, though costly, scams that snaked their way through the bureaucracy. It was Schumer who discovered that many of the city's most flagrant real-estate-tax evaders were buying deteriorated tax-defaulted properties at city auctions and allowing them to deteriorate even further while at the same time collecting the guaranteed rent checks of welfare tenants. Schumer spotted a drug program that cost $750,000 to treat three patients. He made inquiries into tax assessments, fee juggling, and the monopoly of a few real-estate appraisers.

But of all these investigations, the most interesting involves the multimillion-dollar asphalt game. Recently Schumer, who was joined by General Services Commissioner Smith, began looking into the possibility that a small clique of closely connected asphalt suppliers may have been overcharging the city by at least $5 million over the last three years. It is an investigation still in progress, but so far it has provided the city with a fascinating and rare glimpse of the Municipal Building's government in action.



. . . $5,000 to the New York postmaster . . .

The inquiry started when Schumer and Smith realized that the city was paying between 30 and 35 percent more for its asphalt than did either Con Edison, the Port Authority, or any of the other large-volume users of pothole filler and paving materials. Smith became aware of the problem because one of his first tasks in office was to purchase 524,000 tons of asphalt. Schumer, on the other hand, began looking into asphalt when his office received a confidential report that he says revealed possible collusion among the dealers to jack up their prices.

"The more I looked, the deeper it got," says Schumer. "It has been a quiet and very profitable operation. It looks like the companies would pretend to bid against each other. Sometimes, it seems, one company would act as a 'front' for the others and purposely submit a totally unrealistic high bid, so that the high bids of their 'competitors' would look more legitimate and create the illusion of competitive bidding.

"I am beginning to realize that much of this has gone on because of the impenetrable gobbledygook in the way contracts were written and the specifications drawn up. There were complicated zoning requirements and mileage restrictions and mechanical-equipment demands and other irrelevant contractual details to knock companies out of the bidding."

Recently it looked like a Jersey company was going to underbid the locals by about $6 a ton. The Jersey company was within the mileage specifications. It had the right zone requirements. Then somebody changed the rules. Suddenly asphalt trucks were arbitrarily prohibited by the Transportation Department from using tunnels when delivering city asphalt. City engineers had apparently made studies showing that there were more traffic delays in tunnels than on bridges and, therefore, the city-bought asphalt might fall below the required 300 - degree temperature. The fact that the city need not accept cold asphalt, even if it is delivered, was apparently overlooked.

The real reason for the sudden restriction on the use of tunnels, some observers suspected, was to kill off the Jersey bidder by forcing him to use the George Washington Bridge and thus go beyond the required six-mile travel limit.

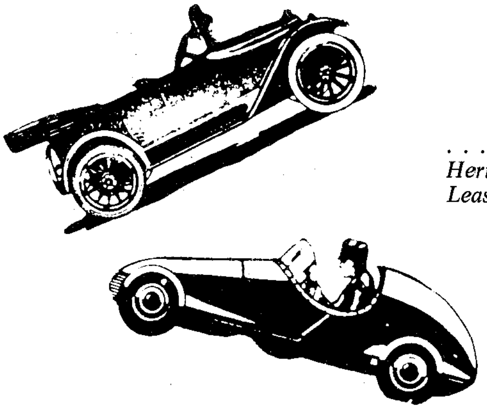
"The coziness between these companies was obvious, but no one seemed to be watching," says Schumer. "One of the contract specifications for selling asphalt to the city is that you have a backup supplier, in case you temporarily run out. Well, over the last three years, whenever the Mascali or Willets Point asphalt companies won a contract, Jet Asphalt would be named as their backup supplier, and whenever Jet won the city contract, then Mascali was Jet's backup.

"The Willets Point and Mascali firms seem to have even more than a backup relationship," says Schumer. "According to the Queens telephone directory, there is a listing for 'Willets Point & F. Mascali,' although the number has been changed and is now unlisted. A trip out to their yards shows them to be within 4,000 feet of each other, and according to various public records relating to the companies, they appear to share officers and to have different corporate names listed at the same address."

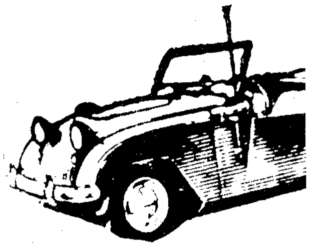
"The city has been ripped off," says Schumer. "Last year the city paid $19.50 a ton for 432,000 tons of asphalt, while the Port Authority paid $17.05 a ton for smaller quantities, a hundred times smaller, and for any grade they wanted."

Asphalt has always been big business in New York. It has been an even bigger business since 1973, when the city decided to close down its last asphalt-producing plant. Since then, the city has been totally dependent upon the very companies Assemblyman Schumer's subcommittee is investigating. Exactly why the city should have closed its last asphalt plant is not known. There were many reasons put forward by city officials at the time, including a cost-accounting rationale about how much money the city was going to save by buying its asphalt on the open market. What happened, of course, was that the "open market" suddenly shrank and companies such as Jet Asphalt Corp., Mascali & Sons, and the Willets Point Asphalt Co., all of Flushing, Queens; and the Asphalt Road Products Company of Brooklyn, as well as others, became part of a multimillion-dollar monopoly at the city's expense.

And there have, of course, been any number of investigations into the asphalt business over the years. There have been repeated charges of collusive bidding; there have been suspended jail terms and fines meted out in federal court to some of the asphalt suppliers after they pleaded guilty to antitrust violations; there have been accusations by outsiders that the Metropolitan Asphalt Paving Association is made up of sixteen companies with interlocking ownerships, and that they get about 98 percent of the city's asphalt business. James Comyns, the owner of the Erie Conduit Company, a Long Island asphalt dealer who has managed to get some city bids, accused the members of the Metropolitan Association of sabotaging his work for the city, burning his trucks, and getting city inspectors to harass him and his workers with violation citations and various other administrative punishments.



. . . $544 to Hertz Car Leasing . . .



What Assemblyman Schumer and Commissioner Smith were actually beginning to learn was the extent of the political and civil-service connections of the asphalt companies. It was nothing new. In 1973, the officers of one of the companies they were investigating had been questioned by a federal grand jury looking into illegal campaign contributions in connection with the 1972 presidential campaign. While nothing came of the federal inquiry, the testimony of asphalt executives, city officials, and politicians revealed an uneasy camaraderie.

. . . $1,125,827 to Manhattan and Bronx Surface . . .

In 1973, Frank Castiglione, an official in the Jet Asphalt Company, and Frank LoCurto, an officer of Mascali & Sons, both testified before the Senate Watergate Committee and said that they had donated $10,000 in cash to John V. Lindsay's presidential campaign. At the time of their contributions both companies, as well as their various contracting subsidiaries, had several contracts with the city, especially in Queens, where the company officials had been regulars at Democratic-party fund-raising dinners as far back as 1966.

During his testimony, Castiglione said that he, along with Fred Durante, the president of Durante Brothers, Inc. (a company listed at the same address as Jet Asphalt), and Louis Durante, the company's treasurer, had joined in a $5,000 contribution to the Lindsay campaign. Frank LoCurto, of Mascali & Sons, gave the other $5,000. Castiglione said that all of the money had been turned over to Peter Jordan, a general superintendent with the Highways Department in Queens. Castiglione told investigators that he and his colleagues felt "no pressure" to contribute to the campaign, even though they had been given at least 28 contracts by the city to build playgrounds, pave streets, and sell asphalt. He also saw nothing unusual in contributing $10,000 in May to a presidential campaign that had been disbanded in early April. According to an investigator familiar with the case, the asphalt men were told the money was to help pay off a campaign debt, not to pave their way to the White House.

Peter Jordan, the general superintendent of the Highway Deparment's Queens plant, is typical of the kind of bureaucrat who is also half a politician. Jordan's name pops up at fund-raising dinners for the Queens County Democratic Committee as far back as 1966. He was an active member of the Jefferson Democratic Club in Queens and earned $18,120 from the city as a general superintendent, even though his payroll record listed him as a "gasoline-roller operator." He was well enough known in Queens political circles for his boss, Deputy Commissioner of Highways David W. Keiper, to ask him to help raise money for Lindsay's waning presidential campaign.

Deputy Commissioner Keiper told investigators that even though no one in the Lindsay camp had asked him to raise money for the campaign, he had seen an article in a newspaper that said Lindsay still owed $100,000. Keiper claimed that on his own initiative in May of 1972, he talked with his subordinate, Peter Jordan, and "advised" him of the Lindsay debt. Keiper denied that he had specifically suggested to Jordan the soliciting of contractors or suppliers of goods to the city.

Jordan testified that he contacted Castiglione and LoCurto at least twice within the next week and that, just possibly, he might have mentioned the amount of money that he was seeking. Within a week, Jordan said, he met Keiper and handed over an envelope containing $10,000 in $20 bills.

"...'Asphalt business has been a very quiet and profitable operation,' says Schumer..."

Checques and Balances at City Hall

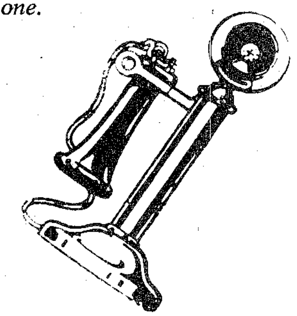
On February 15, the day Jet Asphalt was mailed its two checks, there were any number of other expenditures. There was the regular check for $28 million to Chase Manhattan Bank for the city and its numerous agencies to draw on. There was a $506,043 check sent to Edith W. Steacy, the official receiver for the town of Carmel, New York, for use of the Croton Reservoir. There were checks to Internal Revenue, the New York Telephone Company, and Consolidated Edison.

There were also six checks totaling $162,116 mailed to Sylvan Lawrence, a politically connected real-estate man who has dozens of profitable, long-term leases with the city, despite the fact that much of the city's own office space remains unoccupied. The city, for instance, is currently paying Lawrence $438,616 a year rent on a ten-year lease for an older four-story building used for speech counseling and theater at 2641 Grand Concourse in the Bronx. By October 21, 1981, when the lease expires, the city will have paid him $4.3 million in rent on a building some value at only a fraction of that cost.

There were also any number of checks mailed out that day that were not very easily monitored. There was, for instance, an $8,493 check sent to the White Oak dairy for ice cream, a $49,576 check to the Del Monte Company for canned goods and a $2,400 check to the Fugazy All-City Rent-a-Car Company for a Ford sedan rented last June by Mayor Abraham Beame's Times Square anti-pornography task force.

An auditor familiar with the endless gimmicks of municipal billing says that his suspicions are always aroused when city officials lease cars at the beginning of the summer. Monthly car rentals, the auditor says, do not have the same kinds of mileage control that inhibit the use of city-owned cars for weekend trips to summer houses and the beach. —N.P.

... and $11,430 to New York Telephone.



Keiper, in turn, told the investigators that he had never counted the money but had merely delivered the envelope to Richard Aurelio, Lindsay's campaign manager and a former deputy mayor, at the Lexington Avenue Lindsay headquarters. Keiper also said that Jordan had written the names of the contributors on the inside of the envelope and that he had never even looked to see who the Lindsay benefactors were.

Whether this was the only campaign contribution from asphalt dealers is not known, and whether or not any of these contributions was ever reported by the campaign officials is uncertain. What is known, however, is that in June of 1972, barely a month after Castiglione and LoCurto contributed the $10,000, their companies submitted joint bids for $1.7 million in city asphalt contracts and their bids were accepted. It was also at this time that officials were making up their minds about whether or not to close down the last city-owned asphalt plant. Anthony Ameruso, who is now the city's transportation administrator, but was then a divisional director for Highway Planning, had argued strenuously for retaining city-owned asphalt plants. The last plant, incidentally, was in Flushing, Queens, and Peter Jordan was in charge of its maintenance. Ameruso warned that the city would be totally dependent upon outside suppliers for its asphalt and even cautioned that the city would have no recourse if the private asphalt dealers should begin to escalate their prices. Ameruso's suggestions went unheeded and by 1975, as Schumer's investigation reveals, Castiglione and LoCurto's companies were charging the city between 30 and 35 percent more for its asphalt than they were charging their other customers.

The wrinkles are endless. The 127-50 Northern Boulevard address of the Willets Point asphalt company, for instance, turns out to be the same as that of a Department of Sanitation facility. The Department of Sanitation leased (for seven years at $95,000 a year) a garage and 76,000 square feet of space on June 1, 1972 shortly after Castiglione's campaign contributions. The curious leasing arrangements—which had the Department of Sanitation and the Willets Point asphalt company occupying the same address—did not attract attention at the time, since the lease had been drawn in the name of the Columbia Asphalt Company, which *also* has the same address.

But then, of course, Municipal Building politics never do attract much attention. That is one of the main reasons why they continue, immune to new mayors, cost-conscious control boards, and even nosy assemblymen like Schumer.

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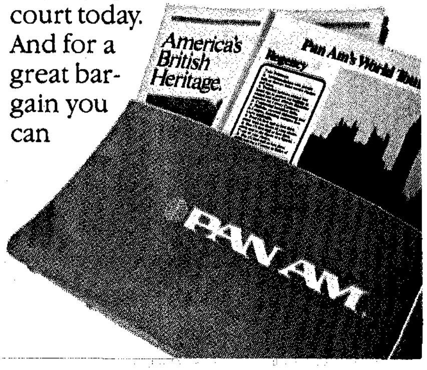

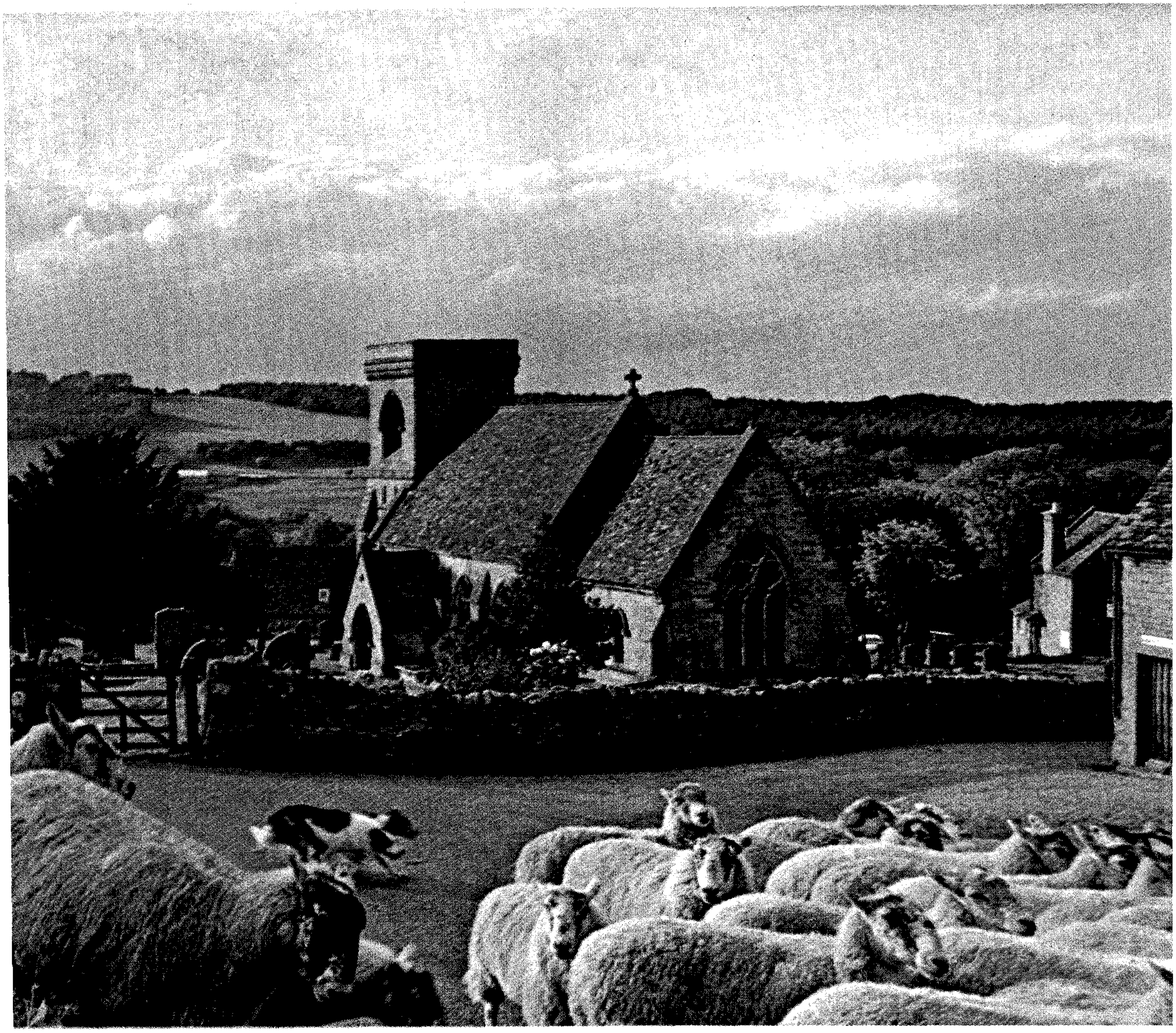

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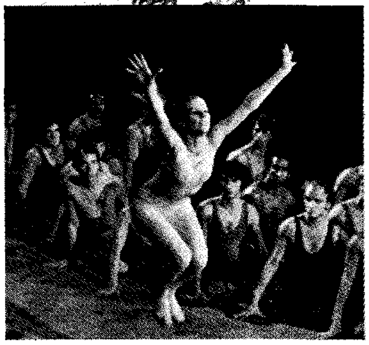

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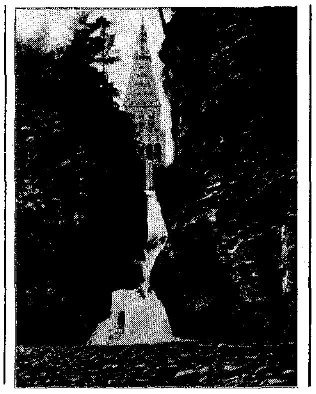
Where Europe Begins

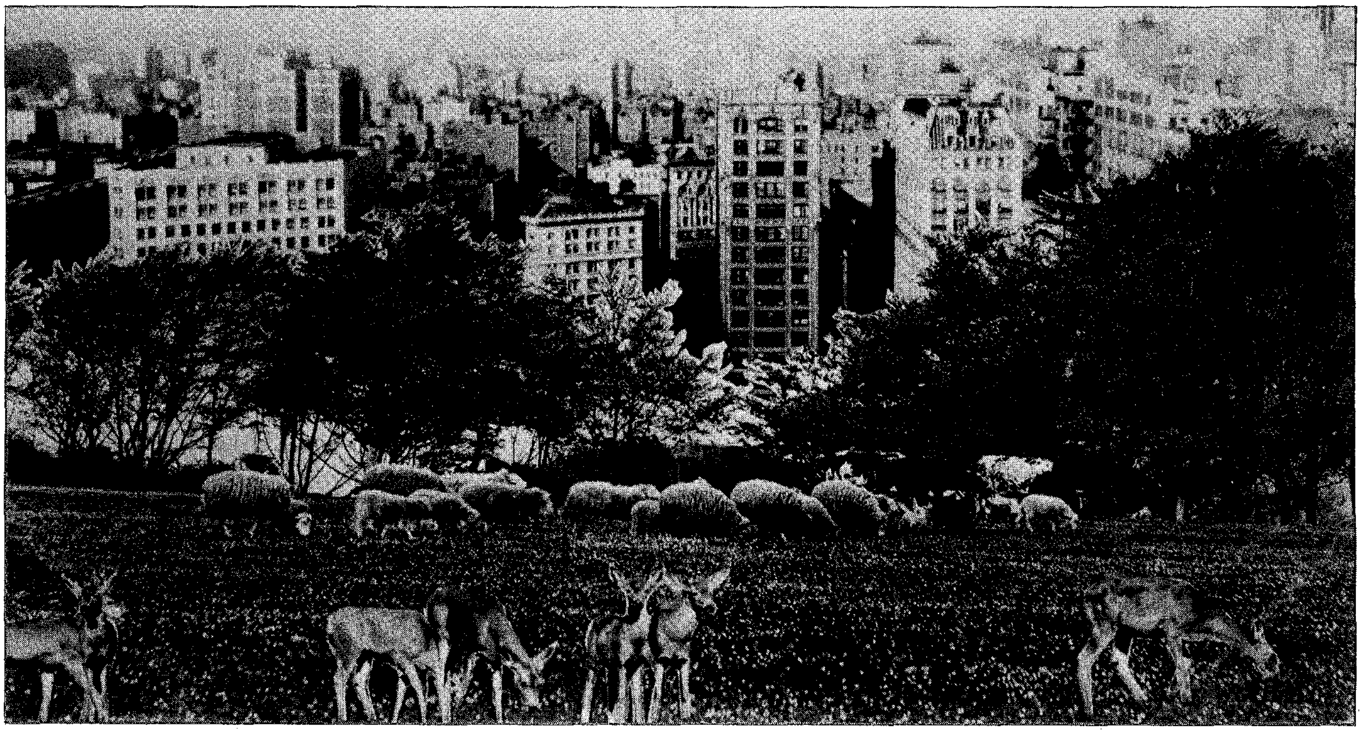
BELGIUM'S BONUS DAYS



A Mountain for Madison Square

By Gerald Allen

"...This proposal for a corporate headquarters transforms the familiar glass tower into the semblance of a rustic landscape..."



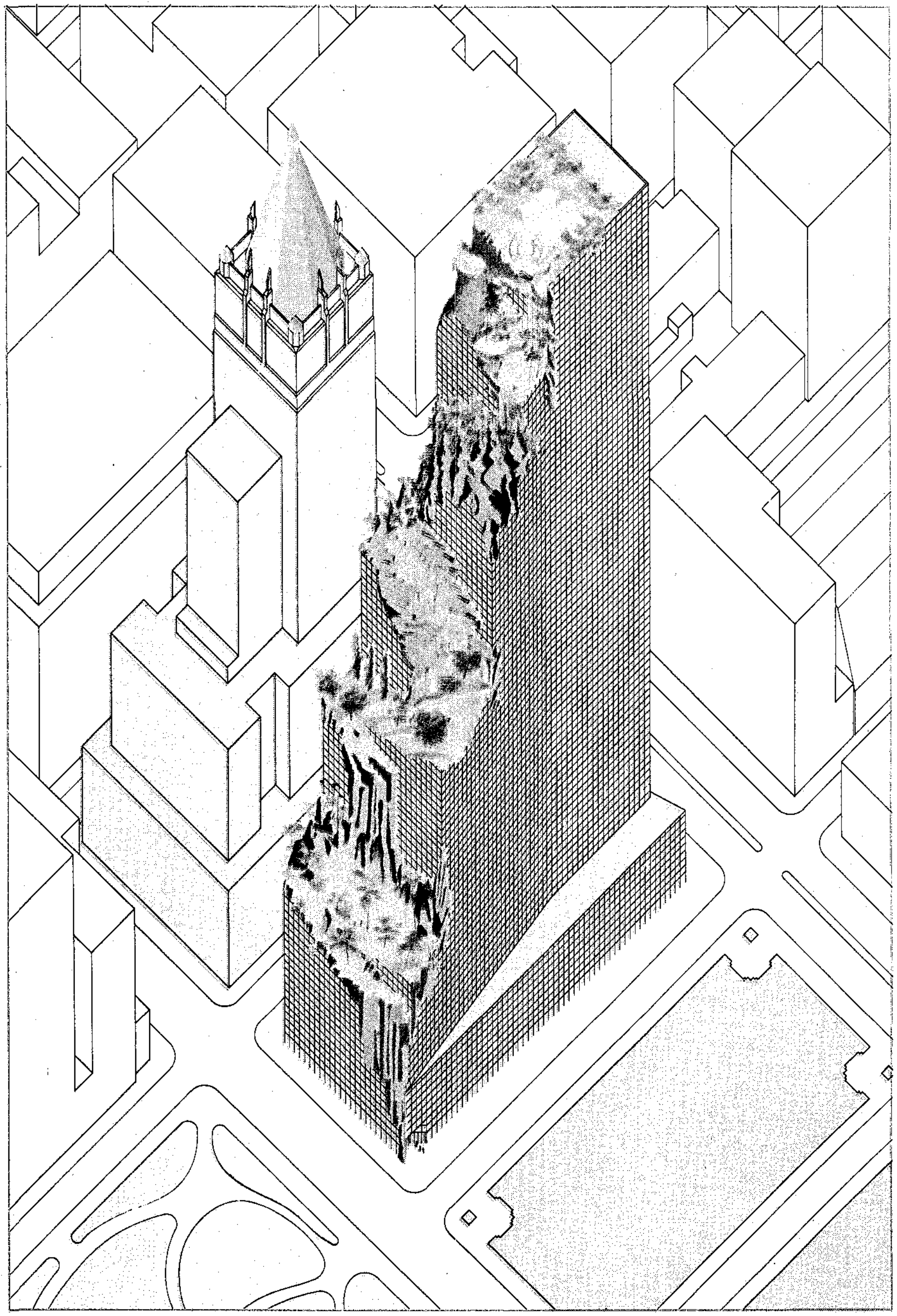
Mountain greenery: Above, *an imagined view looking westward from the 23rd floor of an office building designed by Roger Ferri for Madison Avenue and 26th Street.* Top, *Ferri's vision of the scene from the 31st floor, looking south to the Metropolitan Life Tower.*

Illustrated by Roger Ferr

"... Ferri envisions hemlocks and firs cascading down his office building–mountain. Deer and rabbits would live on the setbacks..."

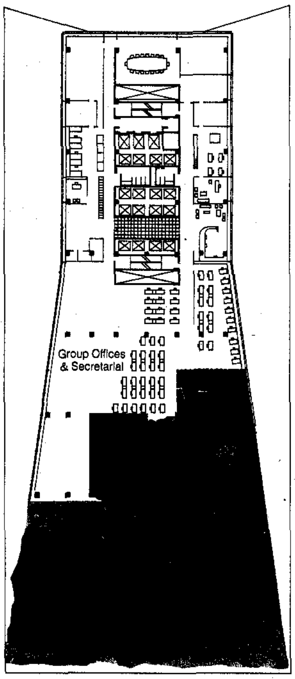
One thing Modern architects know how to design is skyscrapers for corporate clients. They know how so well, in fact, that most of their efforts turn out looking very much the same. Starting with a few prototypes in the 1950s like the Seagram Building and Lever House, they have given Manhattan a series of urban gifts of unyielding similarity: sheer, shimmering towers of glass and steel that often spring up to their full height without a setback and always end with the canonical flat top. Thus the best examples of Modern—which in New York means post–World War II—skyscraper architecture are not individual buildings, but whole collections of them, like the "new" part of Rockefeller Center on Sixth Avenue. Granted that their charms may be better appreciated by our unjaundiced grandchildren than by us, these buildings, flagships of Time Inc., McGraw-Hill, Inc., and the Exxon and Celanese corporations, march up the street, giant stub after giant stub, memorializing corporate ability and machine-made precision with a unanimity and single-mindedness that are, at bare minimum, impressive. And they all go together to make a place that is unlike any other place in the world—which, after all, is the main goal of the art of architecture.

Lately, though, architects have begun to loosen the chains that bind them when they dramatize the corporate presence. They have learned to admire, indeed idolize, pre–World War II skyscrapers, so that the nostalgia-laden Chrysler and Woolworth buildings, for instance, have now become objects of cult praise in the trade. Architects have also learned that there is always more than one way to skin a corporate cat—something that had obviously occurred to the architect of Citicorp Center when he decided to jack the new building up on stilts and give it a pitched roof of dubious function. Even more startling in its variations is the proposal by the young architect Roger Ferri for a 44-story corporate headquarters which transforms the familiar glass tower into the semblance of a rustic landscape. (On these pages, he shows it occupying the site of the New York Merchandise Mart and of the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court on Madison Square.) Impractical? Perhaps, but so, maybe, was Citicorp. Unbuildable? Certainly not. Not, at least, if someone wants to, and—who knows?—someone might. The country in the city. Dream on. . . .

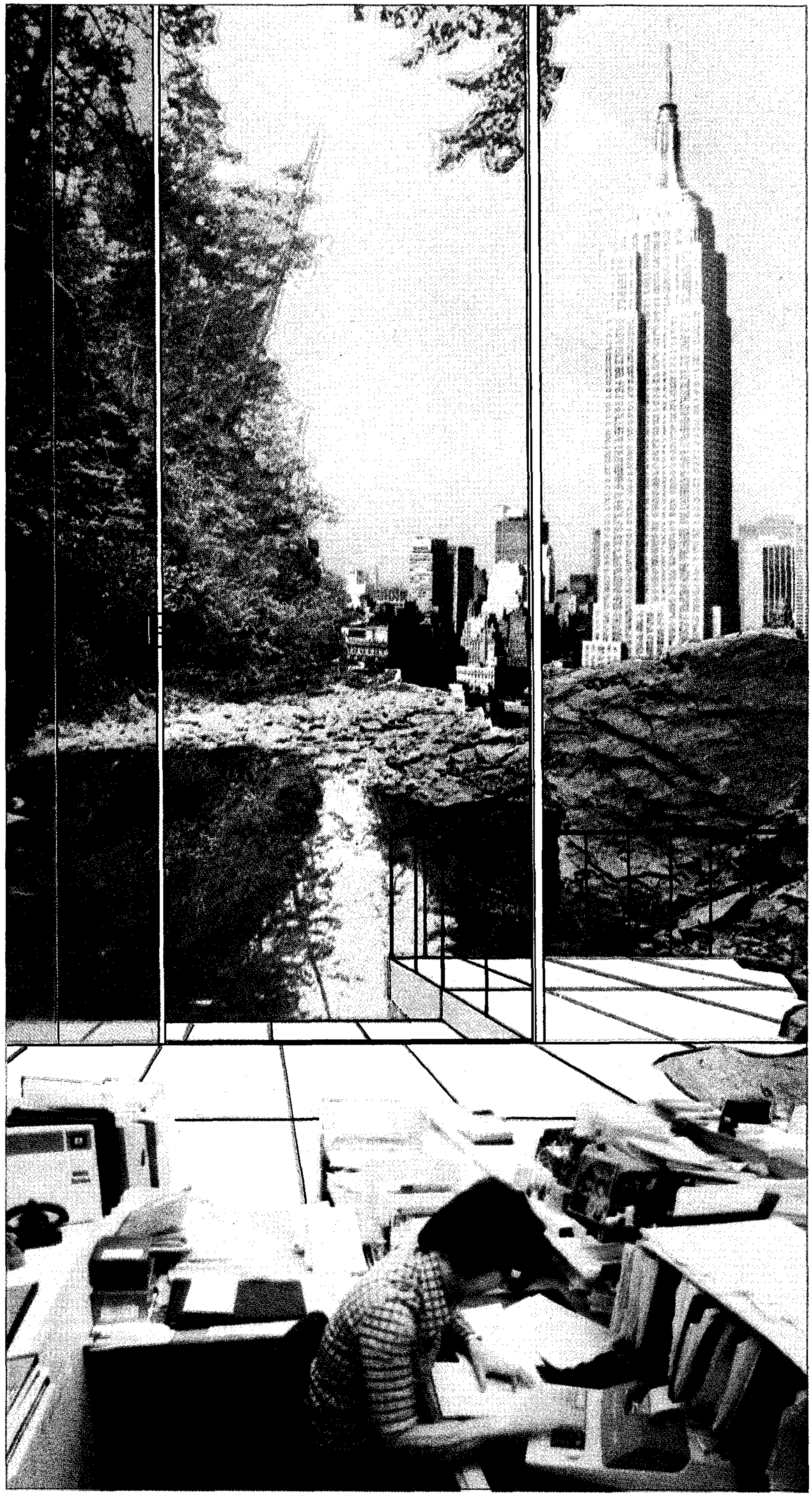


Ziggurat: Above, *Roger Ferri's proposal for a Madison Square corporate office building. The setbacks support a mountainscape excavated from rock upriver, with flora and fauna intact. The tower (shown here with the New York Life Insurance Company Building at its left) is built to the maximum bulk and floor area allowed under present zoning regulations.* Left, *a sylvan view of the New York Life Building from the 27th floor.*

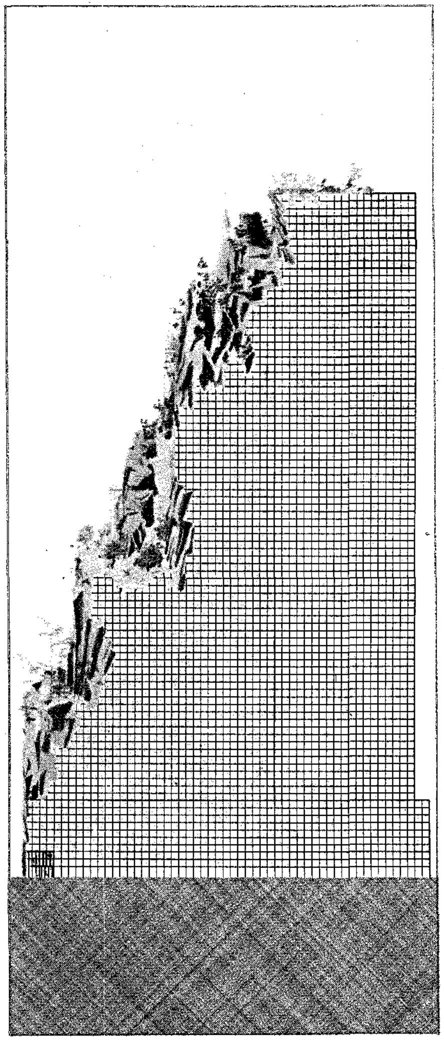
Workers' paradise: Right, *looking northwest toward the Empire State Building. Ferri conceived his skyscraper as a monument not just to the corporate goals of power and influence but also to the civic goal of shared amenity and the employee's need for a tranquil setting. The building extends to the street line for eleven stories, then begins to step back. Its mass tapers in width and recedes continuously with its increasing height. Ponds, hillocks, escarpments, meadows, forested gorges, and waterfalls extend to a summit which contains a public museum.*

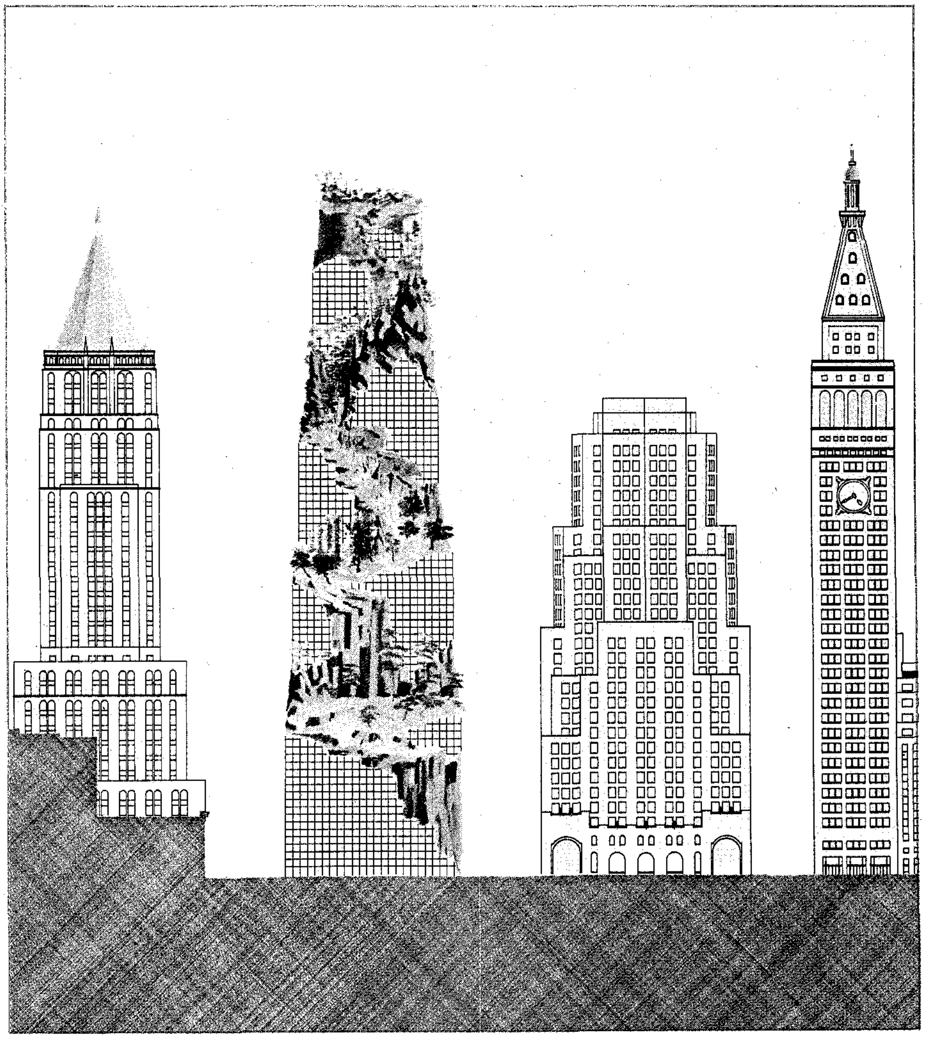


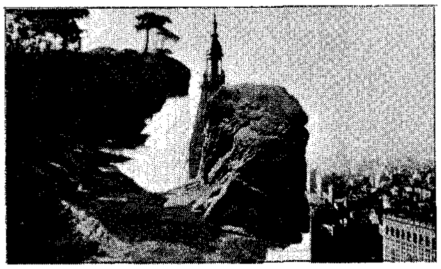
The 27th floor: *In the plan* above, *group and secretarial offices have a view of the bosk outside; private offices and conference rooms are placed at the other walls of the building.*



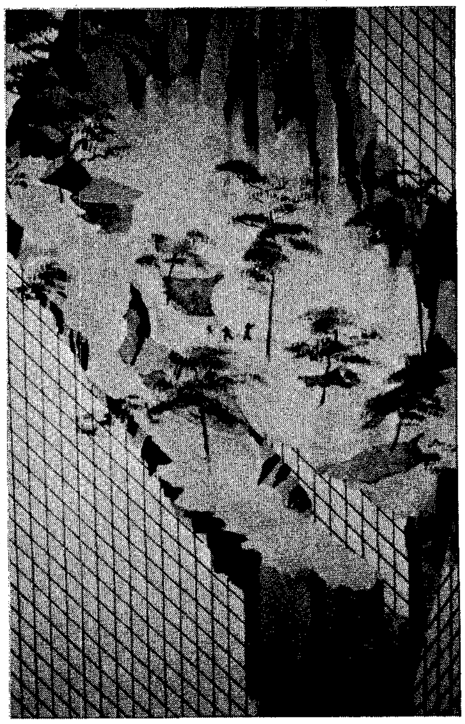
> "...Impractical? Perhaps, but so, maybe, was Citicorp. Unbuildable? Certainly not. Not, at least, if someone wants to..."







Manhattan dream: Above right, *the view from Madison Square, looking east. The New York Life Building is on the left; then Ferri's skyscraper; then Metropolitan Life's North Annex; then the Metropolitan Life Tower. Ferri envisions, cascading down his artificial mountain, trees typical of the Hudson Valley region—hemlocks, firs, maples, oaks, dogwood—and, living among them, animals that thrive in captivity—deer, rabbits, birds, fish. A restaurant on the first major setback, twelve stories above the ground, would offer the public the pleasure of access to the forest. In harsh weather, the upper terraces would be enclosed by descending glass curtains.* Left and right, *more skyscapes to dream on.*



Radio City: A Crasher's Bore

By Joe Flaherty

"...We ran with a crowd that daily and nightly snuck into movies at the Paramount, Roxy, Capitol—but never at Radio City..."

The common canard is that New Yorkers are without heart, but as one watches the public agonize over the impending demise of Radio City Music Hall, there is evidence our denizens throb with the fervor of a newly minted social worker.

Politicians, journalists, movie critics, and social movers and shakers have formed a loud chorus (considering the subject, it should be accompanied by an organ) to save real estate in Rockefeller Center. Since politicians and landlords always have played in backroom duets, their roles are easy to define. But what of the others? Why are the same voices that delivered Bronx cheers to Lockheed now crusading to bail out posh private enterprise?

Is it their overwhelming love for the Music Hall? It's odds-on that these people, like most adult New Yorkers, haven't been inside the Music Hall in at least a decade, except on occasions of child-custodial weekends (proving once again that the liberated life-style is darker than anyone imagined).

But Radio City as an anachronism dates back, in my experience, to the early fifties, when, as a truant from the desks of William E. Grady High School in Brooklyn, I was one of Broadway's foremost naïfs on the aisle.

My boyhood buddy, Joe O'Donnell, and I saw so many movies during this period we held critical status with neighborhood contemporaries. Before they would plunk down their change at the cashier, they sought out our opinions on the available fare. Brought up on the *Daily News (Times* readers in our neighborhood were restricted to those who held "junior trainee," i.e., ethnic-flunky, slots in brokerage houses), we rated movies by stars. Bogey, Cagney, and Ava Gardner flicks got the high four stars, while we heaped disdain upon Rory Calhoun, Edmund Purdom, and June Allyson (who needed another virgin?). But the sweet part about our aisle-sitting was that we rarely paid.

Joe's older brother Tommy was a legendary force in our lives. A true Brooklyn exotic who read Marx, O'Neill, and the writers of the twenties, he also claimed to be an atheist, which we perceived as dire, more so than missing your Easter duty. The kicker to all this was that he ran with a Broadway crowd that daily and nightly crashed movies. Not that Andy Hardy crap of running past a doorman, but with intricate blueprints to arcane access. Tommy (or "Bimbo," as he was sometimes called) was the Rififi of the Rialto.

Tommy palled with my older brother, Billy. We all lived in the same two-family house in Brooklyn, with the O'Donnells upstairs. I never knew about the movie crashing till one night when I was awakened by a thud on the backyard cellar door. I soon learned the teenage Tommy's standard M.O. He would steal from his bed, dress, drop out the upstairs window to the backyard, angle through neighboring yards, and exit on the street to head for the Great White Way. When he returned at three or four in the morning, he would, with the aid of a fence and drainpipe, climb back into his window. Just the kind of fantasy James Barrie would have written if he'd been Brooklyn-born.

My brother occasionally went off with him on these nocturnal benders. Billy would dress in his one-button roll suit *avec* tie, and Tommy in dungarees and Windbreaker. Because of their wardrobes, they became known as "Hollywood Harry" and "Broadway Sam." These wardrobes were prophetic. Billy became a dapperish plainclothesman for the NYPD, and Tommy a free-lance writer under the nom de plume Fritz Dugan—Fritz after the local deli owner, and Dugan after the baker of his favorite cupcakes.

They broke Joe and me in locally at the RKO Kenmore. To crash the Kenmore, one had to climb a fire escape to the roof, then enter the roof exit door. That was easy. The next step was to descend a 150-foot backstage ladder in the dark, with the soundtrack from the screen blaring at you in the void. While we clung to the ladder in fright, inching our way down, we heard a whoosh! Tommy, equipped with leather gloves, slid down a rope hanging from the rafters—putting him forever in a league with the Claude Rains of *The Phantom of the Opera.*

Under his tutelage, we graduated to Broadway. To get into the Globe, we slid down a laundry chute into a back alley. For the Mayfair, we went to the roof via a dime-a-dance joint next door and once again descended a backstage ladder. The Loew's State was another roof caper. Here, we were spotted one day, and the cops moved in. Looking down on Broadway from a couple of hundred feet, hemmed in by the fuzz below, we shared the orgiastic fervor of Cagney's Cody Jarrett atop the world.

Our favorite crash was the Paramount, that great house that for a

"...Where were the voices of rescue when it was high noon for the Paramount?..."

movie and stage show cost 55 cents before noon. Here, one saw the famous singers and comedians—Tony Bennett, the Mills Brothers, the Four Aces, Johnny Ray, Teresa Brewer, Kay Starr, Fat Jack Leonard, Bob Hope, Jack Carter, and the great mock magician, Mister Ballantine, who used to stride arrogantly onto the stage to meager applause and ask, "Who the f--k did you expect—Houdini?"

To "break" the Paramount, one went into Walgreen's next door and forced open a fire door into an alley that adjoined the movie house. In the alley were the emergency-exit doors of the Paramount, waiting to be popped. This was a standard way of crashing many houses.

But Tommy added a wrinkle. He carried a longshore hook to pry the doors. Indeed he had the dedication of a general: Once, when one of his charges had a loss of nerve, he cracked him across the face to bring him around. George Patton tried the same disciplinary device in the European Theater.

Over a two-year period, we kept active in this subculture. And we weren't alone. Other neighborhoods were amply represented by their own heroes. One was the legendary "Spook," who dressed completely in white down to his sneakers and always separated himself from his group till the movie was over.

We saw eight vaudeville acts with each show at the Palace, stage and screen shows at the Paramount, Roxy, and Capitol; at premieres, we shook hands with Victor McLaglen, Maureen O'Hara, and Aldo Ray; and we rarely missed an opening day. I had a personal high of scoring five houses in one day. That a headache and racking nausea followed was only fitting for such a campaign.

But the Paramount was Mecca. The balcony was staked out by street gangs from around the city and their bubblegum-snapping concubines. Each gang had its piece of the balcony, like Roman legions encamping in the hills. No nonsense was tolerated. When Eddie Fisher, fresh from his "overseas" tenure at Fort Dix, New Jersey, sang a bit of hokum called "I Can't Get Used to This Change in Uniform," someone threw a combat boot at him from the audience.

And there were the gaudy appointments of those halcyon days. While we bedecked ourselves with pistol-pocket pants and Billy Eckstine shirts, the Rivoli, in honor of the opening of De Mille's *Samson and Delilah,* built a façade of a pagan temple over the front of the theater. The movie starred Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr, a pairing which moved Groucho Marx to say that he wouldn't go to see a movie in which the male lead had bigger breasts than the female.

Though we didn't have, or need, art houses to tell us John Ford, Carol Reed, Bogey, and the Marx Brothers were special, in our own way we were furthering our education. We learned economics and declamation in this way. Certain houses ran money-back offers for disgruntled patrons. After a clandestine entrance, one would bum a ticket from a paying patron and proceed to watch the show. Then one would seek out the manager and, ticket in hand, deliver a discourse on the inanity of the film and demand his money back. Our performances ran hot and cold, but they were pressure-packed, unlike those at love-feast New School film seminars.

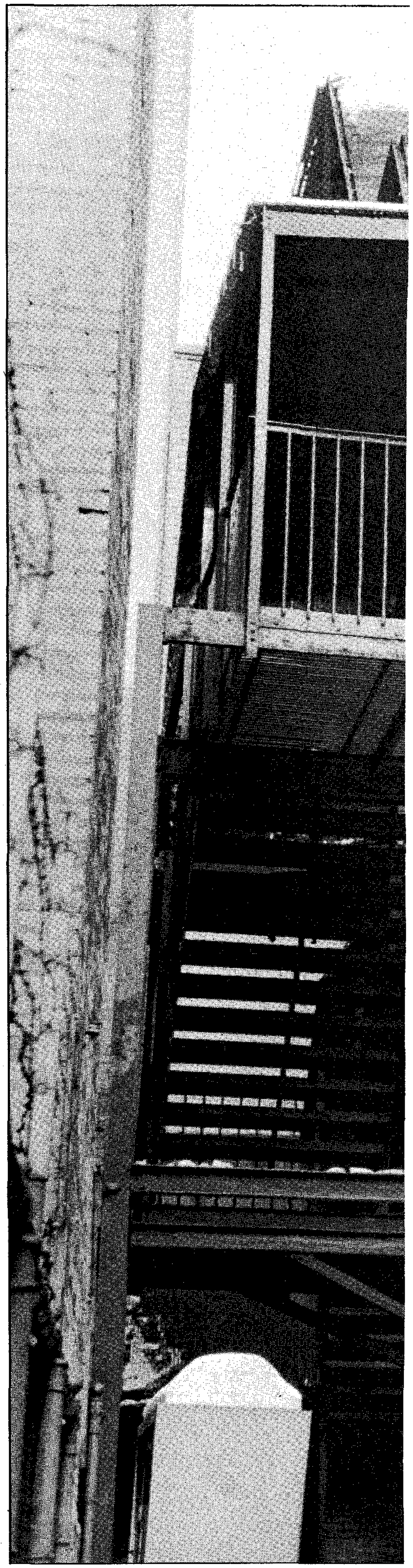
But in all this time, nobody bothered with Radio City. It played pretentiously uplifting cinematic versions of Pearl Buck novels or wholesome family fare—which meant nobody's old man paraded around in his drawers—to audiences of marshaled school classes (the lines outside looked like Dachau to us) and ladies who resembled Arthur Godfrey groupies.

The stage shows, with their marzipan Nativities and Resurrections, didn't speak to us street infidels. The Rockettes were Midwest cheerleaders, and once you've seen a coordinated centipede, where is the ongoing intrigue? And, Christ, their idea of a comic was a *putz* with a Pinky Lee hat and a terrier.

To subsidize Radio City would be like funding a haven for the yokel outlanders who are now trying to bury us in Congress. I wish the claque clamoring for funding would admit to how many times they have patronized the Music Hall in the last twenty years. Are they closet Dean Jones and Herbie the Volkswagen fans?

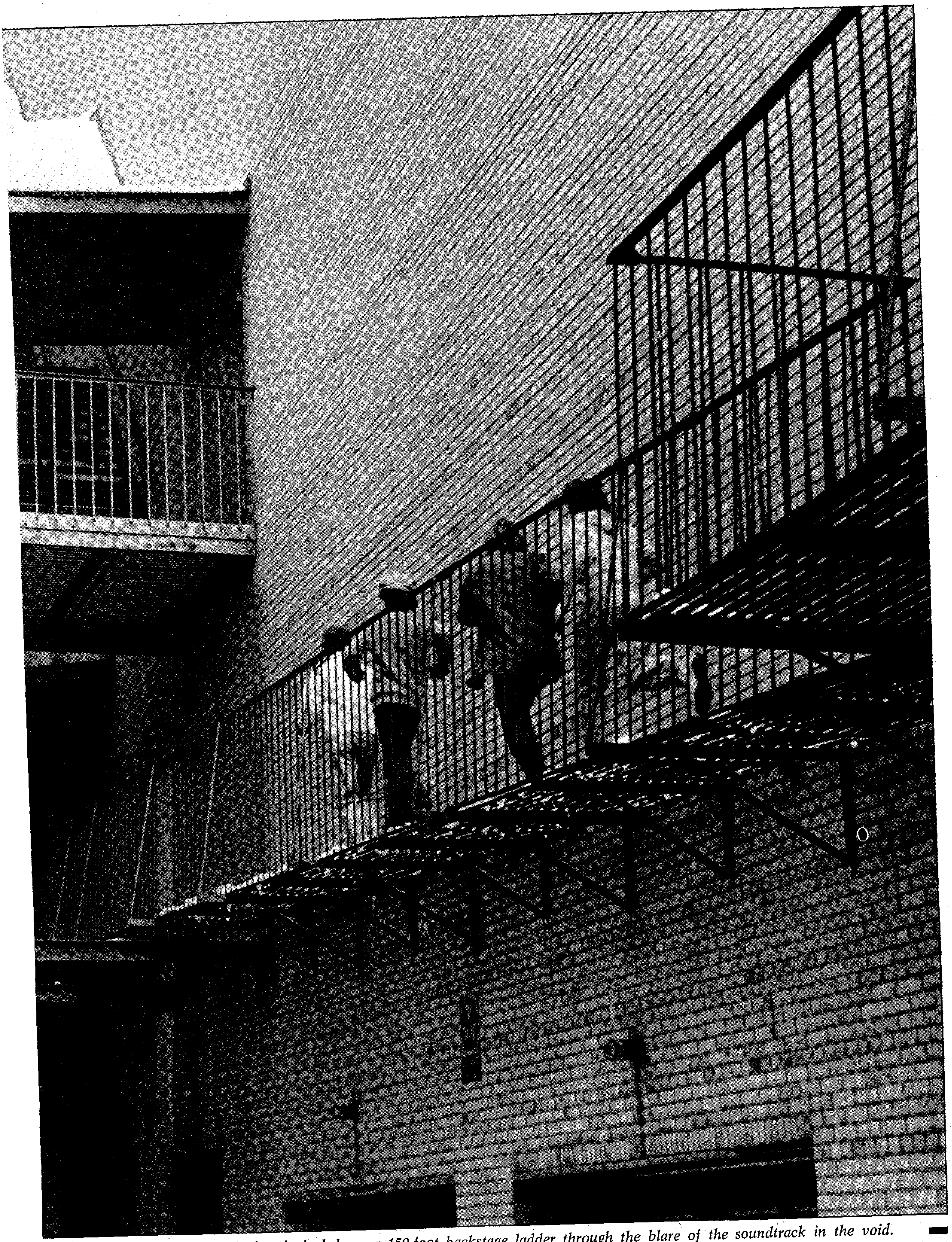
And spare me the Art Deco decor. I live in the Village. Down here, even the garages are high camp.

As has become our wont, New Yorkers are making the wrong fight at the wrong time. Where the hell were these voices when it was high noon for the Paramount?



Crashing the Kenmore: *Brooklyn*

Photographed by Matthew Klein



ɔed the fire escape to the roof, then inched down a 150-foot backstage ladder through the blare of the soundtrack in the void.

The Official Correspondence Of Mr. Randy Cohen

By Randy Cohen and Others

"...'Cousin Milton told me the Japanese were working on a camera that would show fully dressed people without their clothes on'..."

Mayor Abraham Beame
City Hall
New York City 10007

Dear Sir:

For some time now, particularly perceptive scholars have taken note of the various metal objects that have become embedded in the tar at many intersections in America's cities. It has been my observation that the debris trampled into the roads of Manhattan makes up an extraordinary record of urban life, and, as such, could prove invaluable to future historians. Alas, I have seen no coverage of your administration taking an active hand in preserving this tar-archaeology, as I call it.

Might I suggest that unusually rich deposits might be covered with some sort of plastic, or that domes might be erected over the most fertile intersections, such as the corner of 23rd Street and Broadway. At the very least, might not the most irreplaceable samples be carved from the street and displayed in one of the city's many fine museums, perhaps the Museum of Natural History, for the delectation of the public and the researches of science? It is only because of your fine record of preserving that which is most valuable in our city that I offer these remarks and that I request you to inform me of what measures are being taken to ensure the survival of these modern tar pits, as it were. I need hardly remind you of Voltaire's witty and insightful comments on government, scholarship, and the historic processes.

Sincerely,
Randy Cohen

Dear Ms. Cohen:

Mayor Beame has asked me to reply to your letter regarding the various objects to be found in our city streets.

The subject of tar-archaeology is a novel one and has interesting possibilities. I am afraid, however, that our traffic department would not be enthusiastic about having domes erected at intersections. If the Museum of Natural History wished to preserve samples, we would, I am sure, be glad to cooperate.

First Deputy Mayor
Donald D. Kummerfeld

David L. Yunich
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
Metropolitan Transportation Authority
1700 Broadway
New York City 10019

Dear Chairman Yunich:

As a frequent passenger on the subways, I am disturbed, as I am sure you are, by the continuous erosion of the quality of service your agency is able to provide. Realizing that you are faced with a decline in the number of riders and a resulting decline in revenues, I would like to offer a suggestion that could attract more users to the trains.

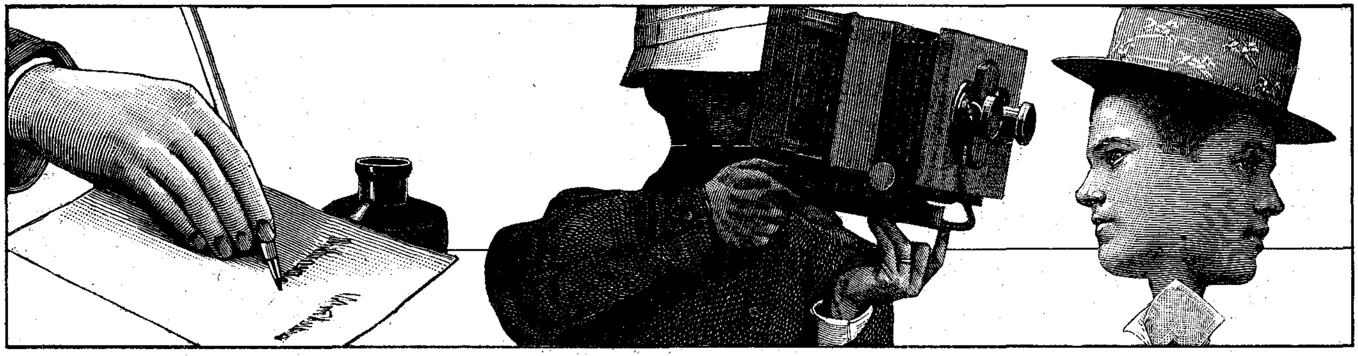
Might you not experiment with the addition of a bar car to certain lines? Since the average trip on the subways is a brief one, the drinks provided at this bar should be very small, perhaps sold in miniature cups, like coleslaw cups. The menu might feature cocktail franks served in tiny buns. Ultimately, entertainment might be added in the form of small musical ensembles, none larger than a trio. Not only would the bar car attract more riders, but, since the drinks could be sold at a profit, it would become an additional source of revenue. And it would offer intangible benefits by making a trip on the subway far more pleasant, a goal to which, I am sure, we both subscribe.

Sincerely,
Randy Cohen

Dear Mr. Cohen:

Chairman Harold L. Fisher asked me to reply to your letter of August 5 about installing a bar car and other such amenities on subway trains.

The Transit Authority always appreciates helpful suggestions from the public, particularly when they will help make a ride safer or more comfortable for our passengers. Your suggestions about drinks in miniature cups, special menus, and musical entertainment are



Illustrated by Jim Harter

certainly unusual. However, we do not feel they are practical. Nevertheless, we will make your suggestions available to officials of the Authority.

Sincerely yours,
F. J. Goldsmith Jr.
Director,
Correspondence Bureau

Mayor Abraham D. Beame
City Hall
New York City 10007

Dear Mayor Beame:

It has become accepted procedure for nonprofit organizations to generate operating revenues through profit-making programs unrelated to their central functions. This is the case for Columbia University, the Catholic Church, and, more recently, the Museum of Modern Art. Since few organizations are more nonprofit than the government of the city of New York, your administration might well establish a precedent that could lead the city to fiscal good health.

If this tactic appeals to you, I would like to offer a venture for your consideration. I believe there is a ready market in the OPEC nations for frozen-yogurt consumption. North Africa in particular has a venerable tradition of yogurt consumption. Couple this with their enormous surplus of disposable income and their desire for consumer goods, and it becomes clear that this low-calorie treat, perhaps promoted as the "desert dessert," could become all the rage from Kuwait to Qatar. With McDonald's so successful in Paris, and Colonel Sanders sitting pretty in Bangkok, how can New York Frozen Yogurt fail in Riyadh?

I realize that this notion breaks with traditional urban financing procedures, but in times like these innovation becomes a matter of necessity.

Sincerely,
Randy Cohen

Dear Mr. Cohen:

Many thanks for your letter of the fifteenth, which was forwarded to my office by the mayor. Your suggestion that New York go into the frozen-yogurt business in North Africa is an interesting one, and not entirely without precedent, as you demonstrate.

Right now, however, we are concentrating our all too limited resources on selling the Apple. The "enormous surplus of disposable income" you refer to brings a greedy glint to these old eyes, and my heart aches when I think of all those people wandering around the desert with their pockets full of change longing for a tasty treat.

However, speaking as a city, we contemplate bringing these people—with their corporations, their families and their loose change—to the Apple itself, rather than taking the Apple to them. We are a fruit that is best consumed in its native habitat.

Commercially your idea might be a workable one, and if you are at all serious, you ought to pursue it privately. In the meantime, I do thank you for passing it on to us. I am convinced that New York's salvation lies in the collective force of just such resourcefulness as yours.

Sincerely,
Osborn Elliot
Deputy Mayor

Customer Relations
Research Laboratories
Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, New York 14650

Dear Sir:

When my wife and I took the grandchildren to Disney World last month, we took along one of your new instant cameras, and we just loved it. I had used your Instamatic for years, but this new camera was even better. However, my wife's cousin, Milton, took her picture with his camera, and she came out looking much slimmer. It was as if she had lost 30 pounds. Milton said it was one of the Japanese cameras, but I can't remember which brand. I was wondering if you were working on a camera that could do this too. It sure would please a lot of people.

After thinking it over, I believe that there are several different types of cameras you could develop that should sell very well and keep the Japanese from dominating the camera market here like they do with those little cars. How about a camera that shows people the way they looked in the past or the way they will look in the future? Maybe you could set it for how many years in either direction. Milton told me that the Japanese were working on a camera that would show people without their clothes, even if they were fully dressed when you took the picture. I think that this is wrong. But, if they have one, I guess we had better work on it also. Are you experimenting with anything like this? Again, thank you for many pleasant times with your product.

Sincerely,
Randy Cohen

Dear Mr. Cohen:

Thank you for your letter of October 4, 1977. Your correspondence was referred to me for reply as this office, the Submitted Ideas Office, regularly coordinates the consideration of the disclosures made to our company. Our appropriate people have now had an opportunity to review the suggestion that you submitted concerning a special-effects camera.

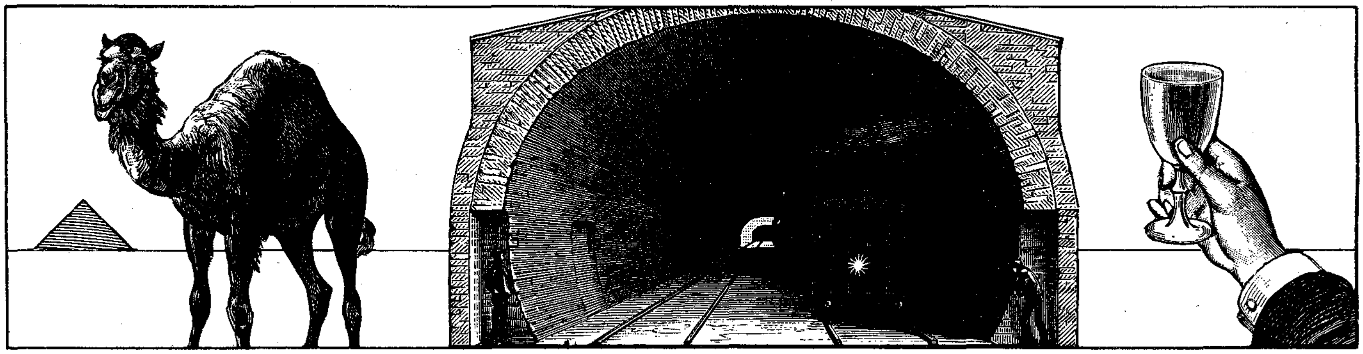
Unfortunately, Mr. Cohen, based on their comments, our reply must be somewhat disappointing to you. We have learned that the suggestion which you have described does not have application within any of our currently planned product programs. For this reason, we are not able to express an interest in this suggestion.

Our past consideration of this matter has led us to the conclusion that the number of people who would actively benefit from such specialized cameras would not justify the additional expense of our making them available.

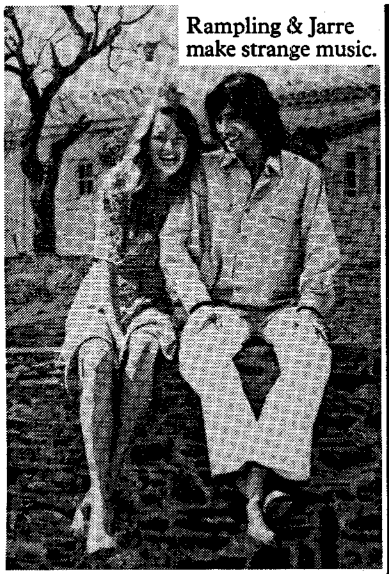
In view of your interest in instant photography, we are enclosing, with our compliments, a Kodak publication we hope you will enjoy.

Thank you again for the interest you have shown in Kodak.

Very truly yours,
Ronald V. Schumacher
Administrative Assistant ■



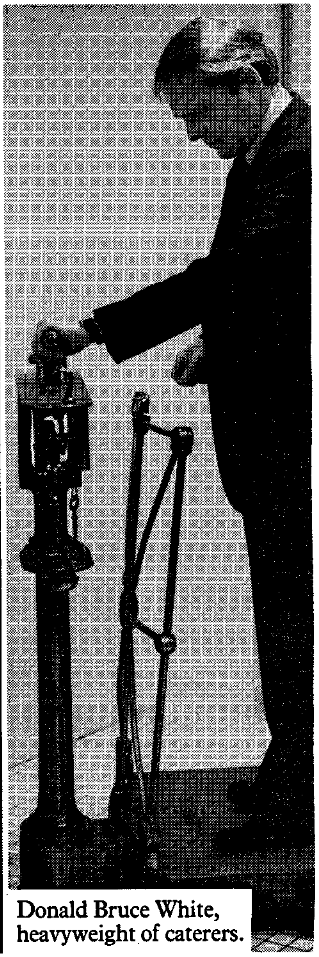
These are your people.



Rampling & Jarre make strange music.

Farrah flashes a million-plus smile for Fabergé.

Martin and Liza got their Act together.



Donald Bruce White, heavyweight of caterers.

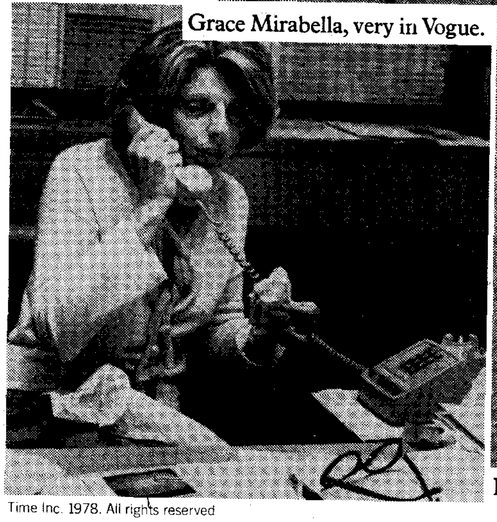
Photos by: Oscar Abolafia, Evelyn Floret/Black Star, Jill Krementz, Suzanne Murphy, Michael A. Norcia, Paterson/Liaison Agency, Ken Regan/Camera 5, Co Rentmeester, © Steve Schapiro/Sygma, and Dick Swanson.

Senator Barry and soul-food mates.

Nancy *(My Mother/My Self)* Friday...write at home.

In the dressy world of Sue Wong.

Happy together—the "Soap" lady and the sculptor.



Grace Mirabella, very in Vogue.

Has love mellowed Marlo?

They're the out-front folk who set paces and start trends...the ones who put new fashions and products over.

They're the young, educated, prospering men and women who read People. All over the country, they're the ones who fill the better department stores on Saturday morning.

No wonder People jumped 41% in ad pages last year. We reach 13,967,000* very with-it consumers. With super efficiency. Fifty-one times a year.

In four short years, People has become America's life-style magazine. It's where today's people read about today's people.

If you sell people products, don't they belong in *the* life-style environment?

*Simmons 1977-78.

People weekly

About as close to people as you can get.

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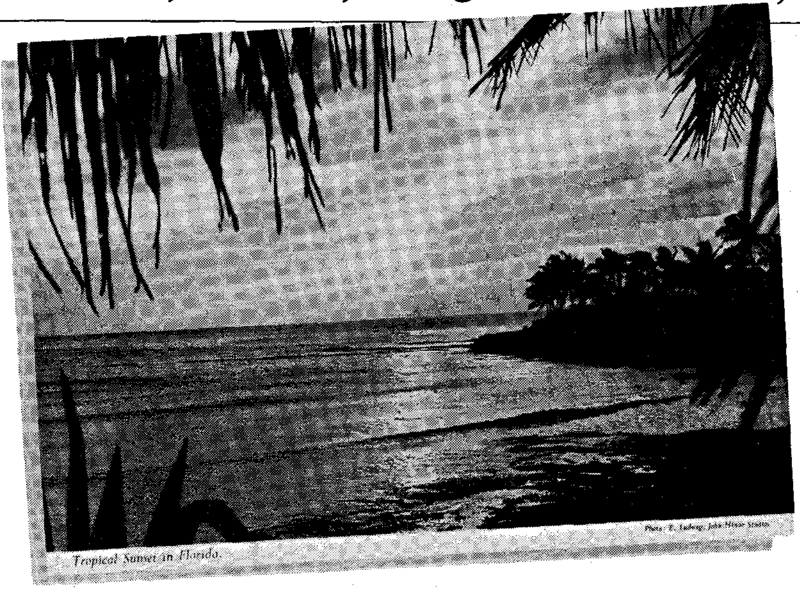
Why Key West?

By Alice K. Turner

> "... Key West is our winter Hamptons, swarming with actors, journalists, writers, designers—in short, with New Yorkers ..."


Tropical Sunset in Florida.
Photo: E. Ludwig, John Hinde Studios

How does it happen, that mysterious transmutation in which a place quite suddenly becomes *the* place, with people tumbling over themselves to get there and be counted before things get "spoiled"? How do they *know*? How do we know with such downright certainty that this year's place, and probably next year's too, is Key West?

That little town on the southernmost of the islands dribbling from the tip of Florida is swarming with actors, with journalists, with writers, with designers—with New Yorkers. Key West is our winter Hamptons, the place we go to continue the conversation we started at Elaine's. Lillian Hellman had to cancel her reservation at the Pier House this year, and so did Diane Keaton, but Pete Hamill made it, and so did Stephen Spender, Russell Baker, Shel Silverstein, Calvin Klein, Dustin Hoffman, Vincent Price, and Kurt Vonnegut Jr., plus representatives from *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The New Yorker*, the New York *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, Andy Warhol's *Interview*, *Travel & Leisure*, *GQ*, and the *Village Voice*. Even from *New York* Magazine

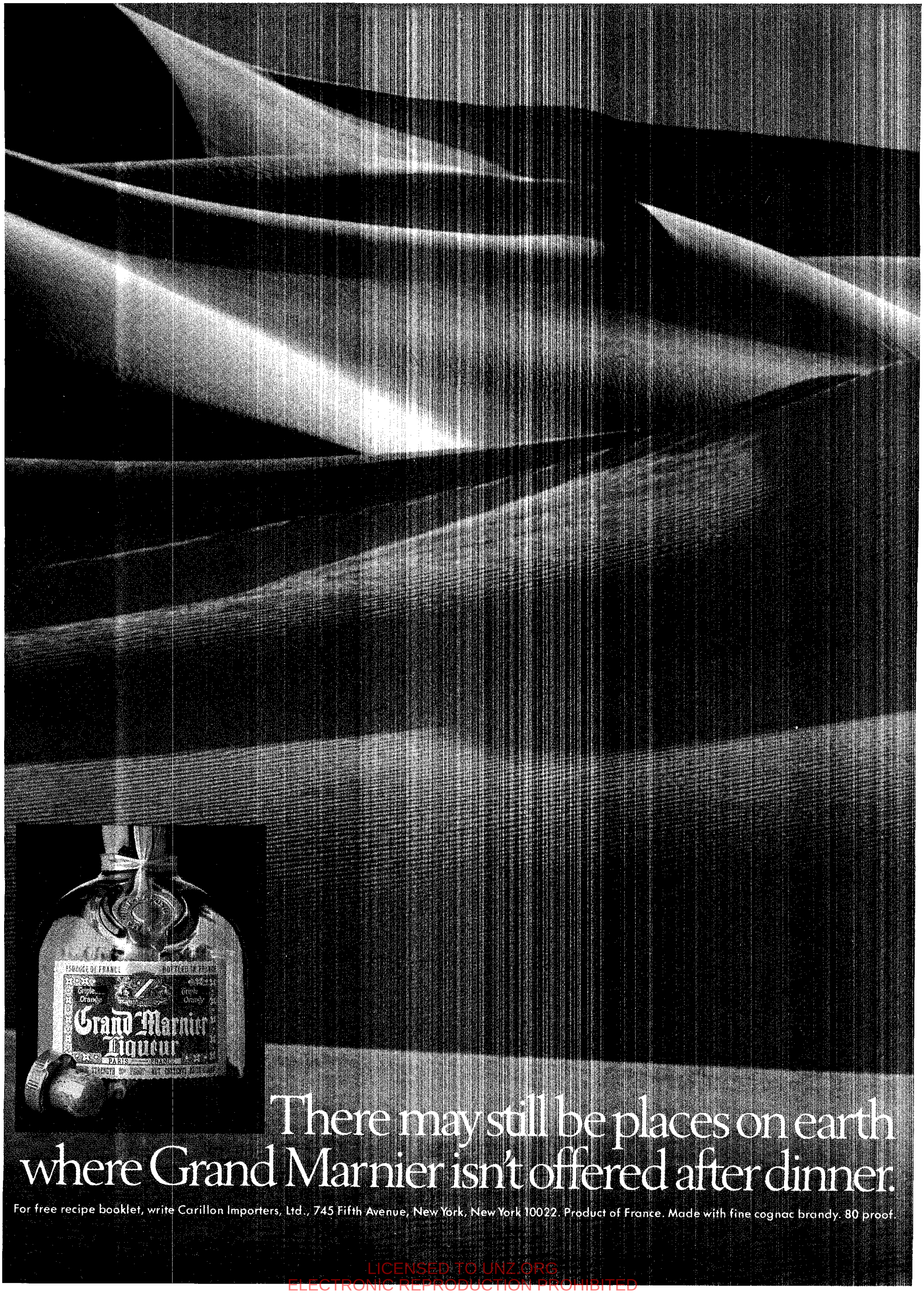
Tennessee Williams owns a pretty gingerbread house on Duncan Street; other householders include top-honcho decorator Angelo Donghia, John Hersey, James Leo Herlihy, and invisible writer Ralph Ellison. Richard Rovere writes his Washington column for *The New Yorker* from Key West (a neat trick), while husband-and-wife writers Bill Manville and Nancy Friday have just bought in. Gay Talese is writing his long-awaited sex book there. Jill Robinson (*Bed/Time/Story*), James Kirkwood (*P.S. Your Cat Is Dead*), Thomas McGuane (*Ninety-two in the Shade*), and Philip Caputo (*A Rumor of War*) are all on hand.

And the switchboard of the Pier House (the chic place to stay or, if you're a resident, to drink) is jammed with calls from frantic New York agents trying to get through to wayward clients who, while pretending to be hunched over their typewriters or sketchpads, are really gossiping about commissions and royalties. This sprawling motel-inn on Mallory Square, the Old Town's active center, is innkeeper David Wolkowsky's permanent floating salon for decorators and the literati, though not long ago Wolkowsky threw up his hands over the whole thing and sold the inn to an action-loving young couple. He plans to move down Duval Street to the deserted Kress dime store, which will be revamped along the lines of our own Empire Diner.

Not that Key West is hurting for places to eat—when *le tout New York* moves in on a place, it demands good grub. It doesn't mind paying the price, either, which is why you'd better take plenty of money when you go. I don't see why anyone would ever, even in a lifetime, want to eat anything but the absolutely terrific pompano, grouper, jewfish (sea bass), shrimp, stone crab, and Florida lobster that swim all around the island and practically onto your plate, but there are several kinds of places where you can eat them.

You can eat them, for instance, at a "raw bar," or clam house, a no-frills beer joint with chowder, shellfish, and fish sandwiches at no-frills prices. A fine one is the Half Shell Raw Bar, on the gulf side of the island, jammed right up against the smelly, picturesque shrimp boats and protected by a big muddy vacant lot where the trucks come in to haul away the catch. Various semi-touristy saloons around Duval Street all serve fish along with the pizza and burgers, and fish is the staple of the "family" menu at the A & B Lobster House or Logun's, as well as at the classier Pier House.

You can get more fish in several quaintly named spots. One is the Rose Tattoo. The prettiest of all (though all are pretty) is the Pigeon House Patio & Old Island Trading Post, an old "conch" (native) bungalow lovingly restored to look like the stage set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> "...This town is so small that watching the sun set is the evening's main event..."

of a Williams play. Eat on the porch, weather permitting.

Or you can get fancy at places where the lobster is called *langouste*—at the Monster, for instance, a wooden palace near Mallory Square which also features an indoor-outdoor bar and a discotheque. Though the name and the ambience are momentarily startling—adorably perky waiters sashay around in the skimpiest T-shirts and short-shorts you ever saw—the food is very good indeed. Across the street, upstairs at Chez Emile, another pretty place, glittering with polished wood and mirrors, the food is also good, and the wine list is the best in town.

It's lucky that the food is good and you're bound to run into people you know, because unless you're a fisherman there's not a hell of a lot to do in Key West except eat and drink and talk. There are few beaches; the palm trees nod right down to the pebbly shores, which are mostly private property anyway. This winter, the weather was terrible too, the mercury dropping to a chilly 48 degrees. The aquarium is pathetic, the kraals of the giant turtles are depressing, and the stores sell the same horrible hippie merchandise and Taiwan touristiana that now accrue to all places which once were charming. If you've seen *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*, you can't even go to the movies, as that's the town's permanent double bill.

Walking around is one thing to do. Architecture is gingerbready in the Old Town (you could describe the place as a mixture of Sag Harbor quaint, Montauk fishing, and Hamptons chic, with hippies thrown in). One worth-it walk: the mapped-out Pelican Path tour of the best houses. You can also visit John James Audubon's and Ernest Hemingway's houses.

The Conch Tour Train, which introduces you to the whole island, is not a ripoff. Look for bearded driver "Joe J.," who, in a deep Johnny Cash voice, has made a sort of talking-blues spiel of the history of the island and how it survived for a long time on piracy and "wreckage" before turning to smuggling, cigar-making, and the bilking of writers, presidents, and tourists. This guy could work up to a little refrain and get himself a hit like "Alice's Restaurant." Just listen as your toy choo-choo whuffles past the Southern White House in the recently abandoned navy yard (an impressive and evocative sight) and past the Margaret Truman Launderette, the trailer camps, the clumps of outdoor hucksters, the motels which haven't quite the cachet of the Pier House, the various botanical sights. This town is so small (four square miles) that each tree is greeted as a tourist attraction.

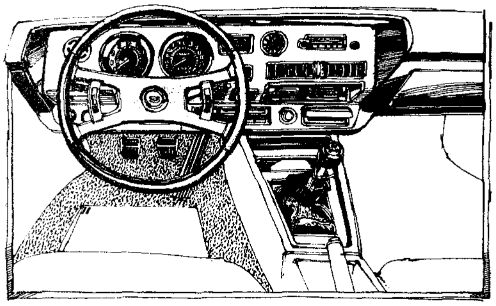
At 6:13 P.M. (or whenever), the town's entire population, native and visiting, piles into Mallory Square on the island's northwestern coast to gaze at the sunset. Watching the sun dip into the Gulf of Mexico really is the big event each evening. Hippies provide guitar accompaniment and sweet-smelling smoke.

A short tour of the Old Town nightspots is a lesson in anthropological territorialism, made more poignant and charming by the tininess of the island. First you peek in the Bull & Whistle, where the hippies hang out more or less listening to Wendy Sheridan and her Easy Come Band (uh-huh). Then you drop in at Captain Tony's, which was once Hemingway's favorite saloon. It's corny, yes, but also a real bar with real old-timers and, occasionally, some real old-time dixieland music. You pass up Sloppy Joe's—too many tourists. Then you hike over to the Half Shell, where the young neo-red-neck shrimpers with their plaid shirts and long hair and big mustaches and rubber boots are whompin' and stompin' to the very loud sounds of the Big Coppitt Cowboy Band while the barmaids, bursting out of "Eat It Raw" T-shirts, wriggle through the guffawing crowd.

Next you head back to Duval Street to the Monster, where, at the disco, with its revolving mirrored ball, if you dance you dance. If you don't dance, there's plenty to watch, including those cute little bottoms, revolving just like the mirrors. When you've had your fill of effete decadence, you can head back to the Pier House, tiptoeing past your friends, who are still being entertained by David Wolkowsky, et al.

So we come back to *the* question: Why, with all the islands to choose from, is Key West the chosen spot?

Sentiment might have started it—pilgrims in search of Hemingway and Lauren Bacall, or romantics looking for the last lonely island in America. But by now, the attraction for New Yorkers is clearly . . . New Yorkers. Given the choice between mingling with the outside world and with each other, we almost invariably opt for each other. ■



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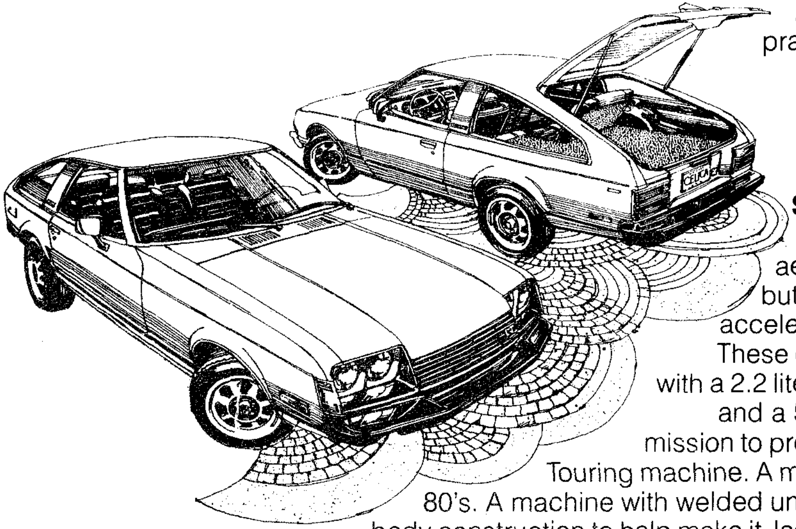
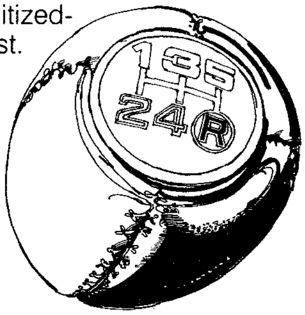
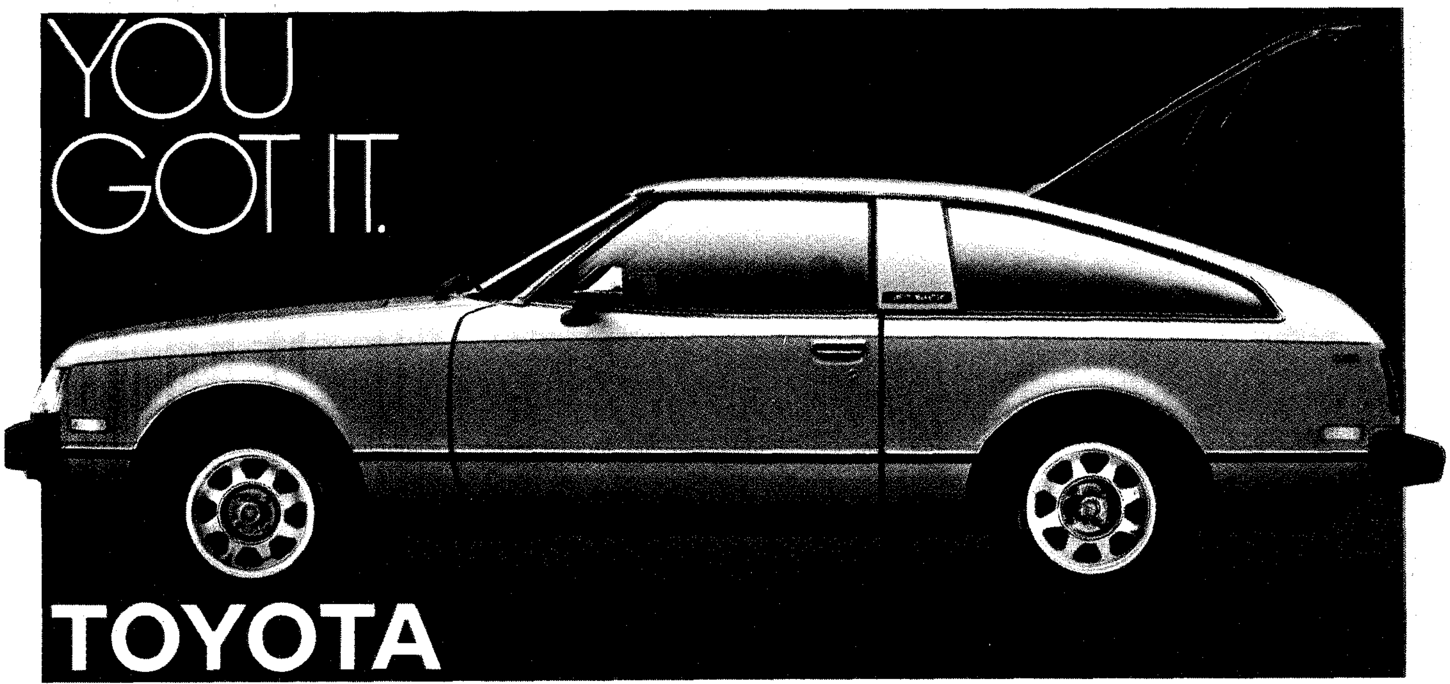


Style and engineering. The 1978 Celica's new aerodynamic body contributes to increased stability, acceleration and interior room. These characteristics combine with a 2.2 liter overhead cam engine and a 5-speed overdrive transmission to produce a beautiful Grand Touring machine. A machine designed for the 80's. A machine with welded unitized-body construction to help make it last.

The Celica. Three models—the ST and GT Sport Coupes and the GT Liftback (pictured).



Toyota quality is a line of cars. If a Celica is not what you had in mind, one of the 26 other Toyota models probably is. Many with Celica features, like 5-speed overdrive transmissions. All built Toyota tough. If you can find a better built small car or truck than a Toyota...buy it.



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The Urban Strategist/Deborah Haber

A GOOD NAN IS HARD TO FIND

"...The best, if not the budget, route to domestic bliss lies with employment agencies that specialize in baby-tending help..."

Having a baby is a cinch. Finding someone to take care of him when you can't is the really tough part.

Strict immigration laws, the lure of more glamorous jobs, the retirement from the nanny field of pram-set pros make the reliable kiddie custodian as rare as a Bugatti Royale. The cost is about the same. So desperate is the child-care situation that one popular baby nurse had a mother plead, "Please, tell me when you will be free. I want to know when I should get pregnant."

Methods for finding the *crème de la* crib range from placing ads in newspapers to Central Park nanny-napping. But the best, if not the budget, route to domestic bliss lies with the employment agencies that specialize in competent, pre-screened, baby-tending help. For a fee—about 18 percent of the first month's salary—these agencies play Dolly Levi to staff and family, arranging happy "marriages" that last from a week to a lifetime.

All agencies are by no means equal. While New York City law insists that agencies get two written or oral references from their applicants, some are notoriously careless when it comes to checking them out. One agency owner, not listed here, simply shunts young and usually inexperienced girls from Port Authority to scullery, certain only that her nominees are breathing. Some agencies insist that you needn't interview applicants because they already have. Any agency claiming that should be dismissed out of hand. *Never hire anyone without a personal interview and a thorough checkout of the candidate's references.*

Choosing your Mary Poppins will be easier if you get the specifics straight up front. What kind of help do you need? Nine-to-five or live-in? How many siblings will she also care for? What will her exact responsibilities be? How much can you pay? What days do you need her? Will she travel with the family? Where? Go into the minutiae: social security, vacations, days off. Nannies and mommies who spring surprises are doomed to brief encounters of the worst kind.

THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE/STEPHANIE MARCUS

Telephone former employers for performance details. Why did she leave? How much was she paid? Did the children love her? Was she honest? Neat? Dependable? Sober? Was she left with the kids for long periods of time while the parents were away? Are there stretches of time in her résumé that are unaccounted for? Check them out. One mother discovered that the six-month blank space in her silver-haired nursemaid's datebook was for drying out.

Try to arrange to interview your understudy-to-be when the youngsters are awake. Watch how she relates to them. Be guided by your instincts. They are almost always right.

Once you've found her, keeping her will be easier if you both remember to be flexible. Perks like color TV are less important than a considerate and appreciative family. One editor keeps her "annuity" by remembering what she dubs the "nanny hate list." According to her, nannies love English prams, Indian Walk shoes, and working mothers...i.e., status and freedom. Nannies hate rainy days, housekeepers, and grandmothers . . . i.e., interference. Nurses don't ask for references from families (yet), but they exchange details of "good" and "bad" jobs with a zeal and accuracy that rival the KGB.

To get you started, the following is a selective listing of employment agencies that may help you find another hand to rock your cradle.

The **Fox Agency** (14 East 60th Street, 753-2686) may be as indispensable to the well-cared-for child as an afternoon nap. In business for 41 years, Mrs. Frances Fox provides live-in and live-out nurses to Manhattan's most pampered progeny. Her agency is exclusively devoted to child care, and she carries only the most experienced and highly recommended help.

Mrs. Fox's job is made increasingly difficult by governmental immigration policies that have cut off her supply of skilled foreign workers in recent years. Working and back-to-college mothers desperate for qualified help bombard the Fox Agency in the ratio of 100 requests per single skilled live-in nanny. Still, she'll help you if she can.

"Newborn" nurses, impeccably trained in around-the-clock supervision of recent arrivals, are a more readily available Fox specialty and cost $40 daily. Fox nurses for toddlers get from $150 to $200 per five-day week, depending on the number of children to be civilized. There's an agency fee of 18 percent of the first month's total wages for permanent work or 10 percent of each week's wages for up to eight weeks of temporary work.

To get your Fox nanny, telephone Monday through Thursday 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., or Friday 9 A.M. to 2 P.M.

Genial Mrs. Szilagyi (pronounced see-log-ee) heads up the excellent child-care section at **Park Avenue Home Employment Agency** (118 East 59th Street, PL 3-5950). Park Avenue nurses who specialize in the intricate care of newborn babies get $37 daily; nurses who take over babies at three months of age get $165 to $175 per five- to five-and-a-half-day live-in or live-out week; and nursemaids (less experienced than their peers but still dependable) fetch $150 and up weekly. For parents who can afford to pay $175 and more per week, Park Avenue supplies governesses who speak foreign languages, help older children with homework, and drive. Whatever kind of help you sign up, there's an agency fee of 10 percent per week for ten weeks or 18 percent of the first month's wages for employment that lasts longer. Mrs. Szilagyi can be called between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. Monday through Friday. Due to high nanny demand and low nanny supply, the sooner you call the better.

The **London Employment Agency, Inc.** (767 Lexington Avenue, 755-5064), owned by cheerful Britisher Jennifer Dobbs and her partner, Christine Ruckert, has established a sound reputation with child-care cognoscenti.

Don't let the agency name lull you into visions of stock-company British nannies; the help here is from all over the world, with housekeepers, nurses, and nursemaids for older youngsters on tap.

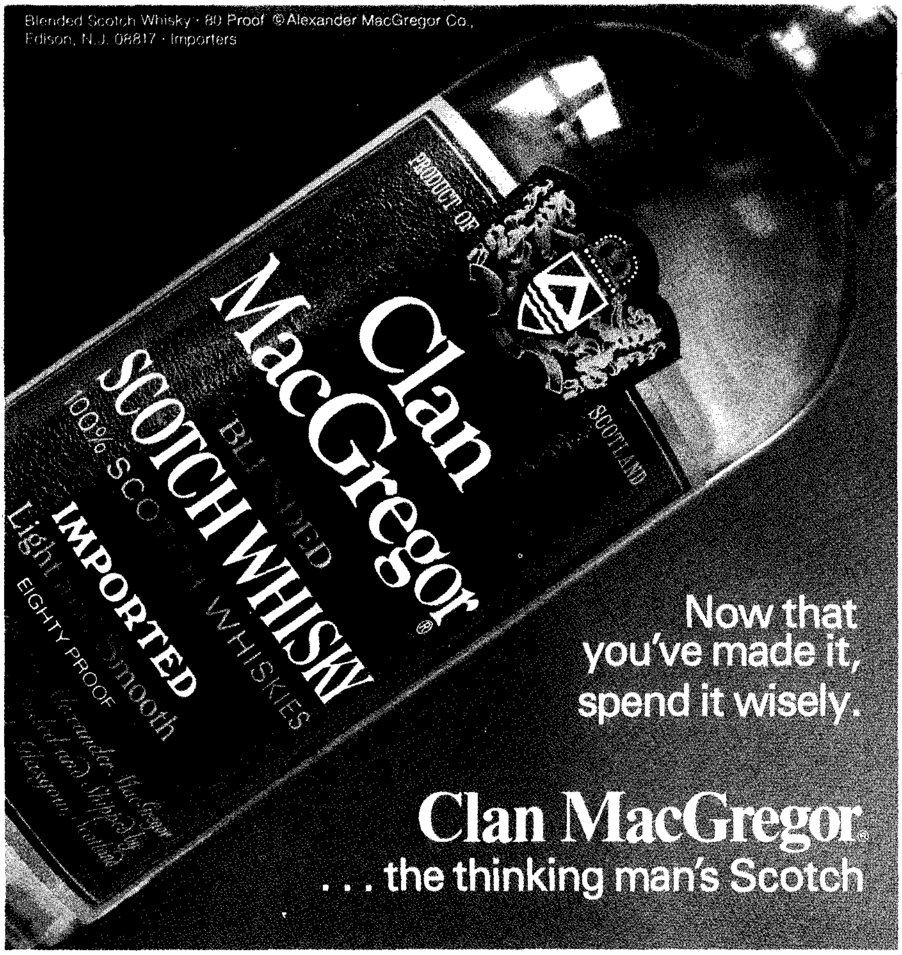
London nannies cost $175 and up for a five-day, sleep-in person; from $130 to $150 for the nursemaid who keeps an inexperienced eye on the children while doing light housekeeping; and between $150 and $165 for sleep-out nannies who work daytime hours. Housekeepers get the same rates as live-in help wherever they live.

Jennifer and Christine will help you with your help Monday through Friday from 9 A.M. till 5:30 P.M. They charge a fee of 18 percent of the first month's salary for live-in hirees, 14 percent of the first month's wages for full-time staff that live out, and 10 percent for temporaries.

Miss Walsh, proprietress of **Avalon Nurses Registry** (30 East 60th Street, 371-7222), says her registry is bulging with all types of nurses—"from cradle to grave." Those interested in the cradle types will pay from $150 to $175 weekly for permanent sleep-in nurses, $125 and up for nursemaids who assist at-home mothers with children and chores, and $35 per day for infant nurses who tend newborns. Avalon also offers retired nannies as baby-sitters for $3 an hour plus carfare.

The fee is 10 percent of the total pay for temporary jobs, 14 percent of the first month's salary for sleep-out permanent jobs, or 18 percent of the first month's salary for long-term, sleep-in assignments.

The agency promises to send a nurse anywhere in the world at any time. Frantic parents may telephone between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At the **Yale Registry for Nurses** (186 East 73rd Street, 288-0040), it's the nurse who pays the fee.

Still, it's not free. The rates are: $210 for a six-day week to care for one child; $220 for a six-day week for two children; $270 per six-day week to tend twins; and $35 by the day.

You can call the agency seven days a week from 7 A.M. till midnight.

The **Finnish Employment Agency** (954 Madison Avenue, 288-6562) is a haven for housekeepers, butlers, chauffeurs, and others of the domestic *haut monde*. The agency also furnishes infant nurses for between $35 and $40 a day; nursemaids who combine housework and child care for $150 and up per five-day, live-in week; and "mother's helpers" who support mom by keeping home and hoards clean for $125 a week and up. Trustworthy baby-sitters are available for $3 to $4 an hour, as are workers who'll do part-time child care several days a week at the same rates.

Employers pay an agency commission of 10 percent of the total salary for less than one month's work; 10 percent of a month's salary for less than six hours a day of permanent work; 12 percent of a month's salary for permanent work in excess of six hours a day part-time; and 15 percent of the first month's salary for full-time or live-in permanent positions.

Finnish is open Monday through Thursday from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M. and on Friday from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

Anne Andrews Employment Agency (538 Madison Avenue, PL 3-1244) has been the answer to many Manhattan families' summer child-care needs for 40 years. Mrs. Andrews supervises the employment of youngsters seeking vacation live-in jobs. Applicants must provide a detailed account of their qualifications as well as school and part-time-work references to get listed with the agency. Mothers register in person, describe their child-care needs, and, once registered, win the right to peruse applicant résumés and contact interesting prospects.

Sitters charge from $45 to $125 per week depending on their ages (thirteen and up, though many are college age) and child-care experience. The fee to the agency is 18 percent of the first month's salary or 10 percent of the total, whichever is less.

Do not telephone to register your needs. You must make an in-person visit to the tiny office to file. If you live outside New York, the agency will send you a card to fill out with your child-care needs. Office hours are 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays. Call ahead if you plan to visit during lunchtime.

If you don't have live-in help, you can still go out by calling one of the following. With the exception of the Part-Time Child Care, Inc. Agency, and Lend-a-Hand, Inc., none of them charge an agency fee.

Cornell Nursing School Babysitting Service (420 East 70th Street, 472-8393) provides student nurses as sitters to parents in the area. The Cornell turf extends from 50th through 90th streets east of Fifth Avenue. These students are highly dependable, but the school —like all of the schools listed here— assumes no responsibility for its volunteers. Though some have pediatric training, they cannot—and will not— treat youngsters for illness.

Your nurse-to-be gets $2.50 an hour plus cab fare home, and there's a three-hour minimum. You may book your Cornell baby-sitter between 4:30 and 6:30 P.M. Monday through Thursday. The service is very popular, so reserve early in the week for weekend help.

Murray Hill and Village parents cull sitters from **Skidmore College Department of Nursing** (325 East 38th Street, 686-9451, 9860, 9870, 9865). Though most Skidmore nursing students have child-care skills, the school's sitter service is informal, and Skidmore isn't liable for students sent. When a parent calls one of the four residence-dorm numbers listed above, the answering student either accepts the job, refers it to a friend, or posts it on the school bulletin board. The fee is $2 to $2.50 an hour plus cab fare.

Student sitters may be reached seven days a week after 3 P.M., except during school vacations, when Skidmore is studentless. A three-day lead time is advised.

Mothers who need long-term, live-out help should send a letter outlining their job specifics to Mrs. Michelle Marsico, assistant dean of students.

Parents who register with the **Barnard College Babysitting Service** (Career Services Department, 606 West 120th Street, 280-2035), listing family vital statistics, will get a Barnard student to mind their tykes. Sitters charge $2 an hour till 6 P.M., $1.75 per hour plus cab fare home after 6 P.M. Day or night, there's a $5 minimum.

Those who need daytime sitters on a regular basis list their needs in the Barnard "duty book." Interested students get in touch with parents and, once hired, get $2.50 an hour for child-care stints. Mother's helpers are also provided through duty-book listings. They exchange baby-sitting tasks twenty evening hours a week for full room and board. If light housekeeping or daytime sitting is required, it's full room and board for fifteen hours of

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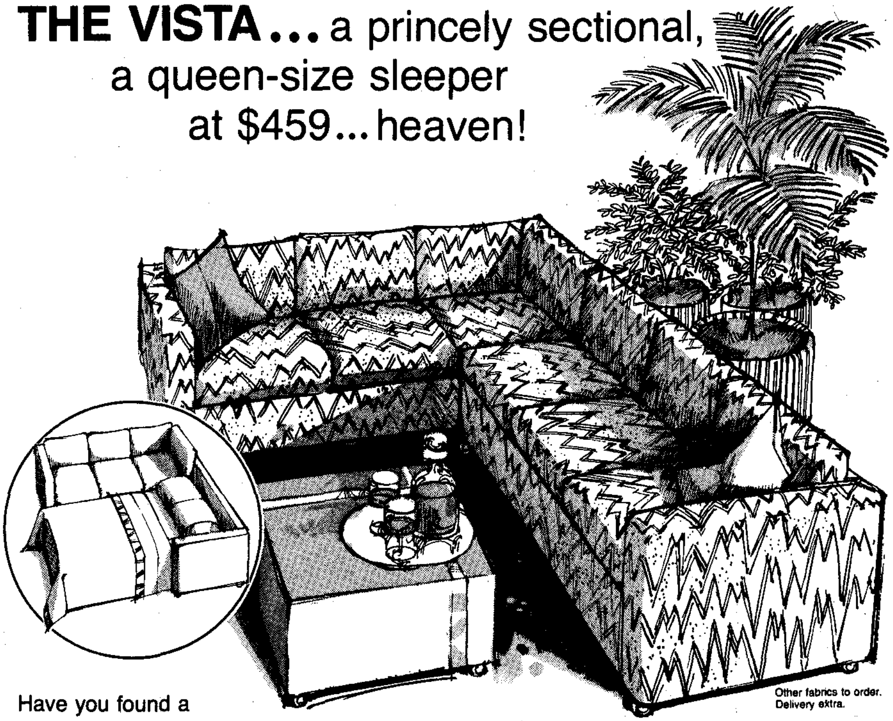

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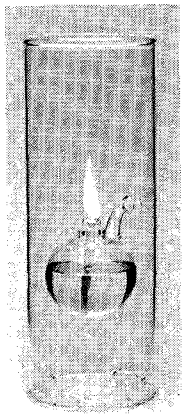

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Lehman College (Bedford Park Boulevard West, Bronx, 960-8446, 8381) will post steady child-care jobs on the student-employment announcement board. Fees and terms are decided by the parent and student. Student screening is up to the parent. Call the Career Counseling and Placement Center 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays at least a week ahead.

Long Island University (Brooklyn Center, University Plaza, Brooklyn, 834-6080). If you need regular long-term child-care help and can pay $2.50 an hour, LIU will list your requirements on its employment bulletin board. Disabled children get special attention here because of the students' excellent program for disabled college students. To get listed, call the Office of Career Planning 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays.

Part-Time Child Care, Inc. Agency (19 East 69th Street, 879-4343) offers pricey but pre-screened baby-sitting services. Day rates are $2.60 an hour for one child, $2.80 for two, $3 for three, plus bus fare and an agency commission of 12 percent. After 8 P.M. sitters get $2.50 an hour for up to three children, plus a $3 transportation charge. There's a 12 percent agency fee.

Part-Time Child Care also offers live-in nurses for newborns at $35 per 24-hour day and an agency commission of 15 percent, or part-time infant nurses for babies under three months at $3.20 an hour and a 12 percent fee.

Live-in governesses who'll mind the home front for traveling parents are available at $30 to $35 a day plus an agency commission of 15 percent. Part-Time Child Care books help weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Lend-a-Hand, Inc. (200 West 72nd Street, 362-8200), has a membership fee of $60 a year ($40 for six months or $10—applicable towards membership—for a one shot), which gives access to Donald Eggena's referral service. His staff of at-liberty actors and actresses is available for all sorts of household chores, not the least of them tot tending. Eggena vows that his sitters are all personally known to him and can be located at a "moment's notice." He also claims the most entertaining sitters in town. "They've had experience miming, doing puppet shows, dancing and singing on Broadway. What better way to keep a kid happy?" he asks. To keep your kid happy, Lend-a-Hand style costs $3 an hour for one-child baby-sitting, 50 cents per additional child per hour and $1 daytime bus fare or late-night cab fare. Kiddie companions who guide their charges through museums, zoos, and the like get $4 an hour, and those who'll *au pair* for a few weeks in the country get $150 a week plus room and board. Eggena claims even *enfants terribles* are accommodated if you call Lend-a-Hand weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. or Saturdays 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.

The Parents League of New York, Inc. (115 East 82nd Street, 737-7385), is a nonprofit service organization for the parents of children enrolled in New York City's 86 private schools. For a $14 yearly membership fee, parents, whether their children are publicly or privately educated, may join in the league's impressive roster of activities. These include the use of the League library, a young-people's film series, and a baby-sitting and young-helper service. Private-school children sign up here for after-school tutoring, baby-sitting, and errand-running chores for League parents who live in their neighborhoods. The fee is worked out between parent and baby-sitter and usually runs from $1.25 an hour and up. Once registered, parents in search of sitters must make an in-person visit to League headquarters to sign a waiver and pick out baby-sitting candidates' names. The Parents League is open from September through June, 9:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. Monday through Thursday, and on Fridays till 12:30 P.M.

If you haven't got a grandmom to sit for you, you can rent one from the **Lenox Hill Senior Citizens Service Center** (343 East 70th Street, 744-5905). Lenox Hill senior citizens are eager to relieve pooped parents on light baby-sitting assignments in the neighborhood. L.H. seniors get at least $3 an hour, don't do physically demanding tasks, and may be reached at the Center Monday through Friday 9:30 A.M. to 4 P.M., and Saturday 1 to 4 P.M. ■

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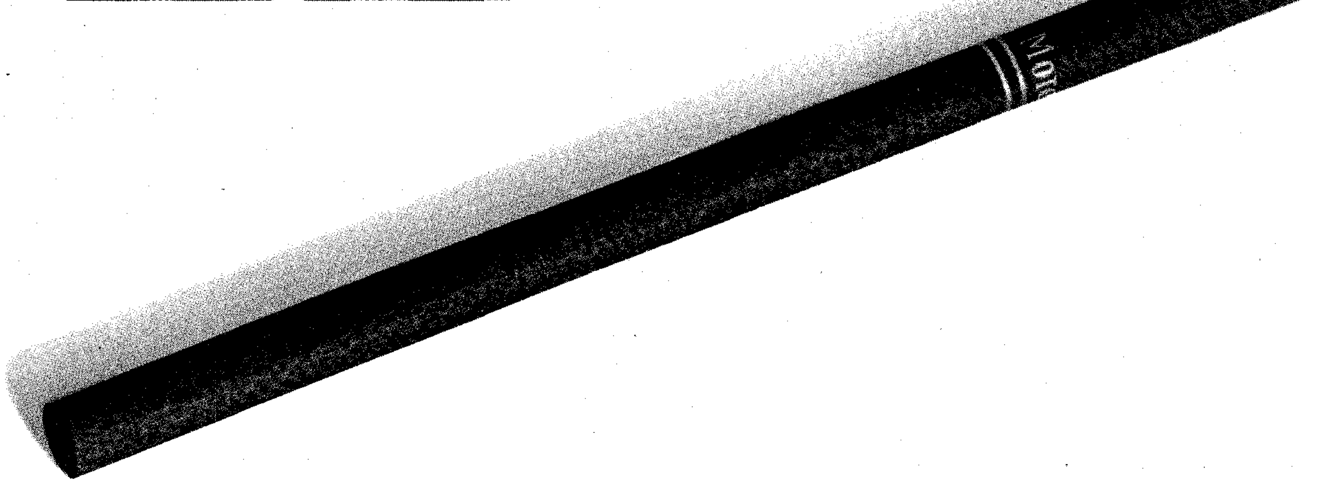

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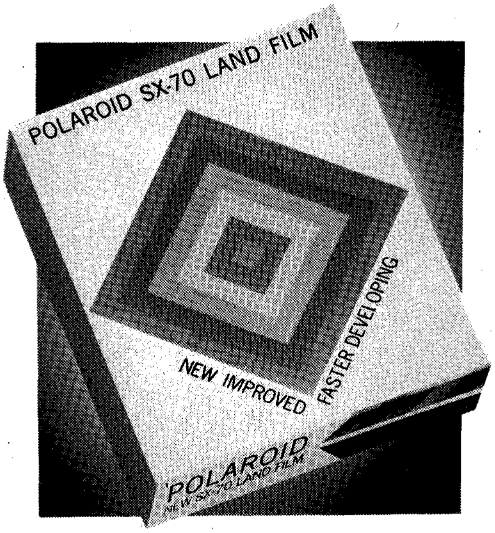

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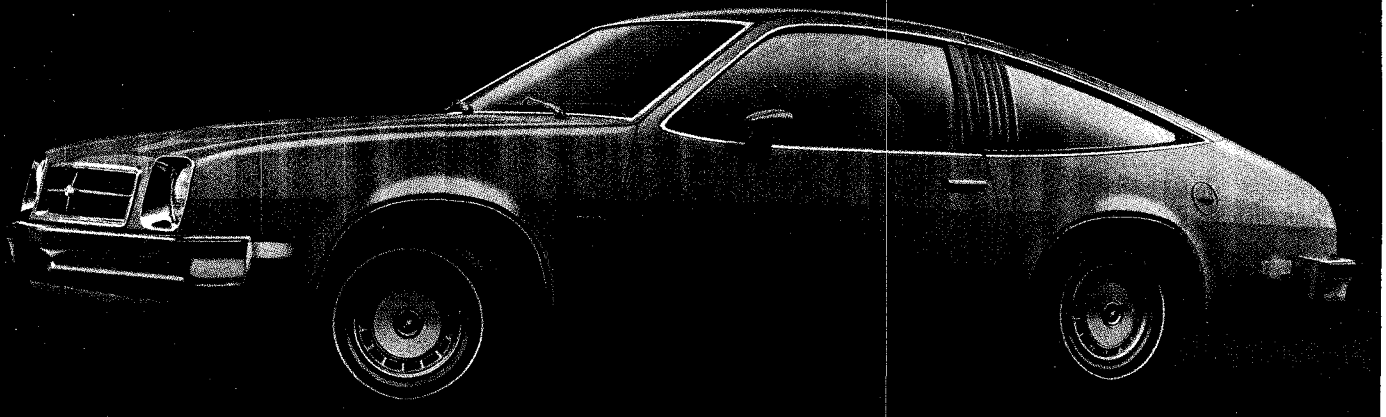

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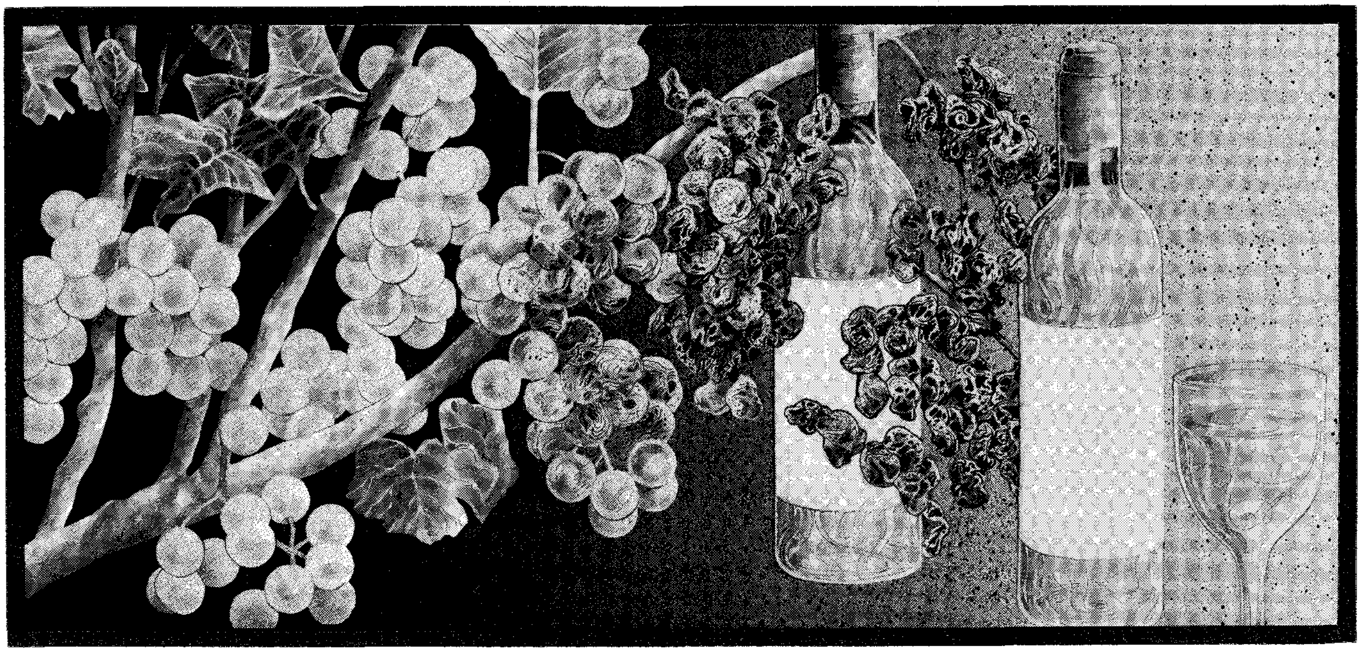
OVERRIPE AND UNDERRATED

"...Sauternes is not just sweet. At its best, it also displays an intense and distinct bouquet and a rich, concentrated taste..."



On my first visit to the vineyards of Sauternes, when the cellar master at one château offered me a glass of his 1962 vintage out of the barrel, I murmured the usual compliment about how good the wine would taste with dessert.

"With dessert?" he cried. "This would be wonderful with pâté, with fish, with chicken. And with Roquefort it's superb." At the time I assumed this was the obligatory enthusiasm of someone who was forced to make the most of what he had to sell—a sweet white wine whose market was diminishing year by year. I've since come to realize that Sauternes and Barsac are more versatile than most wine drinkers imagine. On a recent visit to this region, which is situated about 25 miles southeast of the city of Bordeaux, I dined with the proprietor of a small estate who had chilled two or three vintages of his wine. Two bottles of red wine, already decanted, were on the sideboard, but as we happily made our way through a menu of foie gras, grilled shad, poached chicken, Roquefort, and strawberries, we continued with one glass of Sauternes after another. "I didn't plan to impose an all-Sauternes dinner on you," my host explained, nodding toward the red wines, "but as you see, we've managed to drink Sauternes with every dish without difficulty."

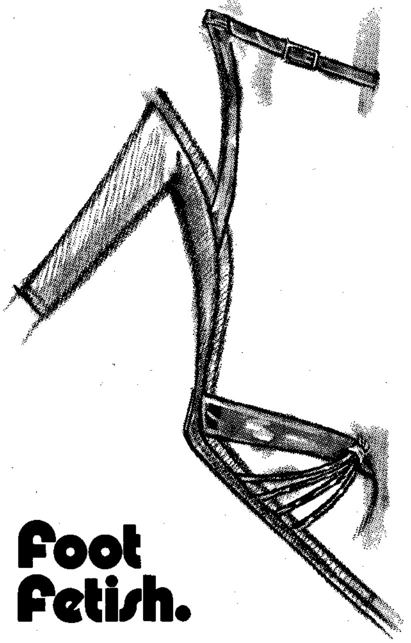
I'm not about to propose Sauternes-with-everything to my friends. Yet I've discovered that, although few hosts or hostesses think of serving a sweet wine, when a glass is offered at the end of a meal most people do seem to enjoy the experience, partly for its novelty, perhaps, but primarily for its direct appeal. I've also experimented with serving elegant, lighter-bodied examples of Sauternes or Barsac as an aperitif, and more often than not, my guests ask for a second glass.

The trick to enjoying Sauternes, I think, is to be prepared for its taste. It is not just sweet. At its best, it also displays an intense and distinct bouquet and a rich, concentrated taste found in few other wines. Sauternes is *always* sweet, incidentally. If a proprietor in Sauternes chooses to make a dry white wine, as some of them do to supplement their income, that wine can be sold only as "Bordeaux Blanc."

A distinction should be drawn between the wine described here and California or New York State "Sauterne" (usually spelled without the final "s"). The American versions are cheap, more or less sweet, white wines whose taste bears no resemblance to the wines produced in Bordeaux. Actually, Sauternes owes its unique taste to the rather special way it's made, and an awareness of how it's produced adds to one's appreciation of it.

When the owners of vineyards producing red wines or dry white wines are already picking their grapes, the critical time has just begun for those who make Sauternes and Barsac. (Barsac is an inner district within the Sauternes region whose wines may be sold as either "Barsac" or "Sauternes." Most producers choose "Barsac.") The proprietors must wait for their grapes—primarily Sémillon with some Sauvignon Blanc—to be affected by a beneficial mold called *pourriture noble,* or noble rot. The morning fog that rises from the Ciron River, which separates Barsac from the rest of the Sauternes region, provides the moisture necessary for the noble rot to appear. As the grapes become covered with the unattractive white mold *Botrytis cinerea,* they gradually shrivel up. And as water evaporates from the grape pulp, there is an increased concentration of sugar and flavor elements in the remaining juice. When the grapes are pressed and the rich juice is fermented, not all of

Illustrated by Paul Richer



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the sugar is transformed into alcohol. The resulting wine is rich and sweet.

Although Sauternes can be made only when the right combination occurs—ripe grapes, alternating humidity and sunshine, and the absence of rain or frost in the fall—the finest Sauternes require even more care and risk. The vineyards must be harvested carefully so that only the fully botrytised, or "rotted," grapes are picked, and the rest are left to continue their transformation by the noble rot. This means not just one picking but several. It also means leaving part of the crop on the vines until late October or mid-November, in the hope that all the grapes will by then have been fully affected by the noble rot. Waiting those extra weeks involves risk, and sending harvesters through a vineyard six or eight times is expensive. In practice, much of the Sauternes region is harvested in only two or three pickings during late September or early October. As a result many wines produced in Sauternes are not much more than agreeable sweet white wines that lack the intensity and concentration of the best Sauternes. Most important, they lack the distinctive botrytised taste, complex and honeyed, that distinguishes the finest wines, made from shriveled and rotted grapes, from those that are made primarily from ripe grapes only partly affected by botrytis. Most of the wines from this region are blended and bottled by Bordeaux firms and sold as "Sauternes" or "Barsac" (or as "Haut-Sauternes" or "Haut-Barsac," meaningless terms with no legal definition whatsoever). My experience suggests that these regional bottlings almost invariably lack the character for which these wines are famous. Most are comparatively thin and weak sweet wines, and are likely to disappoint those who try them hoping to discover the qualities that make Sauternes unique. The finest Sauternes and Barsacs available here are château-bottled wines from less than a dozen properties. Considering that most shippers' brands cost $4.50 to $6.50 and that many of the château-bottled wines cost $5 to $7 today, the latter represent considerable value.

The Best Vintages

When buying Sauternes, it's important to remember that vintages in Sauternes vary from those for red Bordeaux. For example, 1962 was a better year for Sauternes than 1961, and 1967 was much better than 1966, exactly the reverse of the great red wines of Bordeaux. Since 1967, the finest years for Sauternes appear to be 1975 and, perhaps even better, 1976. Of the interven-

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ing years, 1970 and 1971 are the best, and both are widely available today. The 1973 vintage produced lighter wines in Sauternes, although there are some elegant bottles to be found. With an exception or two, the 1972s are disappointing, and there are even fewer examples available of 1974. In fact, a few châteaux did not bottle any wines in 1972 or 1974.

Whereas most dry white wines are meant to be consumed within two or three years of the vintage, the finest sweet wines actually need four or five years for their qualities to emerge. It's only with bottle age that their initial richness and sweetness evolve into a more interesting complexity and that they acquire depth of flavor. Although 1967s are becoming hard to find, and 1962s and 1959s even scarcer, such wines can be superb, and the deep gold color that would indicate oxidation in a dry white wine need not discourage you when buying old Sauternes.

The most famous of all Sauternes, and one of the most famous wines in the world, is Château d'Yquem, which costs $20 to $35 a bottle in recent vintages. There's no question that the quality is outstanding, and in several blind tastings of recent vintages Yquem consistently came out best. The 1967 and 1970 vintages are especially fine. Although the price of Yquem may be justified by the excellence of the wine, and by the proprietor's severe standards (in 1964 his pickers went through the vineyard eleven times, yet he eventually decided not to bottle any wine from this vintage), it's encouraging to know that those who enjoy Sauternes can buy very good examples for $5 to $10, many of them for less than $7. Prices for château-bottled Sauternes and Barsac, as for red Bordeaux châteaux, vary from store to store.

Among the wines I've particularly enjoyed are the Sigalas-Rabaud 1973 and the richer 1971; the 1971 Rieussec and the light but appealing 1972, one of the few wines of this vintage worth buying; the 1973 and 1971 Rayne-Vigneau; the rich 1970 Guiraud; and the evolved 1970 Suduiraut. Attractive, stylish, but lighter-bodied wines include the 1970 and even finer 1971 Coutet; the light but appealing 1970, 1971, and 1973 Climens; 1973 Nairac; 1973 de Malle; and 1971 Broustet. (Two widely distributed wines that I have found disappointing in several vintages are La Tour Blanche and Voigny.)

Most stores have a limited selection of these wines. Two exceptions are 67 Wines and Spirits, 179 Columbus Avenue at 68th Street, and Quality House, 2 Park Avenue at 33rd Street. Park Avenue Liquors, 292 Madison Avenue

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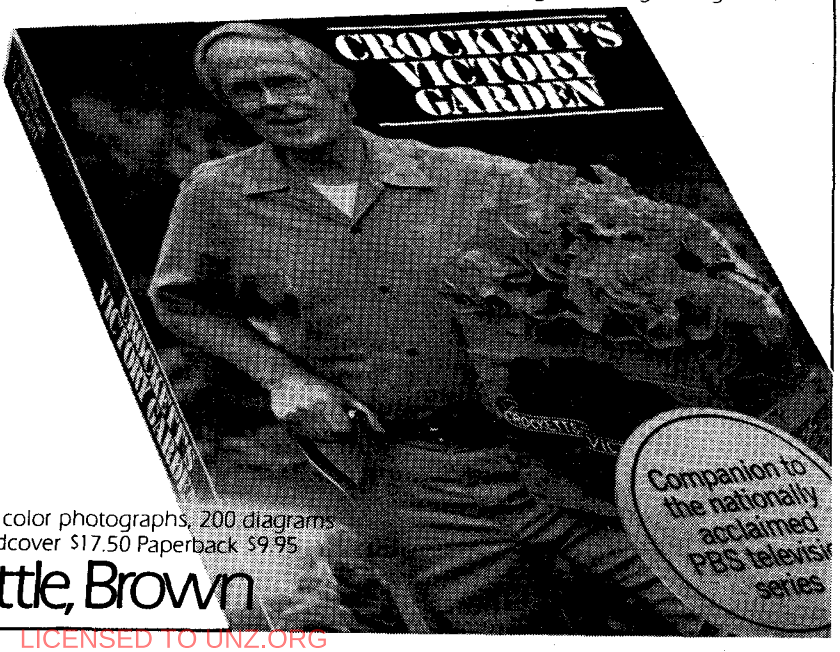
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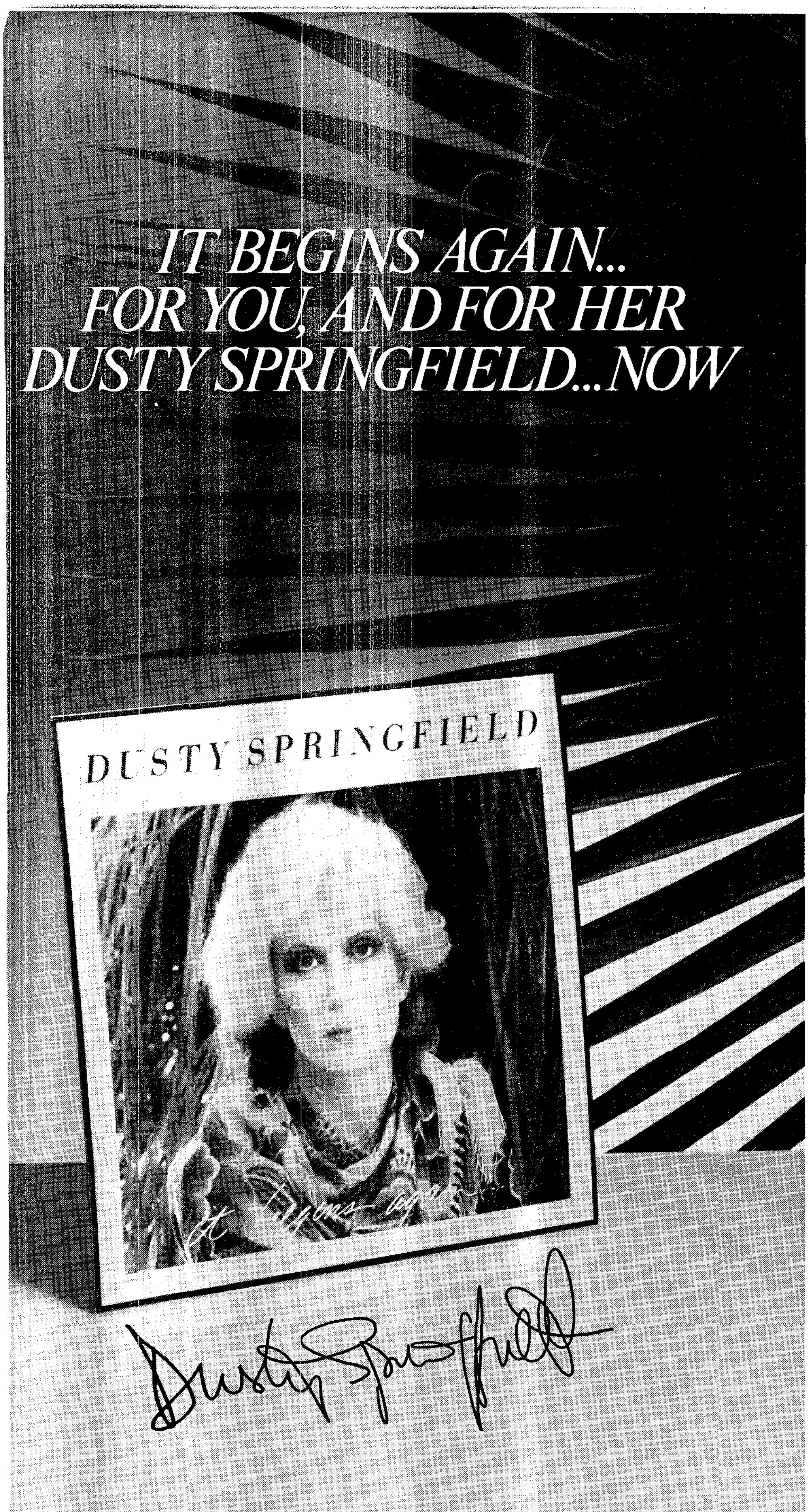

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Produced by Roy Thomas Baker on United Artists Records and Tapes

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at 41st Street, has fewer recent vintages, but an extensive selection of older wines, including Coutet 1962 ($25), Guiraud 1959 ($25), and Yquem 1928 ($135).

Serving Sauternes

Once you've selected a bottle or two, you're still faced with the problem of when to serve it. It's traditional to serve sweet wines with dessert, but I think it's actually a mistake, and more than one proprietor in Sauternes told me that this so-called "dessert wine" goes well with everything *but* dessert. The sweetness of most desserts actually overwhelms the wine and makes it taste drier than it is. Cream-filled pastries, for example, go poorly with it, and chocolate desserts are worst of all. You might consider serving a glass of Sauternes *instead* of dessert, or accompanied by an assortment of plain cookies. Actually, the cellar master was right—Roquefort is one of the very best accompaniments to Sauternes and Barsac, since it provides an excellent contrast to the richness of the wine and brings out its qualities instead of smothering them. You can also experiment with the lighter wines as an aperitif—if you don't care for the idea, you can simply replace the bottle in the refrigerator and serve it again at the end of the meal. Actually, an ideal combination is Sauternes and foie gras, served at the beginning of the evening.

One of the advantages of Sauternes is that even those who enjoy it most are often satisfied with a glass. At the end of a meal, a bottle will serve six or eight, and a half bottle may be enough for two or three people.

Sauternes and Barsac, which account for about 1 percent of all the wines made in Bordeaux, may be the only classic wines in the world that are still undervalued. When you consider that Sauternes is made in an expensive and risky way, that some vintages are complete failures and cannot be bottled, and that because the wines are made from shriveled grapes an acre of vines can produce only 80 cases or so (a third of what is often produced in the Médoc or Saint-Emilion), then the price of these unique sweet wines is surely not high. We have two good vintages to look forward to with the 1975s and the 1976s, and there is already some indication that these wines may cost $10 to $12 a bottle when they arrive. That's still not expensive for what they are, but why not try a selection of 1970, 1971, and 1973 wines now, and decide for yourself whether or not they deserve a permanent corner in your wine collection? ▬

Jazz / Gary Giddins

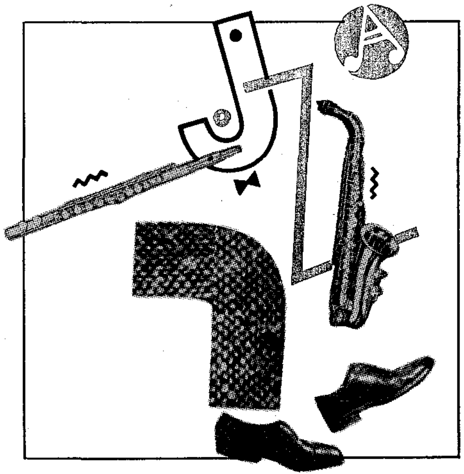
ONE'S A CROWD

"... Hemphill regards music as autobiography, so it is no surprise to find an abundance of personal reflections in his recordings ..."

Julius Hemphill, a graduate of St. Louis's Black Artists Group (BAG)—an inner-city arts cooperative of the late sixties that emphasized the alignment of theater and music—is on the verge of becoming a one-man musical theater. Spurred by the limitations of the solo horn recital, he has developed an alter ego named Roi Boyé, a variety of expressive horn techniques, a zonked-out vocal delivery, caricatural costumes, an expedient use of *musique concrète,* and an overall concept he calls the audiodrama. His most ambitious work can be heard on two recently released double albums, *Blue Boyé* (Mbari 1000X) and *Roi Boyé & the Gotham Minstrels* (Sackville 3014/15).

The trend towards solo recitals reflects, among other things, economic pressures and the increasing atomization of the new jazz. For even while the music is enlivened by musicians who work together in ephemeral combinations, approximating the spirit of the jam session, it is debilitated by the paucity of stable groups. This makes it difficult, if not impossible, for one musician to corral others into the rehearsal and playing time necessary for mastering difficult pieces, let alone an ensemble sound. As perfected by Roscoe Mitchell or Anthony Braxton, the solo concert is intensely minimalist and laden with ideas. Hemphill, however, prefers a richer harmonic palette, replete with programmatic images; in the absence of a band, he accomplishes this by taping as many as three solo tracks as a setting for fresh improvisations. The discrete Hemphills often make beautiful music together, but a nagging question remains: Wouldn't the interplay be more effective still if supplied by other kindred souls?

Hemphill regards music as autobiography, so it is no surprise to find an abundance of personal and musical reflections in his Boyé recordings. The eight selections on *Blue Boyé* evoke his years in the Southwest (he's a native of Texas) and the Midwest, usually with a lively, uncerebrated charm. From the opening dissonance of "Countryside," where one bright melody turns on a sixth and a congruent phrase darkly moves in another direction, one knows that Hemphill is after more than contrapuntal duets with himself. The instrumental phrases and intonations, though complementary, are as detached as if played by two musicians. "OK Rubberband" and the less engaging "Homeboy tootin' at the Dog/Star" suggest good-time chanting with a rural flavoring—on the former, two altos prancing around the flute and thigh-slapping at center stage. Other musical references are at the heart of "Hotend," a blues shaped by feeling rather than form with its Jekyll-Hyde tension between a vibrant alto lead and a wounded, menacing second alto; "C.M.E.," a mesmerizing field cry; and the celebrational "Kansas City Line," which evokes the sound, rhythms, and melodies of Charlie Parker without a single direct quote. Alto is Hemphill's strongest instrument by far, and he can capture both Parker's blues tonality and Ornette Coleman's swooping glissandos.



By contrast, *Roi Boyé & the Gotham Minstrels* is Hemphill's tenuous response to New York. Ninety minutes long, with seven untitled sections, it employs complex ensemble episodes, recordings of metropolitan sounds, spoken narrative, and four-part improvisations. Yet it flounders redundantly and the overall direction is inscrutable. On the album jacket, we see Hemphill in a gold lamé suit with black-velvet lapels, cuffs, and buttons, a rakishly angled white hat, shades, and a pearl earring. The clothing suggests Broadway boogie-woogie, but the actual musical landscape is bleak, hemmed in by such images as a subway zombie, plastic butterflies, an Eliotic dearth of water, and static bird chatter.

Blue Boyé embraces the environment, but the Gotham Minstrels are cynical and weary. There is no thigh-slapping here, precious little swing, and insufficiently developed thematic material to give focus to the very long improvisations. There is humor, of an exceedingly wry sort, and it springs, as do some of the instrumental figures, from the spoken lines. These are delivered in a finely-shaded deadpan with an effect slightly reminiscent of, but funnier than, Ornette Coleman's narrator in "We Now Interrupt for a Commercial." There are solos which, taken by themselves, are more satisfying than anything else Hemphill has recorded (the alto work on sides two and four especially), and polyphonic mediations for alto, flute, and soprano sax that unwind quite handsomely. In fact, there are rewarding episodes throughout. But the structural flabbiness and the recurring, stilted themes—stuffy and classical, faded and gossipy—gnaw at their vivacity without elaborating the vision.

The concept's difficulties were underscored at a recent performance by Hemphill and Oliver Lake, a fellow BAG member, at the superb Sunday afternoon concert series at Axis in Soho (463 West Broadway). Lake is an imposing saxophonist, but only on flute did he really challenge Hemphill, whose alto sound was staggering in its sanguine power. They performed originals and a traditional piece called "Twelve Gates." Perhaps the high point was Lake's "Sho-Full," another Kansas City–type line, which they stomped with implacable authority. The immediacy of the music, the give-and-take between the two, and particularly the unimpeded brilliance of Hemphill's alto, all tended to confirm my suspicion that the Gotham Minstrels, for all their ingenuity, are largely a tour de force. Hemphill doesn't need them; he merits a corporeal band. ■

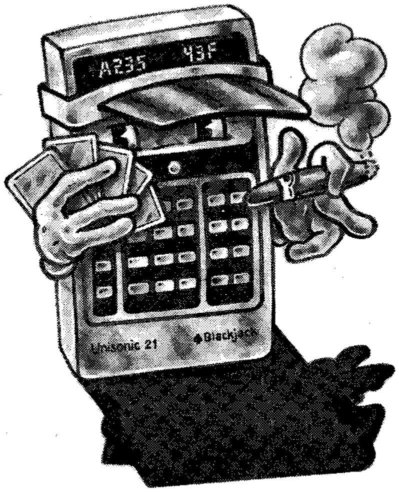
Illustrated by Jeanne Grundberg

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

TRACY GARNER



Best Bets

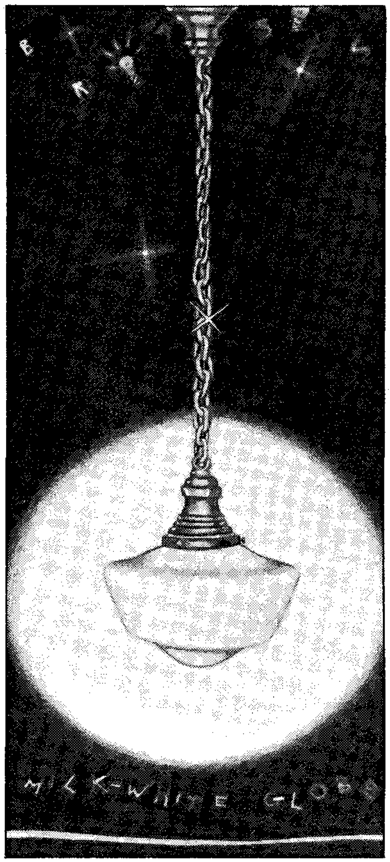
Until Atlantic City opens, there is this: the pocket computer/calculator with a built-in blackjack game. Be warned: It is addictive. Be further warned: Buy extra batteries.
UNISONIC 21/*Macy's, Alexander's, Korvettes/$49.95*

Al's Fair

When Al Sasson isn't on the premises, he's out shopping—out in Ecuador or Katmandu or Morocco. His is a bazaar existence. He buys, then sells, long harvest baskets ($19–$23), magnificent as window boxes; painted bark-cloth hangings ($20–$50); small silk-brocade drawstring purses ($2.50–$5); brightly striped ponchos ($30 and $60); slim sashes that wind around and around the waist ($5); Egyptian rugs ($160–$200); and fans—palm fans from China ($1), sandalwood from Indonesia ($3), goose-feather with horn handles from China ($3), straw from Sri Lanka ($3), and reed from Ecuador ($1.50). And so on.
PYRAMID/*143 Eighth Avenue, near 17th Street/989-3246*

RICHARD PAN

DAVE CALVER



City Lights

When the gaslight era ended in the corridors of the Municipal Building, these electric fixtures—with brass canopy, steel-plated chain, brass globe support, and twelve- or fourteen-inch-diameter milk-white glass globe—replaced them. Now these have been replaced by fluorescence and are for sale.
DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL SERVICES
Salvage Division/Room 2217/Municipal Building/1 Centre Street/For info: 566-4155/$20 (by check or money order only)

Beside the Point

A small group of French dancers—who do not consider themselves a ballet group because the ladies do not dance on point—makes its American debut this week in the vast, ornate halls of the Beacon. The guest artist will be that internationally famous *étoile* of the Paris Opéra Ballet, Michaël Denard, who partnered the nearly unpartnerable (only because of her height) Cynthia Gregory most successfully when he guested with the American Ballet Theatre. The program includes Béjart's *Firebird* (with the toe work flattened) and works by Cunningham, Lubovitch, and the company's artistic directors, Jacques Garnier and Brigitte Lefèvre, former dancers with the Paris.—**Ruth Gilbert**
LE THEATRE DU SILENCE/*March 21–26/Beacon Theatre*

Getting Your Irish Down

In the days when the New York Irish formed a great blue-collar wedge, working the docks and buildings, running the subways and buses, there was a joke among the blue bloods which surfaced every St. Patrick's Day, when the Irish took over Fifth Avenue.

"Do you know the definition of St. Patrick's Day?" one Wasp would inquire of another.

"Why, of course," the other would reply. "It is that day in March when Jews and Protestants line Fifth Avenue and watch 100,000 of their employees march by."

If you want to avoid grievous bodily harm over this long St. Patrick's Day weekend, avoid telling this joke where the Irish gather. Avoid also that special breed of hybrid Irish who can be observed wearing Japanese-made green ties with plastic shamrocks on them, drinking green beer, singing "Clancy Lowered the Boom," putting on the phony brogue, and shouting "Erin Go Bragh" at innocent passersby.

If you want to look at the real item, go up to P. J. Clarke's on Third and 55th and observe one **Frank Conefery,** who came to us with the compliments of County Leitrim. Conefery is a huge trunk of a man, ecclesiastical in appearance, irreverent in manner, quick of tongue, with a head of white hair that moves to the back of his enormous head in waves. He is, quite simply, the best barman in the City of New York, a monument to the grand old style of New York.

"At one time in Dublin the only place to get a drink on Paddy's Day was at the Royal Dublin Dog Show," Conefery remembers. "For one day in the year, it was as if the entire population of Dublin became dog fans. You should have seen it—dogs barking, judges judging, and the rest of the people drinking and singing. It was beautiful."

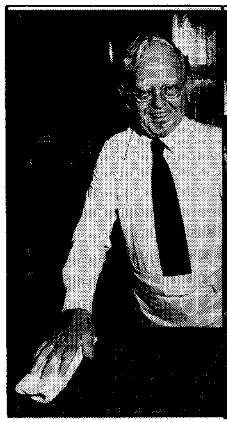
The unavailability of drink has never been a problem in New York on March 17. And there is no shortage of Irish bars. But bars, Irish or otherwise, are only as good as the barmen behind them. And barmen of an Irish persuasion, like the Irish themselves, are a fair people—they never speak well of one another. Let us examine them one at a time.

There's **Eddie O'Connell** over at Eamonn Doran's, at Second and 53rd, as gentle as he is big, a man possessed of a sense of humor that ambushes you. At Joe Ruane's Quiet Man Pub, at 40 West 45th Street, barman **Brian McAleese** comes equipped with a bittersweet Belfast accent and that town's black sense of humor. People from County Galway—affectionately known as "Stonethrowers"—can be found exchanging West-of-Ireland gossip with barman **Tom Griffin** at the Irish Pavilion, at 130 East 57th Street, where owners Rosaleen Fitzgibbon and Nuala Devlin are the providers of drink, food, and everything from Aran sweaters to Irish watercolors. There is a host of good Irish-owned bars near the parade route and among the best are the Green Derby, at 978 Second Avenue, near 52nd Street; Johnny Joyce's, at 948 Second Avenue, near 50th Street; Mary O's, at 324 East 57th Street; the John Barleycorn, at 209 East 45th Street; Flanagan's at 1215 First Avenue, near 66th Street; Glens of Antrim, 405 Third Avenue, near 28th Street; the Gloccamora, at 304 Third Avenue, near 23rd Street; the Abbey Tavern, at 354 Third Avenue, near 26th Street; Wilde's Irish Ale and Chop House at 70 East 56th Street; the legendary Costello's, at 225 East 44th Street; the Crock of Gold, at 865 Second Avenue, near 46th Street; and Molly Malone's, at 287 Third Avenue, near 23rd Street.

If you are in the Village, descend into the Lion's Head, at 59 Christopher Street, where **Mike Reardon** and **Tommy Butler** are the resident Irish-American barmen. The place even has an Irish chef, Mike O'Neil, who is proving nightly that the Irish can cook a roast beef rare. A few blocks north, at 105 West 13th Street, there is the Bells of Hell, where barmen **Barry Murphy** and **Nick Browne** make up for the English ownership of Heyes and Myers, Ltd. And if you happen to be in court on St. Patrick's Day, you will find hope and a few dozen lawyers nearby at Peggy Doyle's, at Lafayette and Franklin streets.

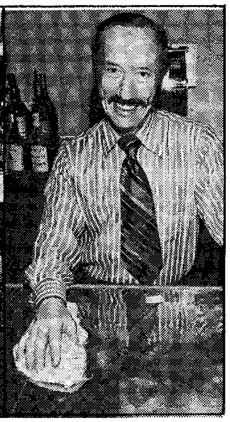
There is music to be had as well during the week—from the Chieftains, the Clancy Brothers, Mary O'Dowd, and Tommy Makem.

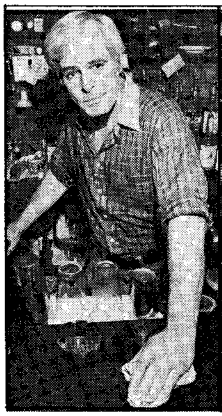
And then, of course, there is the big event, the parade itself, starting at noon on Friday from Fifth Avenue and 44th Street and going on, as some of those blue bloods on Fifth Avenue think, forever.—**Jack Deacy**


Conefery

O'Connell

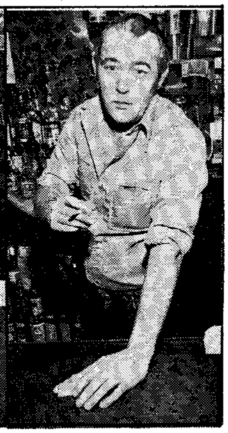
McAleese


Griffin


Reardon

Butler

Murphy


Browne

Photographed by Richard Pan

Music / Alan Rich

STOP THE PRESSES—THE SKY IS BLUE!

"...The 'coming impact' of science on the arts, as defined in the *Times*, has actually been a fact of life for decades..."

Once in a while I become seized with the happy notion that the *Times* is beginning to catch up with the times. Something like that suspicion came to me a couple of weeks ago, for example, when the February 26 Arts and Leisure section carried a front-page article by Alexis Greene called "The Coming Impact of Technology on the Arts." Granted that the "coming" impact of technology has actually been a way of life in the arts for nearly three decades, it was still a breakthrough that the paper was aware of the subject at all.

Alas, much of the article read as if it, too, had been around for several decades. The author began with a long gee-whiz over the discovery that computers have been developed to reproduce the exact sounds of orchestral instruments, and that someday soon ". . . the concertgoer will see a new instrument on stage among the violins and cellos. . . ." Instruments to synthesize orchestral sounds have been produced at RCA, Bell, and elsewhere since the mid-fifties, and the little box onstage has been there at least since Otto Luening produced his *Rhapsodic Variations* in 1954. What Mr. (or Ms.—the *Times* is vague on this too) Greene seems to have discovered, and blown up to the proportions of a momentous revelation, is actually a very small corner of the electronic revolution that has been shaking the musical world for a generation now.

Actually, the invention of machinery for duplicating orchestral sounds is the least important part of this whole new relationship between music and technology. It may be a tragic fact of life that progressive composers, should they want to write for symphony orchestras, don't have an easy time in hearing their music turned into living sound. But any composer worth his salt can "hear" his music as he sets it onto paper; even the deaf Beethoven managed to turn out some decent orchestral scores without the aid of synthesizers and other little boxes. No, the more important aspect, by far, of the electronic revolution has been the implication that orchestral sounds, or piano sounds, or, indeed, the sound of the simple chromatic scale—that all these elements, which have been the musical vocabulary for centuries, are an infinitesimal part of a broad sound spectrum. Any part of that spectrum can, in the hands of a skilled composer, be manipulated with some artistry to form some kind of artistic statement. The use of synthesizers merely for their imitative properties, as in that horrid London record of a few months ago, in which Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* and *Nutcracker Suite* were mimicked by some electronic gadgetry—without, of course, the driving impulse of a conductor creating a performance, or an orchestra exerting itself to realize the conductor's wishes—is mere kid stuff, unrelated to the artistic experience.

Where, then, is that artistic experience to be found? I confess to being a little worried these days at what seems to be a diminution in the forward movement of musical technology, after what looked to everybody like a promising start. Back in 1961, there was a wildly exciting concert at Columbia University, at which the first fruits of several composers, all of whom had been working with the electronic gear at a laboratory maintained jointly by Columbia and Princeton, were introduced. Men like Mario Davidowsky, Milton Babbitt, Otto Luening, and Vladimir Ussachevsky produced some fascinating experimental pieces, following lines set down even earlier by men like Karlheinz Stockhausen in Germany. Later on, there were some large-scale electronic pieces, genuinely symphonic in their scope, by Morton Subotnick and others. Young composers—Terry Riley, most notably—evolved their own synthesis, using tape techniques combined with live sounds, to challenge our notions about time and form. The music was popular in concerts and sold well on records. Even the notion of "recording" had to be reexamined; obviously, a composition produced electronically and then transferred electronically onto a disk or tape for popular consumption wasn't a *record* of anything.

This was the true impact of technology on music, or, at least, its exciting beginnings. If we can believe Alexis Greene's article—and I sincerely hope we can't—this impact has now been dissipated, leaving behind a group of toys with which anyone can play symphony orchestra in his own studio. I won't deny the fun value in such toys—synthesizers pounding out the *1812*, or, as a visual counterpart, squiggles of light and color running around, as during that recent silly *Star Wars* concert.

Has the genuinely creative aspect of musical technology been abandoned? A few weeks ago, at one of the Philharmonic's "Prospective Encounter" concerts, I heard a new electronic piece by a composer named Olly Wilson, which seemed like nothing more than a rehash of all the sounds and turns of phrase of the experimental music of the early sixties; can it be that, in so little time, electronic music has already developed its clichés and become a latter-day Vivaldi?

Rather, I choose to believe—and history, at least, is on my side—that this technological breakthrough, this revelation of far horizons, merely awaits some kind of leadership. Articles like this one in the *Times*, a scattershot study of some of the more superficial aspects of this revolution, depress me, simply because they minimize the genuine impact that science has been exerting on the arts in the past several decades. Meanwhile, I'm afraid, the times and the *Times* remain generations—nay, light-years—apart. ▬

Illustrated by Walter Gurbo

Theater/John Simon

TWO-BUCK TIN

"...The performances in Geoffrey Holder's *Timbuktu!* are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown..."

Kismet was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. As one of its book writers, Luther Davis, has now refashioned it (the original book, too, was an adaptation of a play by Edward Knoblock), it is called **Timbuktu!**, and takes place in the ancient capital of Mali in 1361—why then and not in 1360 or 1362 is one of the show's many mysteries one feels content to leave uncracked. For this all-black version, the Borodin melodies, which had already passed through the crucible of Wright and Forrest, the original adapters, underwent the further excruciation of Charles H. Coleman's orchestrations with some further borrowed din from African folk music. The result is a score as inconsistent as it is overblown, in which a few remnants of musical borscht drown in couscous. Why some of the best songs from *Kismet* are missing altogether is another mystery that, like the show itself, might best be left buried in the sands of time.

What we get here reflects largely the sensibilities of Geoffrey Holder, who costumed, choreographed, and directed it. For the choreographing of Caribbean dances, Holder is as good as anybody today, and the fact that Trinidad is not exactly Timbuktu hardly matters in this frivolous context. The dances, then, even when they settle for the commonplace, exude a good-natured self-satisfaction that is quite engaging. With the costumes, however, Holder's militant banality takes over, and their blend of flamboyance and ostentation is not so much healthy primitivism as *nouveau riche* barbarity. When it comes to directing, however, Mr. Holder is less even than a traffic cop; at best, perhaps, a meter maid. Take the "And This Is My Beloved" number, in which two couples must sing in counterpoint and harmony while conveying that they are in different locations, unaware of each other. Holder has them practically dancing a quadrille, which may be his idea of Brechtian alienation, but from Brecht to Luther Davis it is farther than to Timbuktu.

The performances are wildly divergent. Melba Moore would be a charming Marsinah if she were not overdirected and did not sabotage her sweet voice with a garish vibrato. Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; cannot speak or sing except a couple of octaves below normal, with a kind of slow rumble more suited to the bowels of a volcano than to a human throat. Trying to make her very silences ooze sexiness, she manages to be about as arousing as a dentist's drill. Gilbert Price sings compellingly as the Emperor but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk, and whose voice is equally negligible. The others pass muster, although Miguel Godreau is good only when he dances; on George Bell's campy Wazir, any drag queen would be an improvement. Tony Straiges's settings are, by contrast, in good taste, but were clearly done on a sandal thong—all that was left over from Holder's costume budget.

Two final complaints. First, the show is so heavily miked, with so much sputtering in the loudspeakers, that one gets the feeling of sitting before a failing television set. Secondly, though there is a goodly dose of both male and female nudity, the latter seems perfunctory, whereas the former is indulged in with manic effrontery: The few baubles, bangles, and beads that cover male buttocks and genitals serve more to build them up than to hide them. It is as if *Timbuktu!* strained to reverse the traditional show-biz emphasis on women as sex objects at one fell swoop.

Hello, Dolly!, on the other hand, is an attempt to revive a musical as a museum piece by reverently re-creating its every last movement and inflection. The question is whether the show has any museum value. Actually, it seems to have something more akin to Muzak value. The excellent plot by Nestroy via Thornton Wilder survives even in Michael Stewart's book; Jerry Herman's score has a kind of hearty, community-sing artlessness that once, in "It Only Takes a Moment," manages to rise higher. Gower Champion's original staging cum choreography was fluent, frolicsome, and full of perky Champion gimmicks. As redirected by Lucia Victor, Champion's former assistant, and rechoreographed by Jack Craig, it looks like an inexpensive copy of a designer dress: The details seem skimped on; the thing doesn't quite hang right. Far more effective would have been a rethinking of the entire operation: more invention and less nostalgia. In which case, both Oliver Smith's perfunctory sets and Freddy Wittop's garish yet plodding costumes could have been profitably superseded.

Some performances, however, quicken the old pulse. Carol Channing is back (has she been away at all?) and is, interestingly, not quite the same Dolly—or Carol. Fourteen years later, she has acquired a slight patina of antiquity that swathes the old simpering brashness in pathos. *This* Dolly might just not snag her rebarbative nabob; the sign her late husband will give her might just turn out to be a passing hearse. Yet the sun never quite sets on Miss Channing—it merely turns into a flaming blondness on top of her poster-sized face. The suction in those huge eyes must be the envy of Hoover and Electrolux. From the mouth that looks like a large, overwrought traffic signal issues a voice begotten by a cockatoo

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

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on a debutante. Only the arms and hands have grown palpably old and flutter about like dry branches flustered by winter. But Miss Channing still croons so penetrantly that the electronic amplification she gets is quite unnecessary. And she is a real trooper who never steals scenes; of all our *monstres sacrés*, she may be the best behaved.

Lee Roy Reams appealingly allows Cornelius Hackl to come of age before our eyes, while Robert Lydiard is so perfectly Bobby Morse — ish as to fill us with a sense of re-Morse. Eddie Bracken is a rather puny, unfrightening Horace Vandergelder, but at least looks like an impeccably wattled turkey cock. As Irene Molloy, that model of a modiste, Florence Lacey is a delightful singing actress, and beautiful to boot. I'm just mad about that hatter!

The opening-night audience very nearly obliterated *Hello, Dolly!* with practically nonstop outbursts and standing ovations, as if this were *the*, not just the show's, second coming. It is not that; but much of it is nice going.

Museum, by Tina Howe, at the Public Theater, is a civilized little play that accomplishes a good deal in a casual manner, with an irreverence whose surface is so glossy that it almost blinds us to the deeper, satirical intent—which may be a failing, but a venial one, surely. We are given a museum gallery where an avant-garde show is in its last day. We are also given a rogue's gallery of museum visitors, guards, curators, artists. The play is both a medieval *theatrum mundi* and a wry view of modern art. Miss Howe has a wicked ear for the clichés of art talk, as we get them from cocktail-party pundits and (virtually identically) from current art criticism. With admirable equity, she reduces people and paintings to compatible smithereens.

But her characters talk about other things as well, and, all together, constitute a composite portrait of human gullibility, obtuseness, pseudo-sophistication, and befuddlement. It is an urbane spoof, powerfully abetted by Robert Yodice's devilishly authentic museum setting, complete with phony art that no expert could distinguish from the equally phony real thing. The large acting ensemble, most of whom are double-cast, perform with skill and taste, especially Larry Bryggman and Lynn Milgrim. Max Stafford-Clark has directed with deftness and wit, and Jennifer Tipton's lighting captures the fishbowl quality of museum light. The play is recommended to theater lovers, contemporary art haters, and all other decent folk. ■

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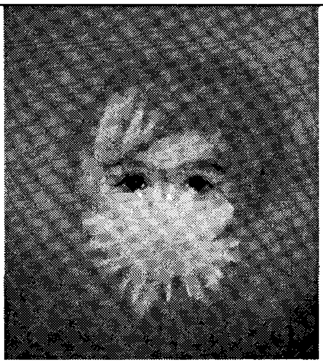

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Boutique clothes—Tucked away on the second floor of this Madison Ave. brownstone is a very individual boutique. Everything comes from Italy, and most of the clothes are off the covers of the Italian *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar.* Prices here are normally much lower than those uptown, and a winter clearance is bringing them down farther. No synthetics; everything is pure wool, silk, cashmere, cotton, alpaca, etc. Camel cashmere blazers and skirts, lined, were $300, now $200; designer blazers in wool, now $100, in black or white satin now $85; kangaroo-pouch leather-trimmed wool suits, were $165, now $115; leather-and-knit sweater jackets, were $115, now $75; solid, printed, or hand-printed silk blouses and long tunics, now $50–$65; 5½-ft. square printed-silk scarves, now $85; and more. Size range: 4–16. Cheese, crackers, and wine are served throughout the day. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Caterina, Inc., 238 Madison Ave., Suite 2-C, between 37th and 38th sts. (532-4446); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Photography—Bronx House, a nonprofit community center, is holding its third color-slide workshop beginning 3/19. It consists of ten three-hour sessions, including four field trips; work in camera handling and use of lenses, cameras, and electric flash; composition; color filters; slide duplicating; use of light; color correction; portraiture; slide sandwiching; night exposures; available-light photography; close-ups; etc. Cost for the ten sessions, including four rolls of color-slide film and processing, is $75. *For information call Bronx House, 792-1800, Sun.–Fri. 9 a.m.–9 p.m.*

Menswear—A giant inventory sale is going on now at Martin Burns, with incredibly low prices on old inventory with a classic look. Examples: thousands of shirts with regular, French, or barrel cuffs, and every collar style in history, including tab, spread, and button-down collars, in fabrics like pima cotton, all-cotton madras, Oxford cloth, and seersucker, in solids, patterns, short sleeves and you name it they've got it, at these prices: $4.95 each, three for $14; $5.95, three for $16.50; $6.45, three for $19; $7.95, three for $22. White Tom Wolfe–type double-breasted suits are $25; white silk After Six dinner jackets are $15; narrow-lapel suits are $30; wonderful all-wool double-breasted pin-striped dark suits are $49; hideous narrow ties, a hoot, are six for $5; narrow pants are $5. Coming out of the time warp, there is good 1978 merchandise on sale too: English all-wool tropical-worsted three-piece suits are $115; Burberrys-type trench coats, were $159, now $79; Eminence French underwear is half-price; British warmers (reefer-style topcoats) now $119; and more. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Martin Burns, Inc., 240 Central Park South, at Columbus Circle (CO 5-4151); Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Couture knits—You can buy hand-knit, hand-crocheted, and hand-finished women's clothes and accessories directly from the factory. These one- and few-of-a-kind knits are really quite attractive, and they come in petite or small sizes, roughly 6–10, with some 12s. The retail prices run into the hundreds of dollars; here nothing is over $90. Some examples: gold Lurex openwork crocheted sleeveless disco dress, retail $240, $60 here; two-piece red-metallic jacquard knit evening coat and skirt, retail $460, $90 here; wool-and-mohair blazer and skirt, both lined, retail $400, $80 here; brown-tweed crocheted toggle-buttoned coat, retail $400, $90 here; black openwork sleeveless tunic, retail $150, $40 here; assorted cardigans and other tops, $30–$50; a small selection of assorted silk blouses, now $25–$40; also hats, scarves, etc., at $5. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Mady Gerrard factory, 15 West 36th St., thirteenth floor (594-5010); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Renting space—The Mini-Warehouse represents a unique concept in flexible space rental. These spaces can be used for purposes other than the storage of belongings and furnishings. You can set up an art studio, build a plane, start a mail-order business, write a book, equip a personal gym, or carry on any other legal activity. Rooms are accessible seven days a week, 8 A.M. to 8 P.M.; come and go as you please with your own key. There is no lease requirement. Rentals begin at $18 a month for 42 sq. ft. and go up depending on size. Space is now on sale from 3/15 through 4/12. If you rent space (there is a two-month minimum), you receive a 33 percent discount on the first month's rent. Example: 220 sq. ft., usually $77 per month, will rent for $51 for the first month of the two or more you reserve. *Mini-Warehouse, 400 Nepperhan Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. (914 423-7439).*

Designer clothing—No names mentioned, but here are those very famous labels that cost a lot more money uptown. A. Altman of Orchard St. has long been a well-known outlet for the best clothing at the lowest prices; one year ago it opened a Fifth Ave. store which will be holding a first-anniversary sale. An additional 10 percent is being taken off the already discounted prices of everything in the store, and this includes new spring and summer things as well as winter clothes. For women: French two-piece silk suits are now $170–$250; lightweight wool summer suits are $170; dresses are $25–$85; gabardine pants, $25; French gabardine suits, $80–$175; winter coats at cost, $60–$175; raincoats, lined and unlined, $70–$150; silk blouses, $30–$100, with a special designer group of them at $40; skirts and sundresses (many with famous French tiny print), $25–$45; and more. Size range: 4–14. For men: Designer clothes include shirts for $17 and suits for $150. Size range: 32–46. Master Charge, checks accepted; all sales final. *A. Altman, 204 Fifth Ave., between 25th and 26th sts. (889-0782); seven days a week 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 3/18–26.*

Squash—The Viva International Open Women's Squash Tournament, featuring top world players, will be held from 3/17 through 3/19 at the Manhattan Squash Club, 41 West 42nd St. Tickets range from $5 to $10 per session (there are seven different sessions), but a patron's ticket, costing $50, covers all three days' sessions and brings additional benefits: a free two-month trial membership (for men or women) in the Manhattan Squash Club with all full club privileges (usually $20); a free session of court time (usually $5–$8, depending on time of day); and a free T-shirt. *For information, call the Manhattan Squash Club, 869-8969.* ▬

Movies / Molly Haskell

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

"...*Summer Paradise* is a remarkable woman's film. There is a glistening intelligence in Lindblom's insights into family life..."

Paradise Place, in **Summer Paradise,** Gunnel Lindblom's beautiful and disturbing first film, is a family vacation retreat in the Swedish archipelago that is as close to heaven as earth ever gets. The well-tended but luxuriant grounds, the sprawling family house surrounded by woods and rocks that jut into the sea, and the women and children, blond and more blessedly beautiful than the landscape itself—all combine to create the too-perfect summer Eden that, like the Lake Annecy village in Eric Rohmer's *Claire's Knee* or Fire Island in the Perrys' *Last Summer,* we recognize at once as the irresistible mark of evil—or merely Eros in a mischievous mood.

The serpent, in the case of this remarkable woman's film by a former Bergman actress, is the ills of the world that can be neither cured nor forgotten, pressing from the outside on a family that has lost the strength of its own union. It is like seeing the women in *Smiles of a Summer Night* or *All These Women* or *Waiting Women* from a different perspective—self-sufficient but without the power to heal or reclaim their men.

The mainstay and virtual matriarch of the family is Katha, a doctor in her fifties, played with no-nonsense attractiveness by Birgitta Valberg. Though her aging parents still preside, she is the prime mover of the midsummer celebration, and is surrounded by her nephew, her young granddaughter, and her two grown daughters, Annika, also a doctor, and the exquisite Sassa, with her new lover, Kiss. The only men in attendance are those too old, too young, or too new to feel acutely their own weightlessness beside the massive strength of the women.

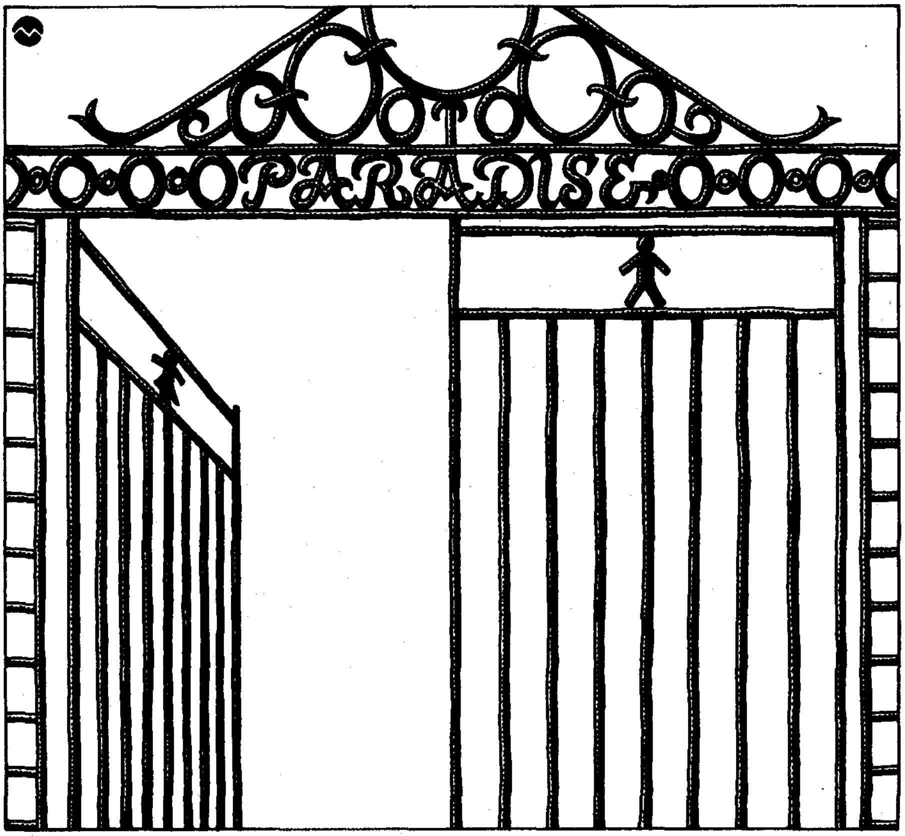
Later she will be joined by her chief antagonist and oldest friend, Emma (Sif Ruud), a social worker strung out on pills, cigarettes, and the woes of the world. She is as scrappy and frazzled as Katha is self-contained. They have come almost to blows over the issue of whether or not to have the poverty-stricken Ingrid and her delinquent son King to the midsummer celebration. Friends of Sassa and Emma, they are the family's token have-nots and have come every year with disruptive consequences. Katha would like one harmonious summer, while Emma refuses to grant her so shameful a peace.

Emma wins, and they come. The dark and brooding Ingrid and King stand at the gate to paradise like those shabby ghosts in an Ibsen drama who materialize to remind the main characters of some long-unpaid debt. The effect is almost comical, as if the mother-and-son team had been hired by Rent-a-Beggar; and quite predictably they do shatter any remaining semblance of order. But as they are every bit as uncomfortable as their hosts, one begins to feel differently about Emma's altruism, suspecting it is directed more at discomposing Katha than at bringing joy to the faces of Ingrid and King.

What is most striking in Lindblom's conception is her evenhandedness toward these two very different, half-lovable, bickering women, enabling us to see the follies and strengths of each. If Katha lacks Emma's social empathy, she has still given much more of herself within a narrower—and more profitable—range. But Lindblom's fairmindedness is also puzzling. How should the women act? What does she, Lindblom, think?

Near the end, Emma launches into a curious, half-coherent diatribe against welfare, hospitals, poverty, abortion, and working mothers—only half of which we can endorse. And because we are never shown the horrors she invokes, her peroration begins to seem almost fatuous, and her hysterical caring a substitute for action. Or perhaps it is her way of puncturing the complacency of her hosts and assuaging her own guilt for being there. I think Lindblom means, in this most unprogrammatic of films, to suggest that all these truths and motives coexist.

Like the suicide that is the picture's muted, offscreen climax, there is an



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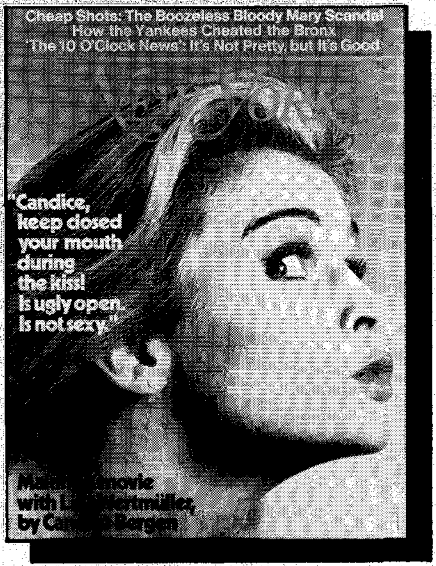
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insoluble mystery of human nature that is beyond social compassion, a private misery that even love cannot penetrate.

The malaise Lindblom captures so beautifully arises precisely because of the gap between welfare generalities and human reality. Does universal concern over the children of divorced and working mothers extend even to Sassa, child of Venus and sensual playgirl (played by the ravishing Agneta Ekmanner)? Any notion of Sassa's unfitness as a mother becomes irrelevant as we watch her daughter, precociously conscientious, poring over a book of anatomy, and realize with certainty that she will grow into a sturdy replica of her doctor-grandmother. And perhaps Sassa's irresponsible sensuality is her own way of charting a rebellious course against the masculine achievements of her mother and sister.

Watching Sassa and, to a certain extent, the more maternally voluptuous Annika (Margaretha Byström), one thinks of Lindblom herself as the memorably sensual Anna in *The Silence*, or the mute girl in *Wild Strawberries*, or the pregnant wild woman in *The Virgin Spring*. Something of what she was under Bergman carries over into her film style, sensuous in a way that encompasses the baking of bread as well as making love.

There is a glistening intelligence in her insights into family life, in the tensions among husband and wives and generations that make reunions such impossible affairs, aggravating rather than resolving old arguments.

Nothing, in fact, is ever resolved. If this is the underlying insight of Lindblom's portrait of a family, it is also what leaves us feeling a little empty at the end.

Lindblom's realism is nondramatic. It surrenders to the flow of life, refusing to check and categorize the emotions or draw a lesson from the characters, and for this sense of wholeness she pays a certain aesthetic price. Whereas Bergman's characters are all facets of his own mind, neurotic projections of the artist, striving—like warring elements—toward unity, Lindblom's are closer to what we imagine typical Swedes to be. As women they are neither idealized nor externalized anima figures, but independent creatures, flying off in all directions. The film that pursues them is, by turns, untidy like Emma, upright like Katha, mercurial and erotic like Sassa.

If *Summer Paradise* raises more questions than a single work of art can even phrase properly, much less answer, it is nonetheless an exciting, richly novelistic portrait of family life and of women whose claim to our at-

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tention transcends any partisan notion of the "woman's film."

Little girls must be swooning with joy this year. First, two ballet films, both with young ballerinas. Then, two grown-up comedies (*The Goodbye Girl* and *An Unmarried Woman*) with prominently featured and highly vocal young daughters. All this and now—horse movies too!

International Velvet is somewhere on the distant horizon, with Tatum O'Neal galloping this way on the tomboy-star saddle once occupied by Elizabeth Taylor. In the meantime we have **Casey's Shadow,** a genial adventure film about quarter-horse racing in the American Southwest that has all of the following: one terrific girl jockey (Susan Meyers), one honcho-dame owner (the ever-dazzling Alexis Smith), one gorgeous strawberry racehorse called Casey's Shadow, and, holding it all together like molasses, one loping, dopey, horse-lovin' Cajun trainer (Walter Matthau).

As Lloyd Bourdelle, Matthau adds a few wrinkles to his prototypical slob. He lives in the ramshackle slovenliness of a Price-cartoon shack, he and his three sons having been understandably abandoned by Mrs. Bourdelle.

The three sons are, respectively, an assistant trainer, a jockey, and a kid with more heart than brains who precipitates, with surprisingly little retribution, every crippling catastrophe that befalls the horse. For a simple-hearted tale of vice and virtue, the film is surprisingly careless in its moral reckonings — Robert Webber, as a trainer of rival horses, commits a heinous crime which everyone seems to have forgotten by the next day, while Matthau takes the brunt of the blame for everyone else's negligence.

Never mind. Carol Sobieski's screenplay (adapted from a John McPhee story) is chock-full of those breath-tightening cliff-hangers and lump-in-the-throat mini-tragedies that keep us pinned to our seats until the big race. It is here that director Martin Ritt makes a major mistake. In choosing to film the short and intense quarter-mile race in slow motion, he aborts suspense, turning the event into an aesthetic ritual and flattening, with the telephoto lens, the depth perspective that would show the horses' relative positions. It's too bad, because in other respects he seems to have caught much of the atmosphere of the racing subculture, from the skittishness of the horses and the jostling at the gate to the rough play behind the scenes—the jostling for power and the inside positions of the horses' owners. ▬

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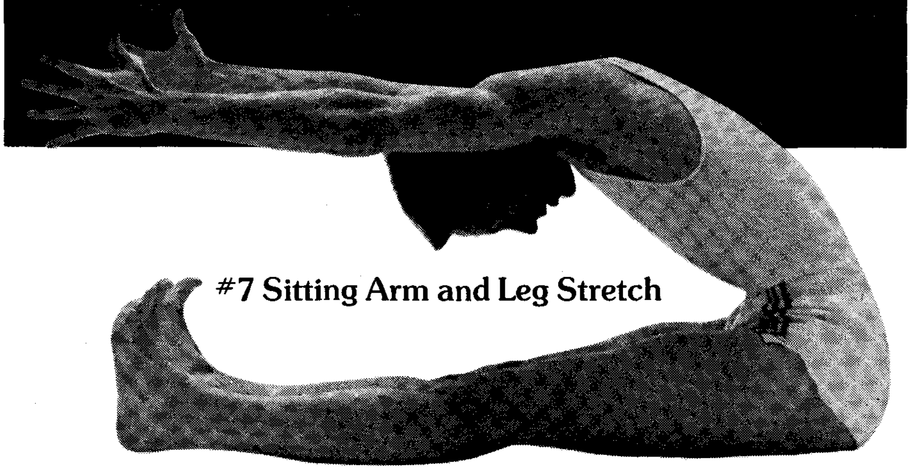
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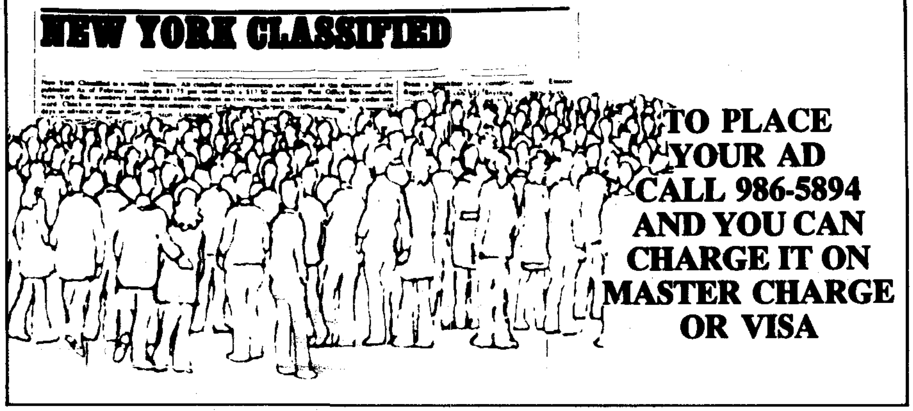
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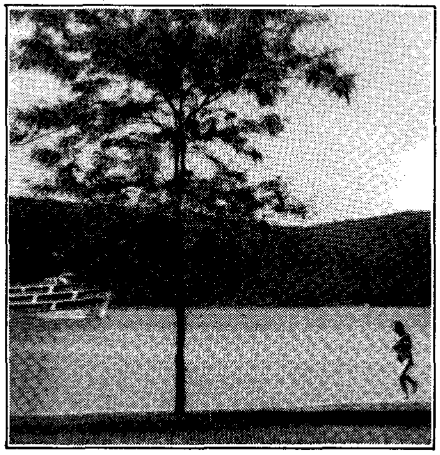

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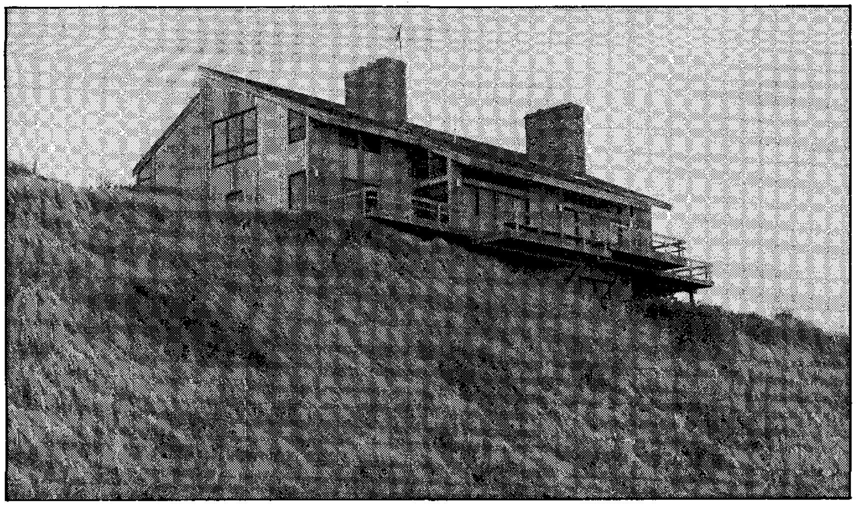

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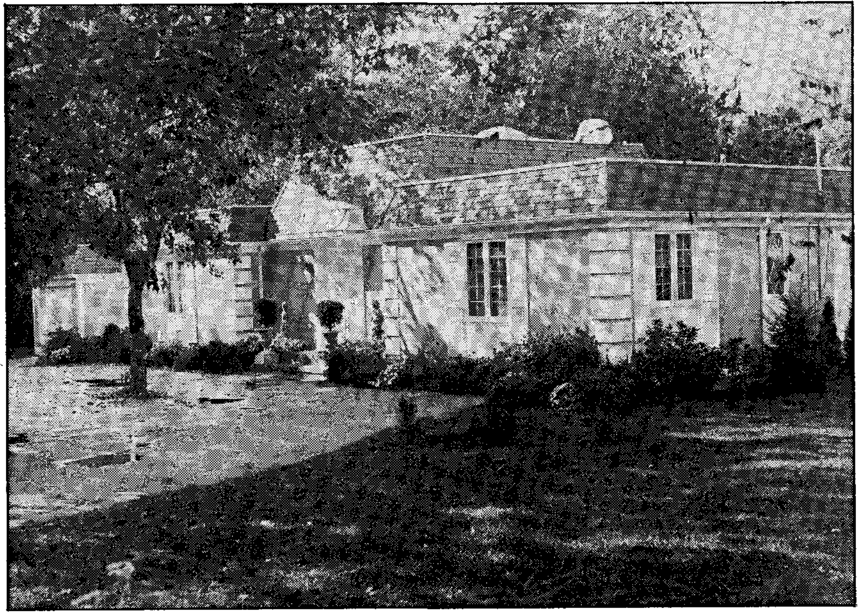

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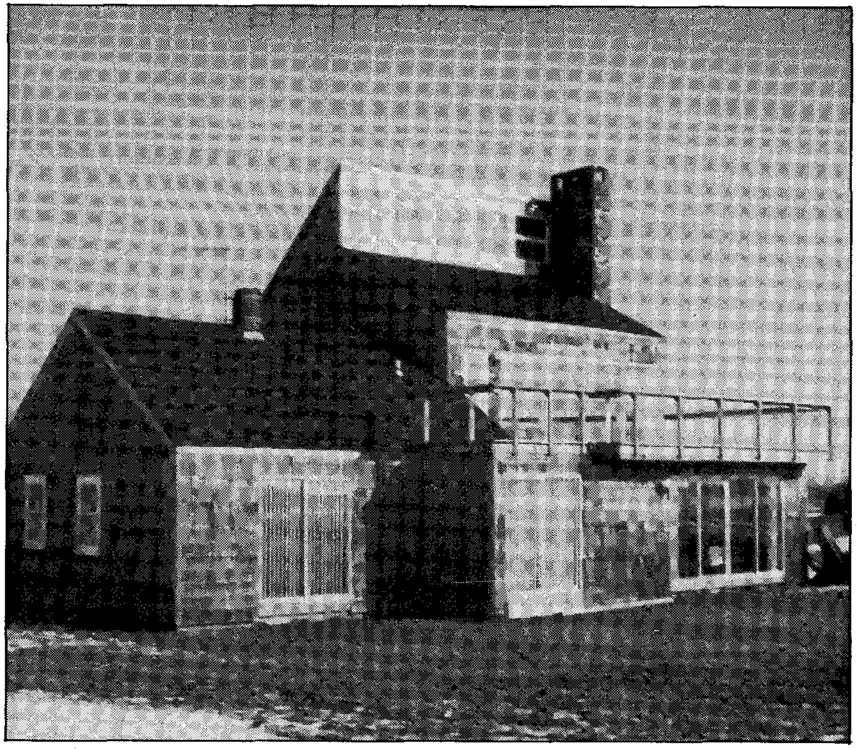

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Brief Lives/Bob Weiner

IS BRUCE MILLHOLLAND THE WORLD'S GREATEST FREELOADER?

"...'I've been kept by the royalties of *Twentieth Century* for 46 years,' says Millholland, explaining, 'I saved my money'..."

"I stand on my head every day at least half an hour."

The author of that remark, 75-year-old Bruce Millholland, was sitting, right-side up, in my apartment. He looked innocently at me through thick glasses with clear-plastic rims.

"I usually meditate when I'm on my head. It's like a spiritual bath. I'm out every night. I sleep only two or three hours a night," he said proudly.

For 46 years, this septuagenarian swinger claims to have been making his way through life with his share of the author's royalties from the Broadway comedy *Twentieth Century* on which the current hit musical is based. And, for almost the same amount of time, Broadwayites have been divided on whether he is a sweet old man or the world's greatest freeloader.

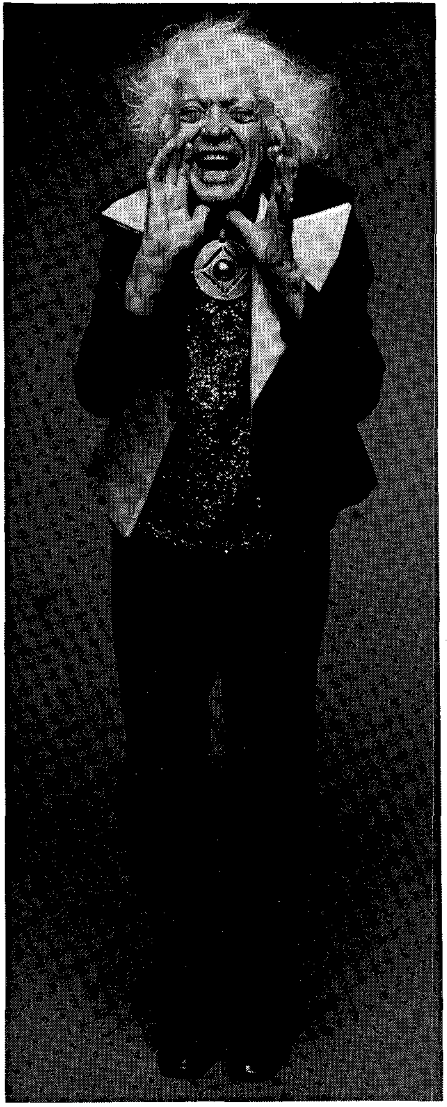
Way back in 1930, when the Chicago-born Millholland was working as a publicist for Broadway impresario Morris Gest—the David Merrick of the thirties—he accompanied Gest on a trip on the 20th Century Limited. This inspired a work entitled *Napoleon of Broadway*. With an investment of 50 cents for paper and $2 for a copyright, Millholland was off. He sent the manuscript to four producers. Only Jed Harris was interested—and only if Millholland agreed to let the famous team of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur rework the script. An agreement was reached after six months, with Millholland to share equally in the royalties. The play eventually wound up as a coproduction by George Abbott and Philip Dunning. It opened as *Twentieth Century*, December 29, 1932, at the Broadhurst Theater. Despite rave notices, it ran for only 152 performances.

I asked George Abbott whether it was possible for someone to live on one third of the authors' royalties for 46 years. He responded: "*Twentieth Century* was a moderate hit. It had one revival in 1950. We made money. The film sale might have been $50,000 to $60,000. It has been doing pretty well in stock, and maybe Millholland's point of subsistence is very low."

"I've been kept by the royalties of *Twentieth Century* for 46 years," Millholland insists. "I didn't squander them. I spent them wisely. I saved my money, but in the meantime I've written and copyrighted 60 plays. I'm 75 but I feel 35," he said as he sipped cold tea.

"Why wouldn't you let me come to your apartment?" I asked. "My apartment is so disordered. Clothes are stacked around. I could wear a different outfit every day of the year. I have 175 pairs of shoes—150 I've never even worn. I have a shoe fetish. I must have a dozen lamé outfits: gold, silver, black-and-silver, black, fuchsia, flame-colored, and Christmas-green lamé. I have shopping bags filled with jewelry. I wear these clothes to parties."

ARLENE GOTTFRIED



Second coming: *Bruce Millholland revels in the resurrection of his* Twentieth Century.

"How do you know about these parties, and is it true that you crash many?"

He smiled. "A little birdie comes and tells me. Anybody can get an invitation, but to get in without one is more fun."

And indeed his reputation for crashing is majestic. Martin, the host at Sardi's, says, "I've been throwing him out of parties for 30 years. He crashes every party and keeps coming back like a bad penny."

"What are you going to do now?" I ask. He smiles. "I'm going to take my 60 plays out one after another and have them produced, because they're very good plays. I've spent my life doing them. I'm going to live to 100 to spend my royalties. I haven't seen *The Wiz*, but I want Geoffrey Holder to do my all-black play *Gabe*. It's about the angel Gabriel. I also wrote a play about Nijinsky called *Faun*. I want to do it now as a film with Baryshnikov. The Group Theatre took it under option in the forties, but did some play by Odets instead."

A member of the staff at the Lincoln Center library says: "We have his 60 plays stored in the basement. I wish we could put *him* in the basement." Some of the works are his one-man dramas in which he occasionally performs. In 1961, the *Village Voice*, in a review of his performance of *Walt Whitman I Am*, said: "Bruce Millholland is not the man to read Walt Whitman aloud. . . . Whitman is expansive; he is self-conscious. His Monday evening at the 41st Street Theatre was consequently painful." Other dramas in this genre, which Millholland performs either in the street or in SoHo galleries, include *Moses I Am*, *Jesus I Am*, and *Pythagoras I Am*. One of the more intriguing of his unproduced plays is *Sacred Satyr*, based on the life of Rasputin. According to Millholland: "It is both very sexy and religious at the same time, two qualities which should assure its success. I gave it to John Wood to read and he wants to do it. Now I have to find a producer." ▬

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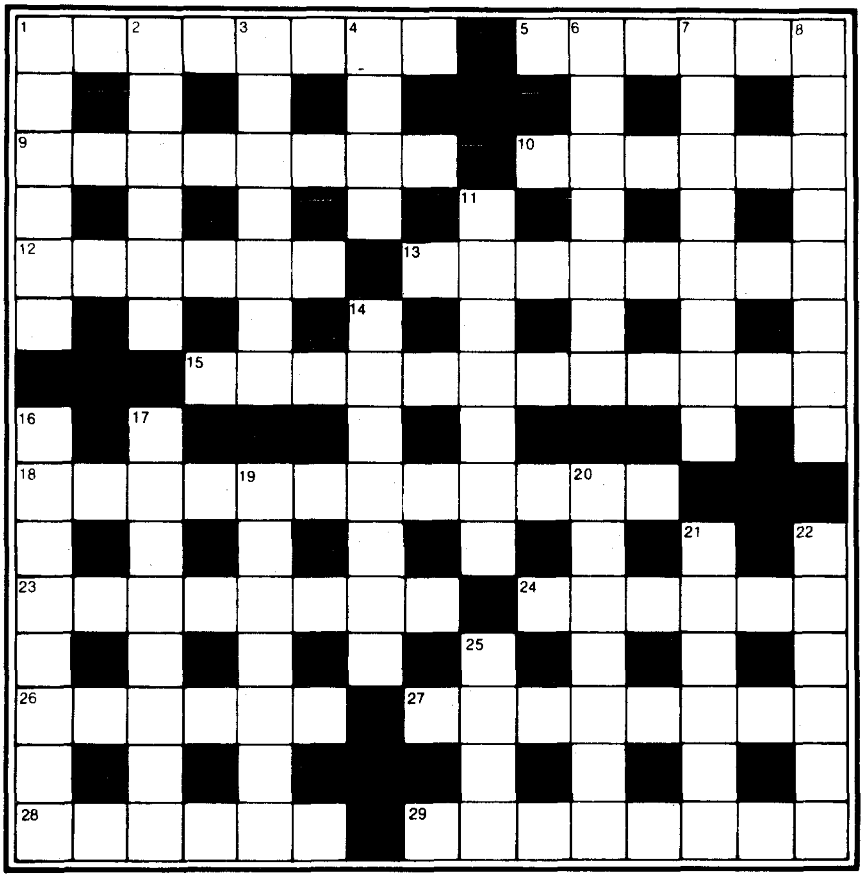

Clues

ACROSS

1 Chaff definitely goes off when old. (8)

5 Contemptuous medieval gentlemen sent back to Hebridean area. (6)

9 Message gives little Gertrude meal recipe. (8)

10 Captured on shore? (6)

12 Total possessions, according to rank. (6)

13 Didn't govern effectively: dim rules are to blame! (8)

15 New situations emerging in the photographic laboratories? (12)

18 Why ski all over the place and end up with a bundle? Full of good spirits, anyway! (6, 6)

23 About to take your seat and prepare to go riding again. (8)

24 Legwear only gets ripped between poles. (6)

26 In the Tiber I attempt to swim to a territory miles away. (6)

27 Imaginative description of ace pilot. (8)

28 Little Georgia has a mania for this building. (6)

29 American courts don't sit in such alcoves! (8)

DOWN

1 Drink makes one acrimonious. (6)

2 Destroy river when allowed in it? (6)

3 Close to neckwear or another article of clothing? (7)

4 Tackle what's essential to the car. (4)

6 A horse and sheep often featured in the puzzle. (7)

7 Suggestive of colour with nothing borrowed. (8)

8 Team to outwit on the table. (4-4)

11 Answer back this wild poet, sir! (7). . . .

14 . . . and discover this poet in another bar. (7)

16 Twin girl in a spin. (8)

17 Large weapon found in bags ripe for a change. (3, 5)

19 Too immature to play the goat? (7)

20 Outfit for very early use, yet in no early surroundings. (7)

21 Speaks of faults with nothing in them. (6)

22 By way of afterthought, taking relief in songs. (6)

25 Fellow in the bay. (4)

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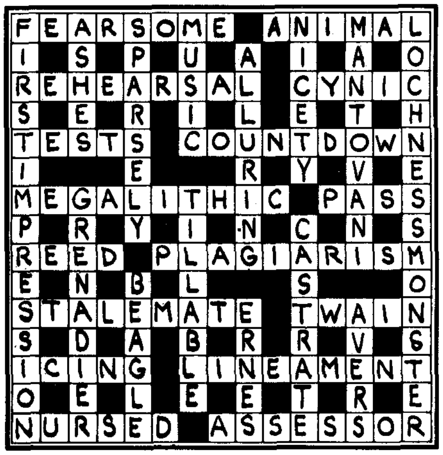
Solution to last issue's puzzle:



F	E	A	R	S	O	M	E	■	A	N	I	M	A	L
I	■	S	■	P	■	U	■	A	■	I	■	A	■	O
R	E	H	E	A	R	S	A	L	■	C	Y	N	I	C
S	■	E	■	R	■	I	■	L	■	E	■	T	■	H
T	E	S	T	S	■	C	O	U	N	T	D	O	W	N
I	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	Y	■	V	■	E
M	E	G	A	L	I	T	H	I	C	■	P	A	S	S
P	■	R	■	Y	■	I	■	N	■	C	■	N	■	S
R	E	E	D	■	P	L	A	G	I	A	R	I	S	M
E	■	N	■	B	■	L	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	O
S	T	A	L	E	M	A	T	E	■	T	W	A	I	N
S	■	D	■	A	■	B	■	R	■	R	■	V	■	S
I	C	I	N	G	■	L	I	N	E	A	M	E	N	T
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N	U	R	S	E	D	■	A	S	S	E	S	S	O	R

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 313

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

"Woodward, go see about that break-in at Democratic Headquarters."

"Listen, Carroll, old pal—sure it's only TV, but it's a living."

"Mr. Zanuck, I'd like you to meet my niece."

"I'm afraid your vision is only 20/50, Elton."

Above, then the Good News. Competitors are invited to provide one example of good news in fiction or fact, past or present.

Results of Competition 310, in which you were asked for Fractured Names.

Report: The repeats, mostly déjà views from previous comps, as follows: Jerry Atrix. Perry O'Donnell. Horatio Algae. Sis Boombah. Rosemary N. Thyme. Bertha Vanation. Walter Wall. Toots Sweet. Helen Back. Al Dente. Al Fresco. Roland Rock. Dunkin' Phyfe. Rona de Mille. Lawn Green. Norman Clayture. Mia Culpa. Bella Epoque. Julius Unnerving. Moe Juste. Ronald Raygun. Telly Kinesis. Polly Esther. Robinson Caruso. Ida Wilde. Clair Voyant. Dot Sadat. Ben Dover. Noah Sark. Otto Duffy. Mal Practice. Tanya Hyde. Idi Gourmet. Bjorn Free. Rhoda Rooter. Adam Baum. Jacques Hughes. Haile Irregular. Mort Titian. Jimmy Kotter. "Central" Park. Dietrich Fischer-Disco and Herbert von Carryon. Et Al. And now, why don't you bring that up to the front of the room so the whole class can see what's so funny?

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

JOHN GREENLEAF WITTIER — Adam and Eve's favorite comedian.
Patchen Gallagher, NYC

F. STOP FITZGERALD—photographer of the Jazz Age.
Irwin Skenazy, Wilmette, Ill.

KINGMAN KONG—former Yale president, now British ambassador to the Empire State Building.
Gary Skenhardt, New Haven, Conn.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

FLIP FLOP—unsuccessful black comedian.
Janet Blume, Sayville, N.Y.

CROQUE MONSIEUR—Parisian hit-man.
Murry Harris, NYC

THOMAS NOGUCCI—shabbily dressed Los Angeles County coroner.
Anita Oeschger, Los Angeles, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

DARTH NADER—author of *Unsafe in Any Galaxy.*
Homer Schall, NYC

MRS. C. P. MUDD—downtrodden Bayou housewife.
Dan Kennedy, Chattanooga, Tenn.

YVETTE MIMEO—undistinguished starlet.
Eve Thompson, Upper Montclair, N.J.

MIFUNE VALENTINE — Japanese screen heartthrob.
Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

ST. THOMAS AQUININE—jungle missionary.
Clark Whelton, NYC

NOLA MAE TANGERINE—abstemious Orange Bowl queen.
K. B. Robinson, NYC
sp. mention: Clinton Millinger, Philadelphia, Pa.

BARRY MANIFOLD—versatile pop singer.
John M. Harmon, NYC

"TSOURIS" TRAPP—Austrian yodeler whose career was cut short by an avalanche.
William Schallert, Pacific Palisades, Calif.

EMILY POST MORTEM—author of *Gracious Things to Say at Funerals.*
Kathleen Duplantier, New Orleans, La.

JOHN HAVETHECHECK—generous basketball star, known as "the open man."
Stan Karp, NYC

J. EDGAR HOOFER—former head of Federal Bureau of Tap Dancing.
N. Riordan, Santa Ana, Calif.

ZBIGNIEW BRUSHSINSKI — exiled Polish baron who founded the Fulski Brush Company.
E. C. V., Lexington, Ky.

HERMIONE GINKGO—British star of *Pacific Overtures.*
similarly: Richard Helfer, NYC; Grace Katz, Rutland, Vt.

MOLLY CODDLE—wet nurse.
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

HORACE COPE—barely successful astrologist.
Raymond E. Beneson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

MARSHA DIMES—physical therapist.
David Scoggins, NYC

CHARITY BALL—prostitute with a heart of gold.
Lenore Kaplan, New Haven, Conn.

SHANGHAI CZECH—Prague's attaché in mainland China.
Pericles Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

LOLA CONTENDERE—Italian actress, candidate for an Oscar.
Nancy E. Ash, Washington, D.C.

MILLARD FILMLORE—undistinguished former president of the American Movie Trivia Society.
Roy Blount Jr., Mill River, Mass.

HARMON KILLABREW—pivotal character in Cooper's *The Beerslayer.*
Pete Morawetz, Minneapolis, Minn.

ALFALFA ROMEO—Neapolitan hayseed and backseat lover.
Charles Burlingham Jr., Boston, Mass.

J. PAUL GHETTO—billionaire social worker.
Mark A. Cohen, NYC

KENO SOBBY—Indian gambler and sore loser.
similarly: Virginia Feine, Hartford, Conn.; Emma Fallon, NYC

HERR TRIGGER—volatile co-star of *Achtung Roy Rogers.*
Chris Doyle, Reston, Va.

ROBERT DOUGHNUT—British actor/baker, star of *Good Pie, Mr. Chips.*
Elizabeth L. Kauders, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PAULIE GLOTZ—U.N. interpreter.
Romona McNamara, Old Lyme, Conn.

SANCHO PANDA—sidekick of Don Coyote.
Morey Filler, M.D., San Francisco, Calif.

ARTHUR PEDICK SHUE—undersecretary, Department of Correction.
Alice Wofford, Port Washington, N.Y.

"BUFFALO" CHIPS—western schoolmaster.
C. L. Mollott, Fairfield, Conn.

HENNY JUNGMAN—Swiss comedian noted for one-liners (e.g. "Take my alter ego, please").
Howard Kuperberg, NYC

VISCOUNT U. BEHAVE—imperial disciplinarian.
Shelly Stein, Falls Church, Va.

CURTIS LEMAYFIELD—reactionary rock star.
Teri Dale, Los Angeles, Calif.

ORSON BUGGY—Lincoln's secretary of transportation.
No signature, Cambridge, Mass.

VESCO DA GAMA—explorer of Costa Rican tax shelters.
Fritz Lamont, Lawrenceville, N.J.

VASCO DA GUMMO—proprietor, Marx of Mulberry Street restaurant.
Sam Klein, North Caldwell, N.J.

ABDULLAH OBLONGATA—brainy Arab potentate.
Sheila B. Blume, M.D., Sayville, N.Y.

KUBLA KHAN AND OLLIE—favorite children's show on TV-Xanadu.
Bill Detty, Austin, Tex.

ARETHA HOLLY—soul florist.
Kenneth P. Schirmubly, Fishkill, N.Y.

LUCIANO PAVAROTISSERIE—opera star noted for roles in *Grill of the Golden West* and *The Barbecue of Seville.*
Reuben Tam, NYC

SLALOM ALEICHEM—Israeli ski instructor.
David Sacks, NYC

KLAUS ENCOUNTERS—Dutch manufacturer of space ships.
Maddy Krauser, Roslyn Estates, N.Y.

ARI LACKAWANNA—Israeli railroad tycoon.
J. Bickart, NYC

LOUISA MAY BOYCOTT—feminist author/activist.
Frank L. Visco, Latham, N.Y.

"SEMINOLE" VESICLE—Florida nurseryman.
Jim Stack, Berinda, Calif.

"MENTAL" BLOCK—H & R's smarter brother.
Arthur Barnett, Long Beach, N.Y.

MALA "PROP" POWERS—actress and author of *Usification of Words.*
Ted Berkelmann, Bronx

"GARTER" DAMMERUNG—Wagner aide from silk-stocking district.
Norton Bramesco, NYC

DICK TATORSHIP—potato potentate.
Jack Lechner, Arlington, Va.

ANTONIA BRICABRAC—orchestra leader and collector of used batons.
David Girshoff, NYC

PUTANA RITZ—courtesan.
Charlotte Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

JULIE YARD—vocal teacher.
Arthur Weller, Interlaken, N.J.

GALLO LEO GALILEE—alcoholic Israeli astronomer.
Ted Althole, Tallahassee, Fla.

CHIP 'N' DALE—vaudeville team/antique dealers.
Dan Gallagher, NYC

"BABS" BUSHKA—Russian child star.
Steve Hoyman, Memphis, Tenn.

THOMAS ALVA EDSELSON—inventor of the electric lemon.
Dr. Neil R. Power, Jamestown, N.Y.

EMMA NEMS—scientist who made chocolate safe for children.
Bill Sakolsky, Durham, N.C.

SANDY VANACRE—newsman and Sahara land developer.
Richard F. Rosenberg, M.D.,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

TEMPEST FUGIT—fading starlet.
Brenda Lindberg, Little Silver, N.J.

DOM DELLAREESE—Mel Brooks's favorite singer.
John Olesen, Stamford, Conn.

LARS POETICA—collector of Scandinavian verse.
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

GERALDINE STRUTS—grand marshal of all Fifth Avenue parades.
Ellen Schor, Brooklyn

MATA HORN—Alpine spy and jazz musician.
E. Sternheimer, NYC

"LEFTY" GEBEL-WILLIAMS—animal trainer (ret.).
Brian Plante, Staten Island

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 313, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by March 24. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of April 24. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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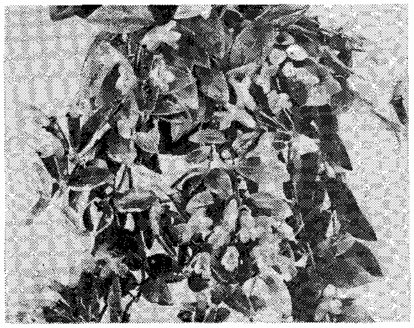

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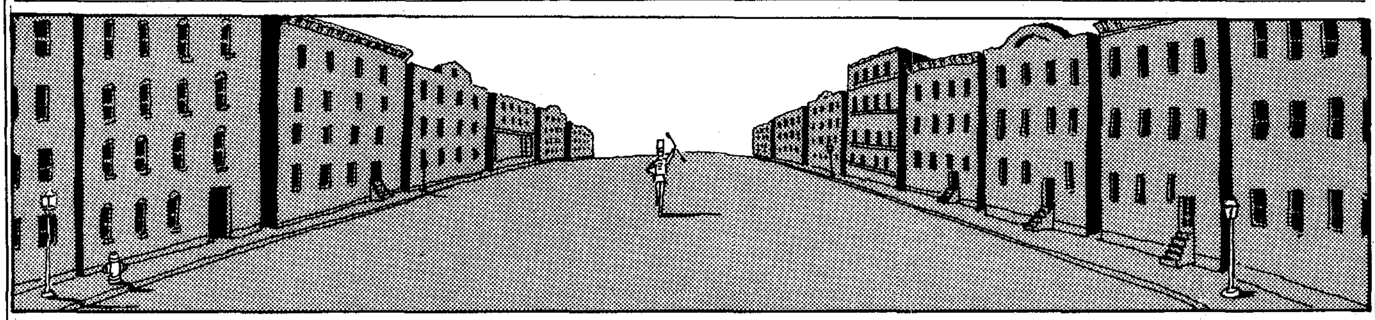
Page of Lists/Amy Louise Shapiro

IT MAY RAIN ON YOUR PARADE

"...There are 25 parades still to come this year. Here's where to stand, where not to drive, and when to bring an umbrella..."



Ever since George Washington led his men through the streets of New York on November 25, 1783—Evacuation Day—to celebrate the departure of the British, parades have been delighting crowds and tying up traffic here, especially along Fifth Avenue. The following 26 parades are the ones scheduled for the rest of this year. Dates and routes are accurate as we go to press, but some are subject to change. Persons marching in or watching the parades marked with umbrellas should bring them: On those days, *The Old Farmer's Almanac* predicts rain.

1. **St. Patrick's Day Parade,** March 17, 11 A.M. Fifth Avenue, 44th to 86th streets. This parade originated in a celebration staged spontaneously by Irish-born militiamen in 1762.

2. **Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus Animal Walk,** March 21, 9:30 A.M. Twelfth Avenue and 34th Street to Madison Square Garden.

3. **Easter "Parade,"** March 26, 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Fifth Avenue, 42nd to 59th streets. This is not a true parade, but rather a traditional thronging around St. Patrick's Cathedral.

4. **Salute to Israel Parade,** May 7, 11 A.M. Fifth Avenue, 57th to 86th streets, then east to Third Avenue. Prime Minister Menachem Begin will speak at this parade, which celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of the independence of Israel.

5. **Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Parade,** May 14, 2 P.M. Fifth Avenue, 44th to 86th streets, then east to Third Avenue. This parade used to be called the 369th Regiment Veterans' Parade, but after the death of Martin Luther King it was renamed to honor him.

6. **Armed Forces Day Parade,** May 20, 2 P.M. Fifth Avenue, 96th to 62nd streets.

7. **Greek Independence Day Parade,** May 21, 1 P.M. Fifth Avenue, 59th to 79th streets, then east to Second Avenue.

8. **Solidarity Day Parade,** May 21, noon. Broadway, City Hall to Battery Park. Marchers demonstrate their sympathy with Soviet Jews who have emigrated or want to emigrate from Russia.

9. **Norwegian Constitution Day Parade,** May 21, time not set. Fifth Avenue in Brooklyn, 9th to 65th streets (to end at Leif Ericson Square).

10. **Brooklyn Bridge Day Parade,** May 24, 11 A.M. Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge, over the bridge to Borough Hall.

11. **Memorial Day Parade,** May 30, 9 A.M. Riverside Drive, 72nd to 89th streets.

12. **Puerto Rican Day Parade,** June 4, noon. Fifth Avenue, 44th to 84th streets.

13. and 14. **Hare Krishna Rathayatra Festival Parades,** July 8, noon, Fifth Avenue, 59th Street to Washington Square; July 15, noon, Sixth Avenue, Bleecker to 55th streets then west to the Hare Krishna Temple between Eighth and Ninth avenues. The first of these parades celebrates the return of Krishna to Vrindavan, the village in which he first appeared; the second celebrates his return to Hastinapura, the city where he was king.

15. **Harlem Day Parade,** August 26, 10 A.M. Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard (formerly Seventh Avenue), 110th to 125th streets.

16. **West Indian–American Day Parade,** September 4, 11 A.M. Eastern Parkway, Utica Avenue to the Brooklyn Museum. Highlight of a weekend celebration that coincides with the carnival season in the West Indies.

17. **Afro-American Day Parade,** September 10, 1 P.M. Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard, 142nd to 110th streets.

18. **The Steuben Day Parade,** September 16, noon. Fifth Avenue, 61st to 86th streets, then east to Second Avenue. General Frederick von Steuben, Washington's right-hand man, is commemorated by this parade.

19. **Atlantic Antic Parade,** September 24, 11:30 A.M. Atlantic Avenue, Hicks Street to Flatbush Avenue. Celebrates the renaissance of the Brooklyn neighborhoods.

20. **Pulaski Day Parade,** October 1, 1 P.M. Fifth Avenue, 27th Street to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Celebrates General Casimir Pulaski, another Revolutionary War hero.

21. **United Hispanic American Parade,** October 8, noon. Fifth Avenue, 44th to 72nd streets. Celebrates the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, who sailed under Spanish patronage.

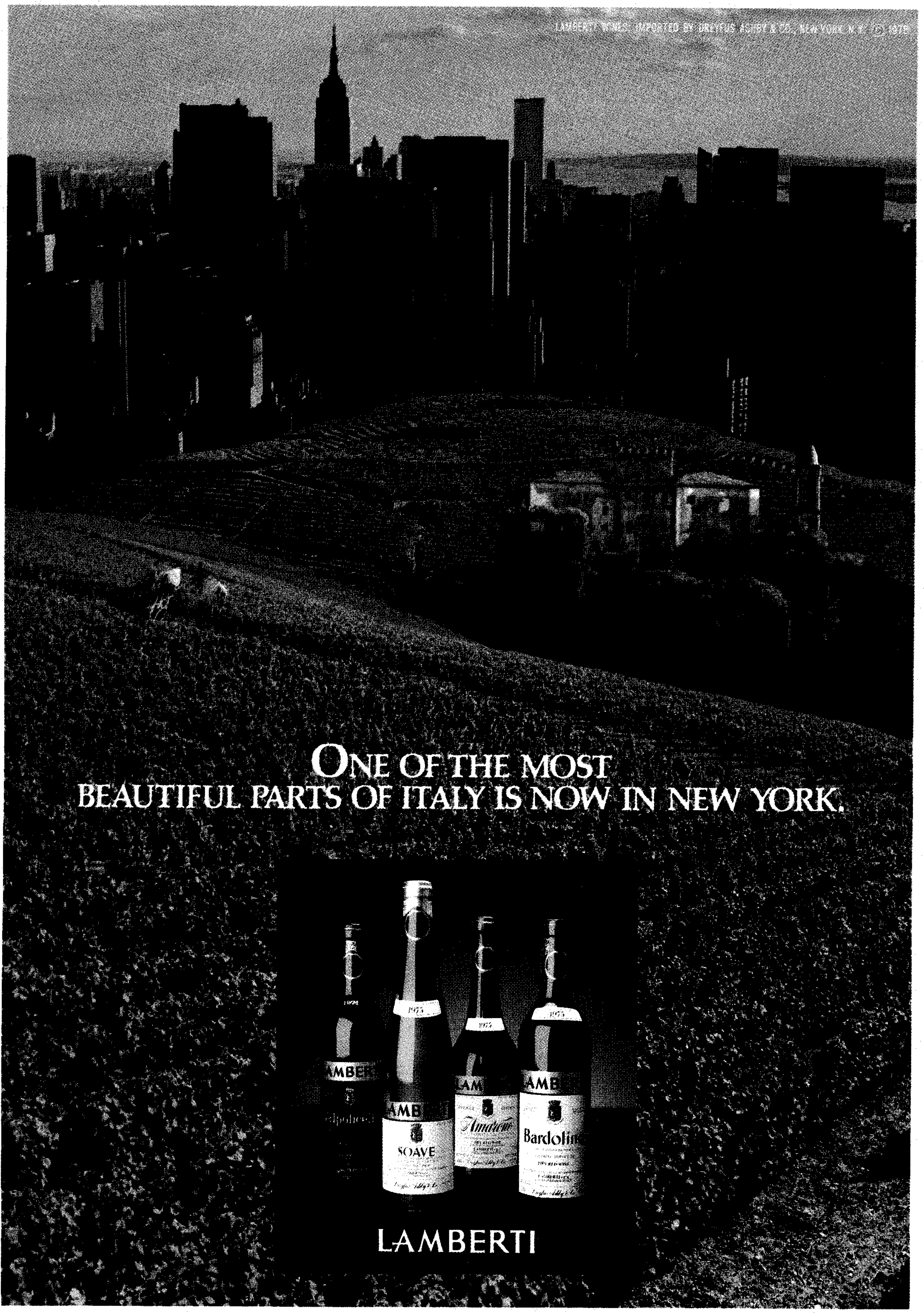
22. **Columbus Day Parade,** October 9, noon. Fifth Avenue, 44th to 86th streets, then east to Third Avenue. Celebrates the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, the Italian.

23. **Massing of the Colors Parade,** October 15. Fifth Avenue, route and time not set. This parade culminates in an interfaith ceremony at a church (yet to be chosen) where detachments from the armed forces "mass" to honor those who lost their lives in war and rededicate their faith in their country.

24. **Veterans Day Parade,** November 11, 9 A.M. Fifth Avenue, 43rd Street to the Eternal Light at 24th Street.

25. **Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade,** November 23, 9 A.M. Central Park West, 77th Street to Columbus Circle, then down Broadway to 34th Street, then west to Seventh Avenue.

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia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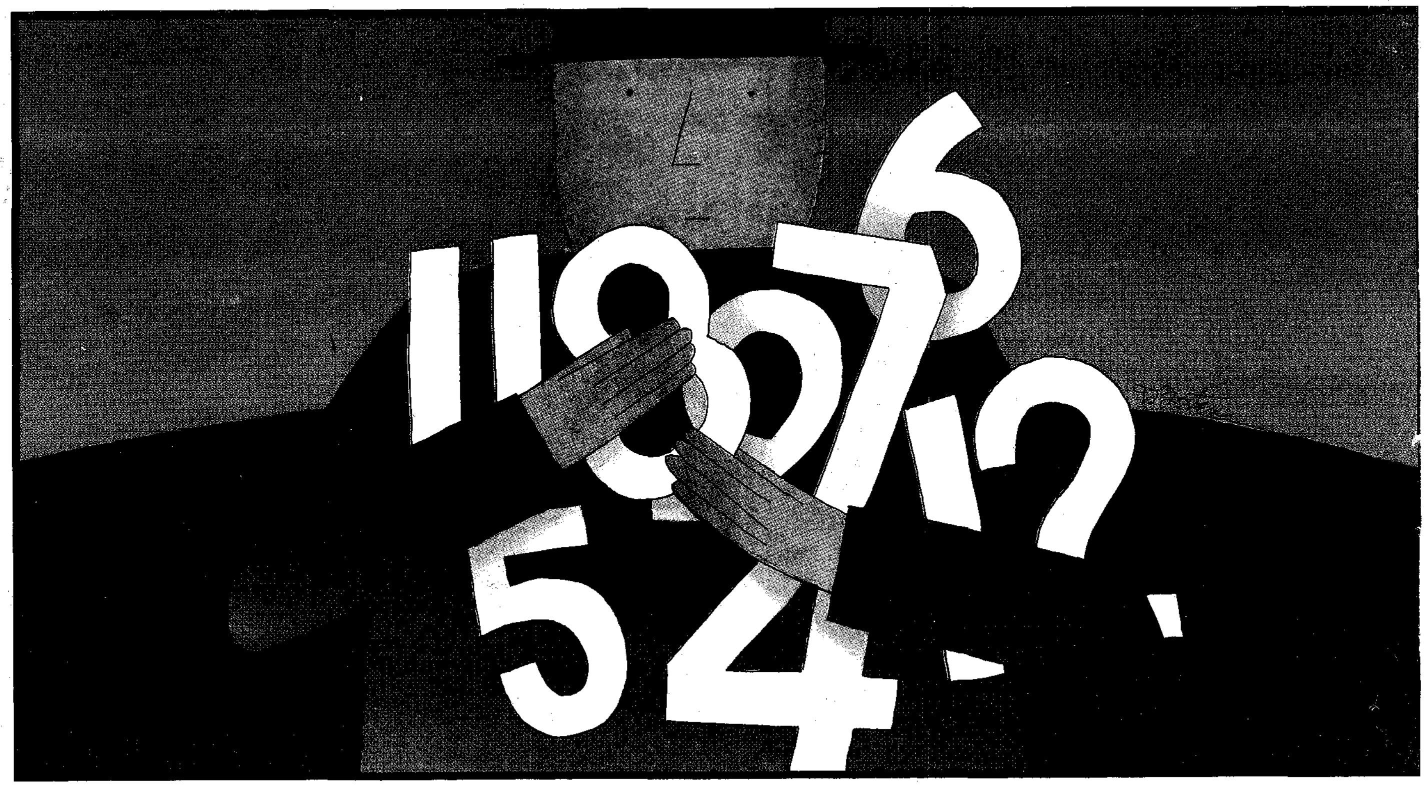

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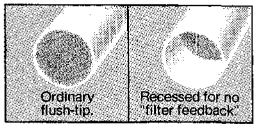

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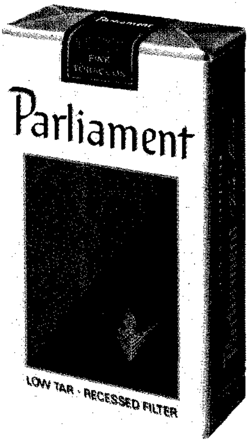

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